

# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

## CALVARY AND THE TOMB OF CHRIST.



AMONGST the strangely manifold features which have combined to render the Victorian age the most remarkable, perhaps, in the history of the world, one of the most significant and important is this ; that it has been pre-eminently the period of investigation and discovery. No branch of Nature, Art, or Science has escaped the keen and patient eye of the intelligent and determined explorer. The consequence has been a complete revolution and a new revelation in almost every realm of natural philosophy and physical research. Old theories have been scattered to the winds ; old traditions have been ruthlessly dispelled ; and nothing has been deemed too sacred to ward off the profane investigations of the scrutinising critic.

This has been emphatically true with regard to one particular branch of enquiry,—namely, the exploration and identification of ancient sites. In Greece and Italy, Egypt and Syria, the work has been steadily going forward ; the pickaxe and shovel, the theodolite and chain, the shaft and trench, the aneroid and level, have invaded the cities and shrines of antiquity, and have cleared away the ignorance and errors of ages. Mysteries, hitherto deemed insoluble, have been solved ; controversies, apparently interminable, have been set at rest ; and beliefs, considered beyond all questioning, have been criticised and upset.

In no country has this been more conspicuous than in the Holy Land itself ; where, cynically regardless of the most cherished traditions, a coldly calculating, strictly scientific, investigation has been applied to almost every so-called Holy site. It might have been supposed that, at least, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the sacred shrine of Christendom for

fifteen centuries and a half, would have been treated with a reverence too profound to admit of so daring a heresy as to impugn the genuineness of its claims. But no! the traditional sites of Calvary and of the Tomb of Christ have, in their turn, been exposed to the attacks of the critic; and a serious attempt is now being made to overthrow the creed of so many centuries, with regard to these most venerated sanctuaries.

The question is, What justification can there be for these attacks? for, unless cogent and convincing reasons can be produced in support of them, it is, undoubtedly, a most serious and responsible matter to endeavour to overthrow the tradition of universal Christendom, with respect to the very centre of Christian sentiment. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has so long been regarded as the undoubted sanctuary which contains within it the scenes of our Lord's Death, Burial, and Resurrection; has been the theatre of so many deathly struggles, the shrine of so many toilsome pilgrimages, the embodiment of so much religious faith; that Christendom at large can hardly be expected to accept the overthrow of its claims, without a pang of sad regret, or without a demand for evidence in opposition to it which shall be beyond all reasonable refutation or doubt.

When, therefore, one is bold enough openly to assert that all the associations which have hitherto clung to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are founded upon error, and that the Hill of Calvary and the Tomb of Christ are situated in quite a different locality, one feels conscious that one is undertaking a terrible responsibility and laying oneself open to a tremendous attack. Nevertheless, the conviction that one is right is a great support; and in this conviction I am encouraged to enter upon the task which I have ventured to undertake, of adding my testimony to that of others who impugn the claims of the present site.

I. And first, let us enquire upon what basis the tradition of Christendom really rests. It seems strange at first sight that any doubt can possibly exist as to the true position of Calvary. Surely, one would imagine, a hill so conspicuous and notorious as that referred to in the Gospel narratives would have been able to retain such marks of identification, as to remove every possibility of mistake! Surely the Christian Church could never have failed to cherish with due reverence and to guard from oblivion the scenes of the Passion and Burial of their Lord! As a matter of fact, however, we know that the site was lost,—partly owing to the flight of the Christians to Pella, at the time of the



siege of Jerusalem, and partly owing to the complete desolation in which the city lay until the Emperor Adrian converted it into a heathen place under the title of *Ælia Capitolina*. It is certain that the identity of Calvary was unknown in the earlier part of the 4th century A.D., and the Tomb of Christ had then been entirely lost; for when Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, undertook the pilgrimage to the Holy Land for the express purpose of discovering sacred sites, she could find no one in Jerusalem to point out to her the places where Christ had died and been buried. She was compelled to have recourse to a miraculous vision, upon the strength of which she fixed upon the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The three Crosses were discovered in a marvellous manner; though, even supposing the first disciple had carefully concealed the Cross of Christ, we have no ecclesiastical explanation why they should have equally respected the crosses of the thieves. The Empress Helena was, undoubtedly, a very pure-minded and earnest believer, and was moved by feelings of intense devotion and reverence in all that she did; but knowing as we do the ignorance, superstition, and unreasoning credulity which prevailed at the time when she lived, and from which she herself was by no means free, it is impossible for us to accept as trustworthy evidence for the identification of the sites into which we are enquiring, the illusory visions of a devotee. Surrounded as she was, moreover, by unscrupulous sycophants, whose business it was to gratify her devotional aspirations, it is a matter of no surprise that her researches should have been crowned with what she believed to be a miraculous success, nor that her discoveries should have been handed down by ecclesiastical tradition as irrefragable matters of undoubted truth. Such traditions, however, are obviously worthless, so far as critical enquiry is concerned, unless they can be shown to have been based upon some other foundation more solid and trustworthy than miracles and visions.

Now, the first cardinal point of which we are certain, with regard to the question before us, is that Calvary and the Tomb of Christ must have been situated *outside* the city. Every one agrees upon this point; not only because it is well known that no criminals were allowed to be executed, and no bodies to be buried, within the walls; but also because we are expressly told in the Bible itself, that "Christ suffered without the gate,"\* and that Calvary was "nigh unto the city," but not inside it.† Almost

\* Heb. xiii. 12.

† St. John xix. 20.

all of the most reliable authorities, who have investigated the matter carefully, are of opinion that the site of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre was within the walls of Jerusalem at the time of Christ. Those who incline to the contrary belief are compelled to construct the plan of the walls in a most improbable and eccentric manner, in order to exclude the site; and it is evident, from the very result of their endeavours, that they have been actuated by the natural and meritorious desire to uphold, if possible, the Christian tradition of centuries. They were well aware that, if they failed, the question would be at once settled, so far as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself is concerned. I do not propose to enlarge upon the arguments concerning the direction of the walls of Jerusalem, for it would carry this paper to an inordinate length; but those who feel interested in the matter, will find the whole question thoroughly discussed in the large volume on Jerusalem in the Memoirs of the Palestine Exploration Survey. Suffice it to say that the weight of evidence and opinion decidedly preponderates in favour of including the Church of the Holy Sepulchre within the *second* wall, *i.e.* within the city at the time of Christ.

But, even if we admit that the site may have been outside, this by no means proves that the Empress Helena and the subsequent ecclesiastical tradition were right in locating Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre there. It simply makes it a *possible* site. It appears to be considered that the whole question turns upon the direction of the second wall. This is very far from being the case. It merely raises the claim of the present site from the sphere of impossibility; it does not prove that it is probably, much less certainly, correct. There still remains the question of comparing it with other localities outside the walls and in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and of enquiring whether there may not be some other spot which presents superior claims.

II. And we believe that there is, at least, one such spot. Just outside the present Damascus Gate, at the angle formed by the two main roads, the one from south to north, and the other from west to east, there stands a low hillock of remarkable appearance and shape. This is the mound which many people, myself amongst the number, now believe to be the true and original Hill of Calvary. There are several reasons for this belief, which I propose to briefly discuss.

(1.) El Heidemiyeh, as the knoll outside the Damascus Gate is called, is known by the Jews of the present day as the "Hill of

Execution." I have spoken with many learned Rabbis and Jews in Jerusalem, as well as with others who are capable of speaking with authority on the matter; and the testimony which I have received upon this point has been absolutely unanimous. There can be no doubt whatever that, according to Jewish tradition at least, the hill in question is regarded as having been that whereon criminals were put to death. It is called in the Talmud "*Beth Ha-Sekilah*," or the "House of Stoning;" and here can be seen the very place where the condemned were stoned to death. The actual form of execution, by the way, was different from that commonly represented in pictures. On one side of the hill, the cliff has been quarried into a perpendicular precipice, from twelve to fifty feet in height, a little to the east of the enormous natural cavern, which is known by the name of "*Jeremiah's Grotto*." The criminal was taken to the summit of the mound immediately over the perpendicular precipice; and one of the witnesses, upon whose testimony he had been condemned to death, pushed him over the cliff. In many cases, he would be killed by the fall; but if the witnesses, looking over the precipice, saw any signs of life yet remaining in the mangled form lying beneath them, they proceeded to hurl or drop large stones upon him, until he was pounded to death. It was at this spot and in this manner that Stephen, without doubt, met his death; and in the vicinity have been discovered the remains of an early Christian Church, to which the Latins have given the name of the "Church of St. Stephen."

(2.) The *Beth Ha-Sekilah*, or Place of Stoning, was also the recognized place of Crucifixion. This is distinctly stated in the Mishna;\* and it has a most important bearing upon the question which we are now discussing. For it is in the highest degree improbable that there would have been *two* places of execution at Jerusalem, and this *prima facie* improbability is confirmed by the testimony here rendered by the Mishna. The Hill of Execution was an accursed spot; and one such place would be enough for the Jews.

(3.) This mound, El Heidemiye, is accounted by the Jews as ill-fated and accursed. It stands in desolate loneliness, a solitary, barren, deserted spot, in the midst of busy life. The natives dare not pass it by night, for it bears the reputation of being haunted. The Jew spits in its direction as he passes near it, and mutters to himself the accustomed curse. If the information

\* Sanhed. iv. 4.

which I received from an ancient Rabbi at Jerusalem be correct, the very words of this curse appear to settle the question. "Cursed be he who brought ruin upon our nation, by aspiring to be the King thereof." This, so the Rabbi told me, is the formula generally employed; and can anything be more suggestive? Jesus of Nazareth was crucified because He said, "I am the King of the Jews;" and the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the nation are, even by the Jews themselves, connected with that claim. There can be scarcely any doubt that "He who brought ruin upon our nation, by aspiring to be the King thereof," refers to Jesus; and thus, in a highly remarkable manner, we can trace the connection between His Crucifixion and the hill outside the Damascus Gate.

(4.) Golgotha, where our Lord was crucified, was called the "Place of the Skull." Opinions differ as to the meaning of this phrase. Some consider that it referred to the shape of the hill; others that it signified that the locality was a burial-ground. To either of these two interpretations the hill which we are considering wonderfully corresponds. A plaster model of the mound has been made by a German sculptor at Jerusalem, from exact measurements most carefully taken. I have the model in my possession at the present moment; and no one can look at it in the most casual manner without being struck by its remarkable form. The crest of the hill is distinctly skull-shaped! Moreover, the place is now a cemetery, as it has been from time immemorial. It is at present used as a burial-ground for the Moslems; and there is no reason to doubt that it was anciently a Jewish one. Indeed, as we shall presently see, rock-cut Jewish tombs abound in its sides; and therefore we may almost without hesitation affirm that it was in the time of Christ the "place of a skull," in the sense of being a burying-ground.

(5.) Whatever may be said with regard to the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the hill of El Heidemiyeh was most certainly outside the walls of the city, in the time of Jesus Christ. The archway of the ancient Damascus Gate still remains, and can be clearly seen, close to, but at a lower level than, the present gate of the same name. The old guard-house of that gateway is also in existence; and about the position of the walls at this point there is no difference of opinion whatever.

(6.) We have already referred to the fact that the hill stands at the angle formed by the junction of the two main roads. The one which passes out of the Damascus Gate and runs northward

towards Samaria, Galilee, and Syria, passes close to the western base of the hill; whilst the other, which connects the Mediterranean on the west with the Jordan on the east, skirts the same hill to the south. Thus, one hanging on a cross upon the summit of the hill would be exposed to the full gaze of all the passers-by. "And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads."\* If we suppose the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to have been outside the walls, it must at any rate have been in a confined, narrow, out-of-the-way corner, where there could have been no casual passers-by. Even the advocates of its claims are prepared, I believe, to admit this fact. And this point, taken in combination with the other arguments, is not without decided importance.

(7.) Lastly, in the precincts of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, adjoining the well-known *Ecce Homo Arch*, there lies exposed to view a Roman tessellated pavement. This has, not without great show of reason, been identified as being a portion of the original "Gabbatha," or pavement of the Prætorium, where Pilate condemned Christ to be crucified, and whence He was led forth to the place of execution. Now this pavement points unmistakably in the direction of the Damascus Gate, and is nearly at right angles to the so-called "Via Dolorosa," which leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

All these circumstances, when considered as accumulative evidence, seem to warrant us in holding a strong belief in favour of the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto as the true site of Calvary. And here let me say one word in defence of those who incline to this opinion. I have been scornfully told, by more than one adherent to the claims of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, that this new-fangled notion is merely an outcome of a Protestant desire to overthrow all the cherished traditions of the Catholic Church. This I emphatically and indignantly deny. Speaking for myself individually, I assert that no such feeling as this has any weight whatever in my mind. And I think that I can say the same for many others, who have been convinced of the superior claims of El Heidemiyeh. The question is not one in any way of Catholicism *v.* Protestantism, but simply and purely one of evidence of fact. Setting aside all prejudice, bias, and preconceived ideas, I maintain that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre fails to satisfy the impartial investigators as to its claims to occupy the site of Calvary; and I feel sure that, sooner or later, the barren

\* St. Matt. xxvii. 39.



and mournful hill beyond the Gate of Damascus will be generally regarded as the real scene of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

And, if sentiment be allowed to enter into the question, I must confess that I never climb that skull-shaped hill, and survey the scene from its rounded crest, without being moved by the deepest feelings of reverence, devotion, and solemnity. It seems a theatre so appropriate for the Drama of Earth's Redemption, a very ideal spot for the Crucifixion of the Son of God! And one thought above all others invariably takes possession of my mind, as I stand there, close beside the sacred ground where the Cross most probably was fixed. That thought is this: As Christ Jesus hung upon the Cross, with His face towards the south—as from the position of the ground must almost certainly have been the case—Gethsemane, the Judgment Hall, the High Priest's Palace, and, in a word, every scene which could have recalled His Passion, would have been hidden from His view. But one prominent object is full in sight, and the eye is instinctively attracted by it; that object is the summit of the Mount of Olives. From that summit, He was to ascend to His Father's Home on high, when through the grave and gate of death, He had risen to life eternal. Thus, even in the last throes of His mortal agony, He would be supported by His crowning triumph, the very scene of which was before his eyes; and, in literal, sober truth the Apostle's words were true, "*For the joy that was set before Him* He endured the Cross, despising the shame."\*

How infinitely more solemn and sacred are the feelings aroused by such a scene and such thoughts as these, than those which one experiences in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, when one enquires for the position of Calvary!

"Turn to the right, go upstairs, and you will find Calvary on the first floor." These were the directions given to me at my first visit, and they were literally and truly correct!

III. Hitherto we have confined our attention to the scene of the Crucifixion, and we have endeavoured to demonstrate the arguments in favour of the

"Green hill, far away,  
Outside the city wall."

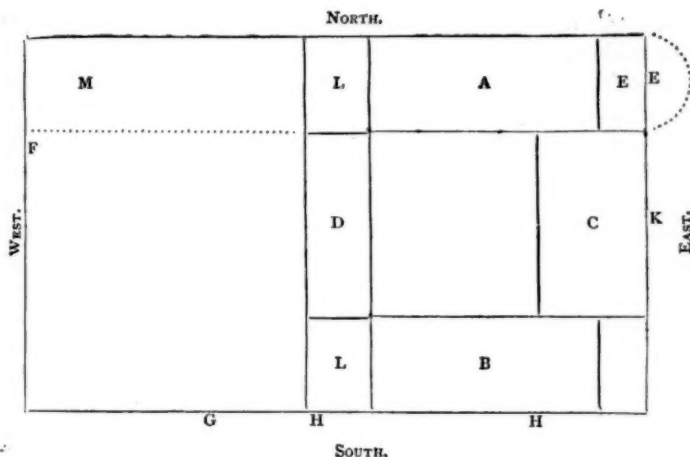
We now proceed to consider the Tomb of Christ; and here we shall find our theory corroborated in a most remarkable and convincing manner. At the western base of the hill, which I believe

\* Heb. xii. 2.

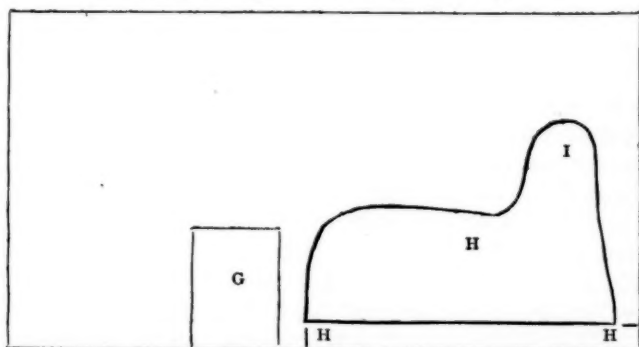


to be Calvary, there has, within the last few years, been discovered a rock-cut tomb. It stands in a garden almost within a stone's-throw of the summit of the mound; and for many centuries it has been completely concealed from view, by the accretions of earth and soil which had overlaid it. The best way to approach it is

GROUND PLAN OF INTERIOR.



ELEVATION OF FRONT (SOUTH).



this. You proceed about fifty yards along the Damascus road, then turn off to the right up a narrow lane, with a newly-built wall on your left hand. A short distance up this lane, an arched gateway is seen on the right-hand side. You push open the wooden door, which is never fastened, and you find yourself

within the garden. At the northern end of this garden is the rock-cut tomb; and, after the most painstaking research and investigation, I have come to the conclusion that there can be said to be actually not a link missing in the chain of evidence which connects this tomb with the Sepulchre of Christ.

(1.) *The tomb was never finished.* From the accompanying ground-plan of the interior it will be seen that the original design of the tomb was almost a double-square, with a low partition (D) in the middle. This partition is about a foot high in the middle, but more than double that height at the two ends (L). The left-hand chamber appears at first sight to have been intended merely to serve as a sort of ante-chamber to that on the right; for the three walls are perfectly smooth. But on examining the West wall, a vertical groove is seen to have been commenced at F, extending about two feet high from the ground. This proves that there was originally intended to be a receptacle for a body at M, as at A and B (see below). No doubt, if the tomb had been completed, there would also have been a fourth receptacle on the South side of the West Chamber, corresponding to B in the East. We see, therefore, that so far as the West Chamber was concerned, the work was left in a very unfinished condition. Turning our attention now to the East Chamber, our first impression on entering the tomb would doubtless be that here are three *loculi*, or receptacles, namely two full-sized ones at A and B, and a smaller one at C. On further examination, however, we shall find that C could never have been intended for a *loculus* at all, and that B has certainly never been finished or used. Thus, one and *one only loculus* has ever been finished, viz. that at A; and this has evidently been employed as a receptacle for a dead body. My reason for making this distinction between A and B is this. In the East wall, at the lower part of the *loculus*, a hollow space has been excavated, technically known as the "head-cavity," because, at the time of interment, the body was deposited in the receptacle, in such a manner that the head rested within this cavity, and was thus sheltered, as it were, by the overhanging rock. This "head cavity" at E is of the utmost importance in its connection with the evidence as to the resurrection of Christ, as we shall presently see. The receptacle (B) has no head-cavity; thus showing that it was never completed. Hence we have, in a large rock-cut tomb, intended for at least *four* bodies, one and one only receptacle finished, and that one has been once occupied. I have examined many hundreds of rock-cut tombs in Syria and

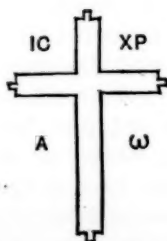
Palestine ; and I may say that this is the *only* tomb which I have ever seen which was never completed, and yet has been occupied !

(2.) *The tomb was hewn at or about the time of Christ.* After a little experience in Syrian rock-sepulchres, one is able to determine, without difficulty and with a considerable degree of accuracy, the period at which any particular tomb was excavated. Thus, we can tell at once whether it was Phœnician or Canaanitish, Early Hebrew, of the times of the Kings, Herodian, or Christian. And this tomb is certainly of the period known as Herodian. That is to say, it was constructed during the time of the Herods ; or, in other words, about the time of Christ.

(3.) *It was intended for Jewish occupants.* This is proved by the fact of the "head-cavity" being turned towards the East. Jews were buried with their heads at the East ; Christians with their feet in that direction. Moreover, Christian rock-cut tombs invariably have a cross, either embossed in alto-relievo, or carved in bas-relief. This tomb has no such cross, and therefore it cannot be, as some have imagined, an Early Christian grave.

(4.) Although intended for Jewish occupants, it was employed for the interment of some one *who was worshipped and revered by the Early Christians.* A close inspection reveals the fact that the tomb has been used as a place of Christian worship, and has, in fact, been a Christian Chapel.

The receptacle (C), which might at first be mistaken for a child's grave, is seen upon examination to have been an *altar* ! And immediately above it, on the face of the East wall, at (K), nearly effaced unfortunately by time and weather, but still clearly traceable upon careful investigation, is a highly remarkable and significant fresco. It is painted with pigments similar to those at Pompeii, and bearing evident marks of an antiquity reaching to the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The fresco bears the following character :—



And it may almost be said to speak for itself. What explana-

tion can be offered for the marvellous fact of a Jewish tomb being used as a Christian sanctuary, for the celebration of the most sacred Christian rites in the early ages of Christianity, with the Cross itself and the sacred monograms inscribed upon its walls, except that Christ Himself was buried here?

(5.) But this is by no means all. On the other side of the narrow lane by which we approached the garden with this rock-cut tomb in it, we pass through another doorway into an enclosure which now belongs to the Latins. Here are the ruined remains to which I have already alluded, called by the Latins the Church of St. Stephen; and here, too, is the entrance to another series of rock-cut tombs. These are all, undoubtedly, Christian; for the sunken or embossed cross is to be seen on every one. Now, these Christian tombs extend underground, beneath the narrow lane; and careful measurements have revealed the fact that they adjoin the tomb which we are now discussing on the north and west sides. There is, in fact, scarcely more than a foot's breadth of solid rock between these tombs and what I have called the Tomb of Christ. This, again, is a matter of deep significance; for it shows that the Early Christians, for some reason of their own, encompassed this tomb with their own sepulchres. In these Christian tombs were found two memorial stones, which almost appear to settle the question. Upon one of these stones, which was broken and nearly illegible, were nevertheless deciphered the following words in Greek: "Buried near his Lord." The other, which is in good preservation, contains this inscription: "To Nonus and Onesimus, Deacons of the Church of the Witness of the Resurrection of Christ."

Here, then, were buried at least two deacons of a Church erected to be a witness of the Resurrection of Christ. And is it too much to conclude that the very church, the remains of which still exist upon the spot, called by the Latins the Church of St. Stephen, is the Church of the Witness of our Lord's Resurrection, which is referred to in the memorial tablet to Nonus and Onesimus? And even if this be not the church, there is another close at hand. For, in the very garden where the rock-cut sepulchre stands, excavations made last year have brought to light the foundations of a building, which, so far as can at present be ascertained, appears to have been a Christian church. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood surrounding the tomb has clearly been appropriated by the Early Christians, as a sanctuary of the most holy import, connected with the Resurrection of Christ.

Taking into consideration this marvellous concatenation of undesigned evidences, it does not appear too bold an assumption to make, when we pronounce our verdict without hesitation in favour of the claims of this hallowed spot.

And does it not seem a providentially wise and beautiful thing that, whilst for century upon century human passions of the worst kinds have been raging around the traditional Calvary and Tomb of Christ ; whilst human blood has been shed profusely in disputes concerning the supposed shrine of Christendom ; whilst in connection with the so-called Holy Sepulchre every sort of insult and blasphemy to the Holy Jesus has been perpetrated in the Name of Jesus Himself ; there, all the while, unknown and unsuspected by man, yet seen by angels and guarded by God, has been the true Calvary and the true Sepulchre of Christ, undesecrated, unpolluted by human quarrels, human bloodshed, and human superstition ? And may there not be some pregnant reason, which is at present beyond our view, that now at last, after more than eighteen centuries of hidden retirement, the truth has been revealed ? We are constantly hearing of the "signs of the times ;" who can tell whether this may not be one of them ? In any case, we devoutly hope and pray that these newly discovered sites may be reverently protected from such distressing and heart-rending associations as have gathered around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On the other hand, we would strenuously insist that, even on the bare possibility of the rock-cut tomb which I have just described being the very sepulchre of our Lord and Saviour, every effort should be made to preserve it from desecration, to keep it clean and orderly within and without, and to show to the Mohammedan and Jewish world that we have some reverence for the Author of our Faith. The tomb and garden have been purchased by Herr Frutiger, the German banker at Jerusalem ; and, in his hands, we may be sure that they are safe from superstition. But much remains to be desired upon the score of cleanliness and decency ; and it would be well if a fund could be provided for the maintenance of a trustworthy guardian, whose office it should be to look after the tomb. We presume that in such an event no objection would be offered by Herr Frutiger himself, who, if we mistake not, is a firm believer in the identity of this holy site.

IV. There remains one practical thought in conclusion ; and it is a very practical one indeed. As will be seen by a reference to the elevation of the South front of the Tomb, there are two

openings in the face. The one (G) is a regular doorway, low in height, but of the same character as the entrances to most rock-cut tombs. This appears to have been made at a date subsequent to the first occupation of the tomb, and was probably constructed when the sepulchre was transformed into a Christian Chapel. The other opening (H) is rough and irregular ; and supplies a remarkable evidence of the sudden way in which the tomb was left unfinished. It corroborates the theory that, for some reason—and that, probably, the interment of the one body which had been buried there,—the completion of the tomb was hastily abandoned.

There is one particular feature in connection with this opening, to which special attention deserves to be called. This is the curious portion of the opening at (I). It supplies, as it appears to us, an explanation of the narrative given by St. John of his visit to the Holy Sepulchre on the first Easter morning ; and, if our theory be correct, we have here one of the most remarkable corroborations of the truth of the Gospel story which has, perhaps, been ever exhibited. The account is as follows :

“He stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying ; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.”

We observe here that St. John says that stooping down (or forward), from the outside of the tomb, he saw the linen clothes lying. The body of Christ was deposited in the *loculus*, or receptacle (A)—we are assuming that our theory regarding this tomb is correct—towards sunset on Good Friday. Under ordinary circumstances, a large stone slab would have been laid along the top of the receptacle, and so would have concealed the body from view. But we know that the interment was perforce accomplished hurriedly ; and, the slab not being ready (for the tomb was not completed), the Body was merely laid in the *loculus*, with the linen winding-sheet wrapped about it, the head being laid within the head-cavity (E), a turban or head-cloth being folded around it. The large stone was rolled against the opening (H), and this had been removed when St. John arrived. Now, he tells us that by stooping down, he was able to see the linen clothes or winding-sheet lying in the receptacle. Owing to the remarkable opening at (I) in the face of this tomb, I, together



with others, have been able to test this statement. In no ordinary tomb would it have been possible to see from outside to the bottom of a *loculus*. But in this tomb, by leaning forwards, and peering through the opening at (I), one can see quite clearly to the very bottom of the receptacle (A).

St. John saw the linen clothes lying, but did not venture in ; because, from the appearance of the winding-sheet, he thought that the dead Body was still there, and that the women had been mistaken. When his companion, St. Peter, arrived, however, he followed him into the interior of the tomb. What he then saw convinced him that Christ was risen from the dead. "He saw and believed." This sentence must be studiously observed. It was on account of the spectacle that met his eye, that he believed in the resurrection of Christ. What was that spectacle? He "seeth the linen clothes lie ; and the napkin, that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." Now, the idea which most people entertain with regard to this account is that St. John and St. Peter saw the body-clothes lying neatly folded up in one place, and the head-cloth, equally neatly folded up, deposited in some other spot. But there would have been nothing in this to induce them to believe that Christ was risen from the dead. Any one who had carried off the Body might have arranged the linen clothes in this manner. What then did they see? They saw the linen winding-sheet which had enfolded the Body still lying undisturbed in the exact place and the exact position, at the bottom of the *loculus*, as it had been when the Body of Jesus had been interred. They saw the head-cloth, or turban, "in a place by itself," that is to say, in the "head-cavity" where the head of Jesus had lain, still retaining its folds—"wrapped together,"—as if it encircled the head. But, *though the winding-sheet and the head-cloth had been absolutely undisturbed, the Body itself was gone!* In other words, that same Body, which afterwards passed through walls and closed doors, had passed through its linen cerements without disarranging them ; thus proving to the spectators on that Easter morn that, beyond all cavilling or dispute, their Lord had risen from the dead!

HASKETT SMITH.

## ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

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### PART II.—CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Dr. Winter? When may I wish you joy?"

"Never, I fear, Mrs. Conolly, unless you can find me some ally more powerful than my own merits."

"Pooh, Doctor! I believe you do not press the lady sufficiently."

"I own, madam, I see little satisfaction or diplomacy in forcing her to the point-blank 'No.'"

"Faint heart never won fair lady, sir."

The speakers stood in the lane just outside the Miss Vanhomrighs' house at Cellbridge, in the county of Dublin. One a Roman matron in the hood and kerchief of a Georgian lady, the other a divine not much past thirty with an intelligent face and the air of a gentleman.

"'Tis the fair lady's purse, not herself, makes my heart faint," said the young man. "Besides, the very sincerity of my attachment, which has been long a-growing, will not allow me to talk of flames and ardours, like a young fellow who has fallen in love with a mask at a ball. Could I but persuade some friend who has influence with Miss Vanhomrigh to tell her how much I am above sordid motives, how much less cold are my feelings than they appear—Madam, will you not be my friend?"

Mrs. Conolly paused before she answered.

"Dear, Dr. Winter, you will smile if I say I dare not, yet 'tis the truth. You know how greatly I have this match at heart, and how truly I esteem and like Miss Vanhomrigh; yet I feel there's a certain point in our intimacy which I reached three or four years since, and beyond which I cannot get. There's as it were a locked door in the way; I have not the key to it, and fear should I force it on your behalf, the consequences would be more unhappy to you than to me."

"Madam," returned Dr. Winter, "I must bow to your decision. There's but one other friend Miss Vanhomrigh and I have in common, who may be able to do me this service. I mean the Dean of St. Patrick's."

Mrs. Conolly looked at the young man with a somewhat comical expression, which however he was too absorbed in his own reflections to observe.

"I believe there is nothing would advantage you so greatly, sir, if you could persuade him to undertake as much for you. Yet I own I should tremble—I will not often confess to fearing the Dean, who ought not to be flattered by a too visible awe—yet, between ourselves, I should tremble—"

Dr. Winter smiled superior.

"Oh, madam, I am not one of those that are frightened of the Dean. I have never truckled to him nor had occasion to complain of disrespect from him; quite the contrary. I have ever found him the most considerate as he is the wittiest and most agreeable of companions. There's no man living I admire so much as the Dean of St. Patrick's."

"Then you are all in the fashion," returned Mrs. Conolly. "I remember well when he came back to Dublin seven or eight years ago—or whenever it was that the late Queen died—I was resolved to like him because 'twas the fashion to do quite the contrary. Why, he could not take his ride on the strand but he must be hustled by unmannerly fellows of quality, and 'twas reckoned the best breeding in the world for his old acquaintances to stare at him as though he were newly arrived from China if he ventured to address 'em in the street."

"Madam, you amaze me," cried Dr. Winter with warmth. "I have heard something of the kind before, yet I never cease to be amazed at it. I am glad I was absent from Dublin at the time, as their treatment of this great man would have filled me with an incurable disgust to its inhabitants."

"Matters are now so much altered for the better," continued Mrs. Conolly, "that I'll confess to you I myself have never been able to determine whether he is charming or odious."

Dr. Winter exclaimed.

"I cannot hinder it, Doctor. Say I go to bed o' Monday at rest in the conviction that I cannot suffer him, I am certain to meet him before Sunday and be forced to adore him. It must be owned that, whatever his faults, he is the least wearisome of mortals."

He hath as much variety in his talents and disposition as four commoner men put together," cried the enthusiastic young divine, "and 'tis greatly to be wished that Providence could grant him four times the usual length of life, for in the short space of three-score years and ten 'tis impossible that he should do justice to all his qualities."

Mrs. Conolly tapped him with her fan and laughed.

"My stars, Doctor, you alarm me! I believe you and some other fiery young fellows will be proclaiming Jonathan King of Ireland, and down with King George, presently. I'll bid you farewell before I must hear treason. Farewell, and good luck to your wooing."

She reached him her hand, which he kissed gallantly, and the two went their respective ways; Dr. Winter to the inn where his horse was stabled, Mrs. Conolly to a door in the high wall which marked the limit of the Miss Vanhomrighs' domain.

She entered their house unannounced, a privileged guest, and finding no one in the book-room where the Miss Vanhomrighs commonly sat, proceeded to the dining-parlour. Miss Anna Stone stood there, bent double over a table and absorbed in composing some garment from sundry fragments of tawdry silk picked up at an auction in Dublin. Mr. Stone had lately been a loser in one of the bubble companies of the day; for the commercial spirit which was making the British Empire while politicians strutted on their petty stage, was already a tricky as well as a powerful sprite. Mr. Stone had consequently given up his London house and was waiting for a country living that must shortly be vacant. Meantime, Miss Stone was homeless, for her sister was one of those not uncommon people who conceive marriage to imply a complete absolution from the duties of kinship and friendship: so Anna bethought herself of her cousins in Ireland. There were several families of these, but somehow wherever else she was invited she always drifted back to Cellbridge again before long.

She returned Mrs. Conolly's greeting hurriedly, as one interrupted in an absorbing occupation.

"You will find my cousins in the garden-parlour, madam," she said, speaking with one side of her mouth only, because she held a pin in the other, and pointing with a large pair of scissors to a door on the opposite side of the room to that on which Mrs. Conolly had entered.

"Pray tell me, miss," asked Mrs. Conolly gravely, "how does

Miss Molly do? Do you see a great change in her since you was last here?"

Miss Stone, who had now accumulated three pins in her mouth and was contemplating her work with her head on one side, took them out severally and inserted them to her satisfaction before she answered.

"Change, madam? Lord, yes. I thank God I am not as blind as a bat; I was never like some folks, lacking in observation. You'll excuse me, I beg, madam, for continuing my work. We that have lost our fortunes cannot afford fine manners."

"I beg you'll be easy and not inconvenience yourself, madam," returned Mrs. Conolly. "Do you think our excellent Miss Molly very sick?"

"Oh, she's not long for this world!" returned Miss Stone, cutting basting threads and whisking them out through the crackling silk. "I could see *that* so soon as I was back; I've a wonderful quick eye for illness. I should say she'd not last longer than—than old New Year's Day or thereabouts, and 'tis strange how seldom I am wrong in my forecasts. Some are too hopeful and some too apt to give folks up, but over and over again has it happened that sick persons have taken the turn for the better or died on the very days I have prophesied it of 'em. Yes, sure, Cousin is very sadly, for if you'll believe it she'll not endure as much noise as the pulling out of a thread in her neighbourhood, or I would be glad to keep her company while I worked. But I know not how to be idle. I am one of those that must always be doing."

"Does Miss Vanhomrigh think so ill of her sister's health?" asked Mrs. Conolly.

Miss Stone shrugged her shoulders.

"Cousin Vanhomrigh's a strange girl—strange woman, I should say, as you must very well know, madam. She talks as though her sister was as like to live as you or I. 'When Moll is better we shall do this and that,' says she. For my part I call it downright heathenish not to prepare for death; but I've done my duty in calling her attention to her sister's state and can do no more. Last night when Cousin Mary was dozing there was a winding-sheet on the candle just over against her; so I pointed it out to Cousin Vanhomrigh, and I assure you she was most uncivil. 'Tis not every one could live friendly in this house, but 'tis ever *my* device to bear and forbear."

Mrs. Conolly, who saw she had learned as much from Miss

Stone as she was likely to learn, passed into the garden-parlour. This was a small room with a glass door opening on to a stone terrace. The door was shut and Molly's couch was drawn up to near the fire. Her eyes were closed and in that state of repose the worn and deathly aspect of her face was startlingly visible, whereas when she spoke or smiled it was disguised by the animation of her look. Her sister sat on a low stool before the hearth, with her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand. A book lay open before her, but she was staring into the fire. A dish of oranges and a coffee-pot stood on a table near. Both young women were absorbed in their own thoughts and did not hear Mrs. Conolly as she opened the door and came softly round the screen that half enclosed them. She paused ; perhaps even she, robust as she was in mind and body, was momentarily affected by something ominous and melancholy in the silence that brooded over this pair of sisters. Molly perceived her before she spoke, and sat up to greet her with out-stretched hands and the charming smile that together with her bright eyes, was all that now remained of the gay loveliness of her early youth. Esther too rose and greeted her courteously, but with a listlessness that looked like coldness.

"I trust this change of the weather has got the better of Miss Molly's cough," said Mrs. Conolly, holding Molly's hand and looking at her sister.

"Of course it has, madam," returned Esther hastily, almost sharply. "I knew she would be sadly, so long as that bitter north-east wind blew ; there's very few that do not feel the ill effects of it. She's a world easier now 'tis gone, and begins to think of growing strong and hearty before the summer."

Molly put her hands up to her ears, and in doing so, threw back her sleeve-ruffles, showing arms no larger than a child's.

"Pray now, ladies, pinch me when you have done talking of me," she cried with a pout, "or when you have found something diverting to say about me. But that's impossible. I've not even a new ailment, and my own grandmother, were she alive, would be tired of talking of my old ones before now. O that I should be condemned thus early to prove the most insipid theme for my neighbours' discourses of any woman in Dublin, that's under eighty ! But 'tis even so. Tell me, Mrs. Conolly, when will your new house be ready for dancing in ? I hear 'tis a vast deal finer than the Castle."

So they began to talk of the palace Mr. Conolly was building



for himself at the other end of the village, Molly out of breath but not out of spirits, and Esther with her grave preoccupied air, talking with more determination than interest, to save her sister's voice. But the other thoughts that had been in her mind as she sat and stared at the fire were there still. After a time Mrs. Conolly found a convenient opportunity for speaking of Doctor Winter, whose taste she said she was consulting in the planting of her garden and grounds.

"I believe he has helped you in designing your beech-grove, Miss Vanhomrigh," she continued, "and a mighty pleasant one it will be when all of us are dead and buried. Pray now consult him about the planting of your laurels."

"O madam," cried Esther, tossing her chin defiantly, "I love my laurels, and I love to plant 'em with my own hands just when and where I please."

"I hope, miss, you are not cruel to Doctor Winter. He is a very ingenious and learned young gentleman, and besides extremely well-bred. I think you should be proud to be highly esteemed by him."

"We are proud," murmured Molly. "I in particular, madam, am exceedingly proud of Doctor Winter's attentions."

"Molly!" cried Esther, and blushed; then continued—"Indeed, madam, we are proud of Doctor Winter's friendship, but 'tis not at all of the nature you perhaps suppose, or that mischievous brat there would make you suppose. When we first knew him, he was very desirous to be presented to the Dean of St. Patrick's, and we did him that service, for which he has ever been grateful. He appears to me to have shown a very superior understanding in conceiving so great an opinion of the Dean, at a time when the world was using him even more scurvily than is its custom. Doctor Winter shows himself above the common herd by adoring genius, which 'tis well known they detest. That alone would make us esteem him, and while Moll has been so very sick, he has been in a manner domestic here, reading and talking to her both pleasantly and comfortingly. For without being an enthusiast, madam, he is a truly pious man."

"You perceive now, madam," said Molly, "the reason of my sickness lasting such an intolerably long time. 'Tis as plain as a pikestaff."

Mrs. Conolly, thinking she had done all she could for Dr. Winter, turned the conversation to other subjects, and presently went home in the falling twilight.

There was silence again when she had left, Molly lying back exhausted and Esther pacing the room restlessly, her erect figure darkening more and more as it passed between Molly and the light, till it was merely a silhouette against the outer twilight, except when a red tongue of flame leapt up from the logs on the hearth.

At length, clasping her hands behind her head, she began to speak in her low rich voice, sometimes raised in indignant protest, sometimes broken by despair.

"This is the seventh day, Molkin. How many more am I to wear away in vain expectation, waiting for one that loved us once, and now thinks not, cares not whether you or I be dead or living? I told him I would not be so unreasonable as to expect him to a day, but seven days!—O, I believe I could better have endured to have passed them on the rack than as I have done; sighing for the night that suspense might be over, and all night sighing for the morning that I might be able to expect him again. Yet when he comes I shall not dare to chide. Once I should have dared; I used to chide him for all his faults. Has he grown more awful, think you Moll, since then? Or I a very abject? I can write and upbraid him—I will do so at once—but at the hour when he should receive my letter I am shivering at the thought of his frown."

"Essie," said Moll, shading her eyes with her hand, "consider that person in the next room."

Esther, who happened to be near the door of communication, opened and shut it again abruptly.

"Anna has gone, she and her mantua."

"Thank God, and would 'twere further!" ejaculated Molly, and Esther resumed her pacing.

"Ten weeks!" she broke out again. "Ten weeks since I saw the only valuable creature the world contains for me excepting yourself. Ten weeks, and in all that time but one letter and one note. Tell me, Moll, what means this strange, this prodigious neglect of—of her he once—O, Moll, for pity's sake tell me what can it mean?"

"Come hither, my dearest Hess," said Molly, "come close. I cannot speak so loud."

Esther threw herself on her knees by Molly's long chair. Molly took hold of her sister with her little, thin, transparent hands, and looked at her with a long gaze of infinite pain and compassion, such as a mother might have bestowed upon a

child. When she began to speak it was firmly, though she shivered with physical weakness and nervous anxiety as to the effect of what she had to say.

"There is something I have long wished to say to you, Essie, but did I not sometimes think I have not much more time in which to be talking, I should go on fearing to say it. If 'tis too cruel, will you promise to forgive me before I die, even though that should be to-morrow?"

"Hush, Moll—you *will* die if you give yourself up. I shall die first."

Indeed she looked very ill. Molly smiled a little. "You will need to hasten, if you would trip up *my* heels, Hess. Do you promise what I asked?"

"I cannot bear you to give way to such thoughts, but I promise a thousand times over."

"You ask me if I can guess the meaning of the Dean's neglect of you," continued Molly. "If you intended me to invent a plausible excuse for it, I have no longer wit to do't. But, O Essie, my dear, I have long ago thought of a good reason for his behaviour, and so I believe have you."

"What do you mean?" asked Esther faintly.

"Have you never mentioned Mrs. Johnson to him, Hess?"

Essy was silent a minute and then answered with a certain stubbornness of manner:

"Five or six years since in Dublin I spoke to him of Mrs. Johnson, being weary of listening to the chatter of the disagreeable prying people 'twas our misfortune to be thrown amongst, without knowing the truth of the matter. He—he was terribly angry at my having heard all this tattle and mentioning it to him. He said he would explain to me once and for all Mrs. Johnson's claims on him; how that she had been his ward in all but the lawyer's sense, ever since she was a child, and had the claim of a ward and almost a younger sister upon him. He said she was very elegant and accomplished and accustomed to be treated like a lady by persons of quality, but that her family were but servants in the household of the Temples, and therefore he had thought it possible to extend to her an honourable protection, such as should keep her in the sphere of life to which Sir William had accustomed her, without its being thought he would marry her. Which he repeatedly assured me he had never proposed to do. 'Tis well known there's an elderly woman lives with her, and he assures me he

never visits her except when she is in the company of this Mrs. Dingley, out of regard to her reputation and because he is accustomed to the society of both. This is all about Mrs. Johnson."

"If this be all, for what possible reason did he keep the very existence of one so intimately connected with him a secret from us, to whom he was wont to talk openly enough of his other friends? And, pray, Essie, why has he never introduced to us, to us who delight to honour those he loves, this lady whom he treats as a sister?"

"You might know him well enough by this time, Moll, to give up demanding reasons for his whimsical secrecies. Enough that he hates to talk of his private affairs. And Mrs. Johnson is not, as you must be aware, received by the better families in Dublin, that is where there are ladies."

"And what is the cause of that?" asked Molly with some indignation. "Her low birth, you would say, but I tell you there's yet another, and that is the Dean himself. 'Tis he has caused the world to look on her askance."

"You accuse him then of a base intrigue!" cried Essie fiercely, her cheeks and eyes blazing with wrath.

"I do not," returned Molly, sitting up and speaking with unusual strength and energy. "I accuse him of—I hardly know what. Of being perhaps secretly married. The world says so, more and more openly of late."

"The world!" cried Essy scornfully. "And you, Molly, of all women living believe the world!"

"I do not say 'tis true, but it would explain much that has been singular in his conduct. You must admit too 'tis pretty odd that Mrs. Johnson receives his company for him at the Deanery on public days—and he has never allowed us to appear there on those days, though he at one time frequently declared that we were the only friends he possessed in Dublin. Why may we not see Mrs. Johnson?"

"I will own to you, Molly," said Esther, mastering her anger, but speaking with reluctance, "he admits Mrs. Johnson to be of a jealous disposition and averse to his forming intimate friendships with other persons of her sex."

"What right has he given her to control his intimacies? Tell me, Essie, dearest Essie, on your honour, do you believe Mrs. Johnson to have no claim that forbids his offering marriage to another woman?"

"Why should he offer marriage?" returned Esther, as white as a sheet. "He considers friendship to conduce more to happiness."

"Friendship!" cried Molly. "I know well enough what friendship means, and value it too, but 'tis madness to call this attachment of yours friendship. Tell me, on your conscience, Essie, do you believe Mrs. Johnson has claims that prevent his offering to marry you?"

"I have sometimes hoped so—since we came to Ireland," replied Esther, covering her face.

"Hoped?" repeated Molly in amazement.

"Yes," continued Esther in a very low voice. "They say she is of an extremely weakly constitution—and should anything happen to her—why, then it might be that that supreme happiness which I cannot but desire would be granted to me!"

"Esther!" cried Molly, "can this indeed be you? You, that was all honour and generosity, all mercy and tenderness to every living creature, whether man or beast. Heavens, what a change is here! What a deadly change! O Essie, my dear, my honoured sister, 'tis not your little Molly speaks to you now; 'tis a woman who has suffered much and learned a little in this life, and who must very soon enter another. Think—how will you answer this to your Maker when you come to be in my situation?—How can you answer it now to your own heart? You *hope* to have been an instrument of wrong and suffering to another. You look eagerly for her death that your own happiness may be advanced. Shame, Essie, shame!"—and she paused breathless.

Esther sank lower and lower as her sister was speaking, till she was crouching on the ground with her face buried in Molly's draperies and the cushions of the couch. She did not answer immediately, and when she did so, it was in a strangled voice.

"Ay, 'tis easy to talk, to see 'tis wrong, but you don't understand. You don't know what it means to care as I do. 'Tis impossible I should feel otherwise. It may be wrong for a drowning man to clutch at one that's swimming, yet none blames him for doing it. 'Tis just as unavoidable for me to hope, to wish—*that*. You would if you was in my place, if you had suffered what I have suffered this ten years."

"Perhaps I might, no doubt I should, my dear; that does not

make it any better. Essie, no good has come to you from the Dean, nor ever will. He's a good friend, and I love him dearly, but I love you far better, and I implore you when I am dead to leave this country and see him no more. Think of it. You have sense and must perceive 'tis your only right and wise course. Either he will not or he cannot marry you. Essie, I implore you, consider this matter and promise me to give him up. Promise me this, and I shall die in peace."

Esther still lay crouched upon the floor. Her shoulders heaved with a few deep sobs, and her hands were clasped convulsively.

"I would die for you, Molly," she said at length in a hoarse faint voice, "I would indeed. But I can't do that. You ask me what is impossible. I tell you I cannot."

Molly gave an exclamation of despair and leaning back on her couch closed her eyes.

"At least," she resumed, opening them, "you can promise me to learn the precise truth. That it is your duty to the Dean and Mrs. Johnson as well as yourself to know, and he must tell it you."

"I dare not ask him. You don't guess how angry he was that I should mention it that time years ago, and either I grow more cowardly or his displeasure more awful. Before we came to Ireland I most solemnly promised never to speak to him of marriage, and in Dublin I promised him never again to torment him on the score of Mrs. Johnson. I cannot break my word to him."

"Go to her herself then," returned Molly. "If she is his wife, one so intimate with him as Mr. Ford scruples not to hint, she'll not hide it from you, and she has no right to keep you from this knowledge. You can at least promise me to do your utmost to discover the truth."

"I would rather not promise anything, dear Molly," replied Esther humbly.

Molly turned her head aside on the cushion, and two tears stood on her cheeks.

"Then do not," she said. "Go your own way. You break my heart and make me glad to die."

Esther gave a cry and threw her arms round her sister.

"Moll, Moll, my own dear, what am I to do? What do you wish for?—I'll promise you anything you will, except to give him up. I can't do that, Moll. I could sooner tear the heart out



of my breast. Ah, you don't know. I'll promise you anything but that."

"Promise me then, Hess, to try earnestly to find out the truth about this matter of Mrs. Johnson, by any means that seem most convenient. I do not say at once, but when the occasion offers."

Esther was weeping bitterly with her head on her sister's shoulder.

"I dare not—I dare not," she said between her sobs.

There was a loud knock at the house-door, and she lifted her head to listen eagerly and wipe the tears from her eyes.

"No, it cannot be. It is too late," she said. Then starting up; "whom are you expecting? I can see no one."

And without waiting for an answer she fled from the room.

In a minute or two the man-servant entered and announced a gentleman to wait on Miss Mary. A quick firm step sounded across the floor, and some one coming through the fire-lit twilight grasped her hands in silence. A moment more and they were alone.

"Francis!" she cried, "I dared not hope it was you."

"Yet you wrote to me to come."

"Well, thank God you are come! I hardly thought you could reach Ireland so soon! Thank God you are here!"

And she sank down on her couch again.

"I started immediately on receiving your letter and had a fair wind all the voyage; and there's little to tempt a man to delay between this and Cork. I find the inns are still the scurviest in the world—you'd find better lying in an Indian wigwam."

## CHAPTER II.

"I pity ye, Mrs. Biddy, sure I pity ye!"

And Patrick, shaking his head at the cook with an air of deep commiseration, set down his basin and other shaving apparatus sharply on the kitchen-dresser. Biddy looked round with open mouth and hand suspended in the act of basting a joint, somewhat inadequately, with a silver-gilt tea-spoon; for at the Deanery as elsewhere Saxon tyranny and prejudice, embodied in Mrs. Brent the housekeeper, the Dean and Mrs. Johnson, while preserving a semblance of order, was powerless to enslave the free Irish spirit.

"Holy Mother, Mr. Patrick, whatever is the matter?"

"Only this, Cook, Jewel—and ye may believe me, for I niver tould a lie. If an angel from heaven was cooking that dinner—Faith, what am I saying of angels, when 'tis yourself I see before me?—But if 'twas the Apostle Paul, the Master 'd be afther calling it ruined, and ballyrag before all the quality. Ah, Biddy darlint, ye may think ye've come to a bachelor family, where your iligant shape and purty manners (those were advantages with which Patrick persevered in crediting the cook of the moment under the most discouraging circumstances) 'll give you a gineral Absolution. That's not the way at all, at all. There's Brent that's the very mischief, and Mrs. Johnson I'll call by no such iligant name, but say she's the very Divil; and the Dean himself, poor man, that's got prying ways and knows very little what becomes his station. I've had hopes he'd better himself by a decent marriage wid one of the ould sthock"—here Patrick collapsed on to a stool and shook his head mournfully. "But I doubt 'tis all off. Tell me, Mrs. Biddy, was it Miss Vanhomrigh's gintleman brought the letter?"

"Faith, 'twas no gintleman at all," replied the untutored Biddy. "'Twas a little old footman in a green livery."

"That's him," returned Patrick. "Once on a time the Master 'd be in a mighty merry humour, when the old leprechaun in green had been here, but now—ah, 'tis just the other way. O Biddy, if only I could read, I might have foreseen this. But when I was in London, we gintlemen's gintlemen left larning to the clargy. Ah, I've come down in my notions, or as some might say have got sinse since then, and know a little larning is useful in my thrade. 'Tis mighty provoking now to think I've seen Miss Vanhomrigh's hand again and again this ten years, and couldn't make it out or even swear to 't, though for all the Dean's hide-away tricks, I've looked at his letters from every corner of the paper. If I'd been a scholar, the divil's in it but I should have known in time this match was off, and all along of Mrs. Johnson, I doubt—bad luck to her!"

"Well, well, Mr. Patrick, if Mrs. Johnson *is* a bit troublesome of an afternoon, she don't come lampooning round of a morning, so I'd be in no hurry for the Master to bring a Mistress in, if I was you."

"Begorra, 'tis not me comfort, 'tis me dignity I'm considering, Mrs. Biddy," returned Patrick, sitting up; "Miss Vanhomrigh's a lady, I won't say she's such a lady as her mamma that was fit to

be wife to a nobleman, but a lady she is. What's Mrs. Johnson? Her father a bailiff, they say, and her mother a housekeeper. 'Tisn't such thrash that I'd have put over me, nor over you, me dear, and if 'tweren't for the poor master, I'd go back to London by post. But there, though he's a bit touched," and Patrick pointed to his own head, "and bad enough when he's in his tantrums, he's a good ould sowl in his way, and he'd never get on widout me. Sure I'd never have the heart to leave him, poor crayture, just as he's disappointed of Miss Vanhomrigh. Bejapers, he tossed his head about over her letter this morning so 'twas small blame to him he got a skelp of the razor; I was in dread he'd be kilt meself."

Here there were voices outside which caused Patrick to start up and hurriedly seize his basin, and Biddy to thrust the tea-spoon up her sleeve, which served her as a pocket, and stare wildly round the kitchen in search of a humbler implement.

"Here, Cook, here's our share of the dinner," said Mrs. Johnson, bustling in with a large basket on her arm, followed by Mrs. Dingley similarly laden. "Why, Patrick, you have not got your livery on! Don't you know company's expected?"

Meantime the Dean was applying as well as he could some small pieces of plaster to the cuts bestowed on him by Patrick. He was clumsy and could not make the plaster stick; so there he stood muttering decorous curses before the shaving-glass in the upstairs room, which he used partly as a dressing-room and partly as a study, as being more private than his library. At a certain moment he became mentally conscious of the reflection in the glass, which he had before been staring into merely with a view to the arrangement of his strips of plaster. The elderly annoyed face seen thus close, its general impressiveness of outline and indefinable air of power and brilliancy lost in the details of line and wrinkle, was certainly not beautiful, nor even attractive. He saw that plainly enough, and a smile of bitter humour parted his lips, and broadened till it showed two rows of strong teeth, still white and regular.

"Upon my word, Chloe," he said, addressing a letter that lay open on the table before him, "I wish you joy of your Corydon. A prettier fellow never danced on the green, and I doubt not that in the days of Methuselah he would have been reckoned just of an age to begin taking his lessons in Love."

He took up the letter and began re-reading with pishes and pshaws of impatience; but as he continued he ceased to jeer

either at the writer or at the image in the glass. He leaned back in his chair and sighed a sigh half of weariness, half of pain. It was only like the rest of her letters. A cry of passionate adoration, of passionate reproach and anguish.

"Don't flatter yourself," said the letter, "don't flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments ; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late ! If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly. No : don't tell it so, that it may cause my present death, and don't suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

So it ended, and he sighed again and fell once more into the old train of thought. Yet as years went on the course of it had altered, at first imperceptibly, but now always more perceptibly. From the moment of Miss Vanhomrigh's arrival in Dublin he had been subject to fits of intense annoyance at her presence there, compounded of impatience at the passionate and exacting nature of her attachment to him and fear lest it should give rise to an explosion in what was really his domestic circle, or to a public scandal. But at one time these fits alternated with an only too clear realization of the fact that he was never truly happy except in that "Sluttery" in Turnstile Alley, Dublin, which had been arranged so as to take him back in fancy to another "Sluttery" in dear St. James' Street, London. The Dublin world was violently hostile to him, and had it not been so, it contained few who were fitted to be his companions. It was only in those stolen hours at the Vanhomrighs, that he could shake off the consciousness of his new uncongenial surroundings, and feel himself in touch again with his London life. The little elegancies and luxuries he found there were pleasant to him in themselves, opposite as they were to his own hard and frugal manner of life, and pleasanter still because they recalled to him the days when he was the honoured guest and friend of the finest and wittiest ladies in London. And besides all that, and partly because of it, there was another and a deeper cause why he had found so great a fascination in the "little times," the "drinking of coffee," as he called those visits of his in the kind of cypher language, which his fancy and his caution induced him to use when addressing Miss Vanhomrigh—a clumsy caution, since,

like the conspirator's mask in a melodrama, it invited suspicion. When she first came to her residence in Ireland, it might be truly said that Swift was "in love" with Esther Vanhomrigh, if it were once fairly admitted that there are as many different meanings to that phrase as there are different dispositions in the world. In the case of Swift it implied no all-pervading passion or emotion, but a sentiment which flitted over the surface of his nature and came or went without deflecting its deeper currents. For years this sentiment had been as it were the bloom on his true affection for Esther Johnson, and had they never separated, their attachment might have remained among the golden pages in the Book of the human heart. But it had been his pride to reflect that his feeling for Esther Johnson, tender as it was, had never had power to shake the conclusions of his judgment; so he neither married her nor allowed her to follow him to London. But the mistakes of pure reason are sometimes as foolish as those of pure love, since both of them reckon with but one side of human nature.

Fate, it must be admitted, seemed bent on showing the great satirist that her humour was as biting as his own; especially when she bestowed on Esther Vanhomrigh an estate in County Dublin. At first legal business obliged her to take lodgings in the town itself, which she did with pleasure, little imagining the awkward situation in which she was placing her Cadenus. His friend Gay would have found there material for another "Beggar's Opera," with a Dean in the part of Macheath. It was true, truer than he himself knew, that the Dean could have been happy with either, if "t'other dear charmer" had been away. A mutual tenderness and the extreme adaptability of Mrs. Johnson's mind and character would soon have closed the gulf that Swift's absence in England had opened between himself and her, had there not been a reason for coldness on one side and uneasiness on the other. She could never have given him that understanding sympathy in his highest interests which he found with Esther Vanhomrigh, but her social charm and wit, her "festivity," as her friend Delany called it, and the natural philosophy of her disposition were completely in harmony with other sides of his complex nature. Swift's love for her might have lost its bloom, it might have been in abeyance, but it could not be wholly destroyed. It was never, however, in so much peril as for the first years after his return to the Deanery. His public and social life was full of difficulties and disagreeables;

now was the time when the old gay unexacting tenderness he had learned to expect from P. P. T. would have exerted more than its old charm. He found instead a measured friendliness, an irritability that showed itself in cold sarcasm to himself and in downright snubs to Dingley. Dingley, too, gave him the impression that she was secretly against him. The presence of Dingley at all their interviews had been a condition of his own making, which he was therefore ashamed to break of his own accord, but he sometimes wished P. P. T. would have whispered to him in her pretty way, half-laughing, half-wistful, that she had an errand in the town for Dingley, if he could possibly spare his D. D. Once she would do so, and he would say "no" to the suggestion. Now he would have hailed it, but she appeared resigned to the situation or averse to seeing him alone. He wondered what she knew, but concluding silence and jealousy incompatibilities in a woman, he unjustly suspected her friend and his own predecessor, Dr. Sterne, of having spoiled her by a too servile admiration, and even perhaps by an offer of marriage. Meantime his happiest hours were spent at the Vanhomrighs, in the warm atmosphere of Esther's love and ardent sympathy. Little by little beneath the stress of his own feelings and of her complaints, his resolution to go there seldom gave way. He never went often enough to satisfy her, but at least he went often enough to set afloat the gossip to which he was so femininely sensitive. Angry with himself, with Esther, with everybody, he determined to break off their intercourse for a time, and she submitted with a better grace than he expected, triumphantly conscious that his relations to her had become much more tender during the year and a half that she had been in Ireland, and not yet believing Mrs. Johnson to be a serious obstacle. She removed to Cellbridge, but the report which had reached Swift reached P. P. T. also. She had heard enough and to spare of the Miss Vanhomrighs' elegance and "abundance of wit," and the good fortunes they would have when their law-matters were settled. As new-comers they had made some sensation in Dublin. Mrs. Johnson's friend, Mr. Ford, who was shut out of politics by the fall of his party, finding them well received, had devoted his leisure to falling seriously in love with Molly, who though more delicate than of old, had not been an invalid during the first years of their residence in Dublin. The Vanhomrighs, however, did not forgive his former defection. Then came the definite report that Swift was to marry the elder,



In vain did the two ladies retire to Cellbridge, and Swift pay his daily visit at P. P. T.'s lodgings on Ormonde's Quay, with a punctuality born of self-reproach and a reaction of feeling. P. P. T. was not only pale and worn, but she, the soul of "festivity," was silent and depressed. At length came a day when she was ill and would not see the Dean. Day after day passed, and still she would not see him. Swift was miserable. He realized then how deeply-rooted was this old attachment, and how ill he could spare her out of his life. But so strong was the wall of reserve that had grown up between these two reserved natures and their common shrinking from the "scene" that could alone break it down—a shrinking accentuated on Swift's side by an uneasy conscience—that he preferred making a confidant of a third person to facing an explanation with Mrs. Johnson. He selected their common friend, the Bishop of Dromore, for the delicate part of go-between ; and P. P. T. was grateful to him for not having approached her directly. She feared that the pent-up feelings of years might break out at his touch in a way painful to both, and sweep before them the last remnants of his love. With the Bishop she was able to preserve her dignity. She told him how long she had known of the intimacy between the Dean and Miss Vanhomrigh, and of the continual uneasiness she suffered at his silence on the subject and at the persistent reports of his intention to marry the lady. The end of it was that a few months after, in the twilight of an April evening, P. P. T. stole out and over the bridge to the Deanery without her Dingley. Swift himself opened the door to her. He looked pale and serious, but very gentle and kind. He had made a great sacrifice of feeling in offering to marry Esther Johnson privately, and it did not strike him, nor even her at the time, that the sacrifice was inadequate. He drew her into the dining-parlour, put his arm round her and kissed her gravely on the hair, and she laid her still beautiful head on his shoulder. They were silent, for the thoughts of both flew back to the only other time when they had stood in this, the eternal lover's attitude. Then:—

"Do you remember the pleached walk at Moor Park?" she asked with a little nervous laugh, like a girl's.

"Yes—yes," he answered sadly, staring over her head with melancholy cavernous eyes. He saw the green pleached walk, with the summer shower and the summer sunshine glistening at once upon it ; he saw the pair that had sheltered beneath it, the

tall, dark, ill-dressed young Secretary, gnawed by dissatisfied pride and ambition, and saw beside him that gay enchanting creature, half child, half woman, who had known so well how to soothe alike the sufferings of his heart and of his vanity—whose toy and whose idol, whose slave and whose god he had been in the idyllic days at Moor Park. He saw her as if it had been yesterday, as she stood there on a garden bench reaching up to catch a cherry-tree spray, that had somehow found its way through the upper greenery of the pleached walk, and pulling and eating the ripe crimson cherries with childish eagerness. And she had thrown a bunch down to him, and he had let them fall on the ground, and would not eat them. Then playful, yet a little petulant too, she shook the rain-laden branches above him, and down rushed a cold glittering shower of water over his head and shoulders and also between his neck and his cravatte. An exclamation of anger on his part, and at a bound she was close to him, hastily wiping his coat with her handkerchief, and lifting the loveliest of young faces, half laughing, half pleading to his. So it had happened that his arms had been round her before this, and then he had kissed her, not as now and sometimes since, once on the forehead, but a dozen times on the mouth. Perhaps the advent of an under-gardener had alone prevented the utterance of some word too definite to be withdrawn. As it was, he regained his prudence and presence of mind sufficiently to say with pretended severity as they walked homewards, that P. P. T. was grown a great girl now and must give up her hoyden ways, and he for his part begged pardon for forgetting that she was no longer a little miss but a fine young lady, and should be careful to remember it in his future behaviour. Yet the brief episode, whose significance he had thus at once tried to obliterate, had remained in both their memories.

"We are both of us a little older than we were then," said the Dean, shrugging his shoulders and smiling sadly. "Even you, P. P. T., are a little the worse for wear, though you are still too handsome by half to throw yourself away on a battered old hulk like me. Yes, we are too old friends to turn lovers; but believe me, my dear, if anything could have given me a greater affection and esteem for you than I had before, 'tis this conduct of yours, so much above your sex—this keeping silence when—in a matter which—which——" He paused.

"Hush!" she cried nervously. "Don't let's speak of it; 'tis all over as far as I am concerned. Believe me, dear honoured

friend, I have been nothing but proud and content to be loved any fashion you chose, so long as you loved me. And you do love me, don't you, P. D. F. R.?"

"Oh, yes, P. P. T. No one knows me as well as you do. We were very happy together once, and now we are going to be happy together again, aren't we, P. P. T.?"

"Quite happy," she answered with a smile of confidence, and arm in arm they went out into the garden, where the Bishop and Mr. Ford were awaiting them. Mr. Ford, as a friend equally devoted to Swift and Mrs. Johnson, was to be the only witness of the marriage-ceremony, except Mrs. Brent, the Dean's faithful housekeeper. There was a very small ruined chapel in the garden of the Deanery, and when the twilight was deepening to darkness, the Bishop slipped on a surplice and stood where the altar had been. Mr. Ford held a small lantern where it could give just light to read the service by, while Mrs. Brent stood sentinel at the door. Hastily and in a low voice the Bishop read a shortened form of the marriage service to the little group round the lantern. It was a still night; the thick ivy on the ruined walls gleamed in the light unstirred by any wind, and the hubbub of the city was plainly audible about them, the coaches rolling to rout or theatre, the cries of chairmen and link-boys, and the loud chaffering of buyers and sellers at the itinerant stalls within the Liberties of the Cathedral. Only a few feet of stone separated them from the crowd, which from high to low would have been keenly interested in their proceedings, had it been aware of them. But the brief ceremony passed without detection. Directly it was over Mr. Ford closed the dark lantern and the Bishop slipped off his surplice. There was a silence, only broken by a deep sigh. Whoever sighed it was not the bride.

Half an hour afterwards the unconscious Dingley was lending the sanction of her presence to a supper which she little imagined to be a bridal entertainment.

This strange marriage did not give Mrs. Johnson—she never used the name of Swift—the complete and permanent ease of mind she at first believed that it did, but it freed her from the dread of seeing the position which she had abstained from claiming yielded to a rival. And though it could not at once recall to her the vagrant heart of her friend, yet it was not without influence on him. His will had always in the end proved stronger than his inclinations; it had never come so

near being conquered by them as in the matter of Esther Vanhomrigh. He knew that his interviews with her had gradually come to be more lover-like than was prudent or honourable; he had tried to put some stop to them before, but in vain. Now that he was formally bound to another woman, he felt it absolutely incumbent on him to make some change in their relations, at whatever cost to both. The gossip which had come to his ears gave him an excuse for not visiting her at Cellbridge that summer, and he never afterwards visited her frequently. A course of this starvation soon reduced his love for her to the dimensions of a tender, but not inconveniently tender friendship; nor could he bring himself to believe that it had not had the same effect on her. He looked back to his earlier relations with her as the most interesting and thrilling, if not the sweetest episode in his life, but apart from the fact of his marriage, he was conscious that every year he became a more unsuitable object for a romantic passion. He could not bear to be made ridiculous. So it came to pass that Esther's letters—alas! how terribly alike, month after month, year after year!—those letters which he had once torn open and devoured so eagerly, were now too often deliberately set down on his table, till a dish of coffee, a walk, or some other invigorating incident had put Cadenus into spirits to face their contents.

A sound of well-known steps and voices on the stairs, and after an instant's hesitation between the fire and his escritoire, he hastily pushed Essie's letter into the escritoire and turned the key.

"Confound women!" he muttered, opening the door of his room just as Dingley and Mrs. Johnson stood outside it.

Howdee, Madam P. P. T.? Pray now stick this rascally plaster on; I think 'tis the worst that ever was made."

"Oh, you bad workman!" smiled P. P. T. "I warrant 'tis not the poor plaster is in fault." And she cut a fresh strip or two and applied them. Meanwhile Swift went on grumbling.

"You are precious late in bringing the dinner. I told you you'd find little enough here."

"You are better than your word," returned P. P. T. "'Tis a mercy you are generally that, or D. D. and I would lead a fine life. There is a good joint in the kitchen, and we have brought the rest ready prepared. I told you your part should be the wine."

"Ay, you sent a pretty message, *hoping* I would give you a good bottle. One would suppose 'twas my custom to give you bad. Well, I can't give you *Mergoose*, because there a'nt such a thing, silly, but *Margoose* there is for you and any other goose to mar its stomach with. Why the deuce must you be drinking and gaming every night of your life? Why can't you read? Some women do."

"Yes, and are laughed at for their pains by every man alive except you, Presto," returned Mrs. Johnson drily.

Presto was a name given to Swift by an Italian lady, which had commended itself to Stella's fancy, and almost superseded the old "P. D. F. R."

"Sure, Dean, if you had your way, you'd make poor Hetty lose the use of her eyes with your reading and stuff," put in Dingley.

"O you be quiet, Dingley," said Hetty, always ungrateful to her partisan. "Now see here, you naughty, naughty Rogue," and she held a long strip of plaster before his eyes. "If you won't be a good civil boy, and will be a bad quarrelling boy, I'll just clap this strip of plaster across your mouth and shut it up during my Majesty's pleasure, for you know you'll never get it off for yourself."

Swift smiled, and his good humour returned to him. "Of all the impudent, pretending hussies—!" he cried. Then he had to submit to sundry criticisms on his attire, and be sent to put on the new silk gown which Hetty had ordered for him, and which she had just seen the tailor's man bring to the door, and at last he was considered ready to receive his guests. It was not one of his public days, but Mrs. Johnson had hastily contrived a little party in honour of the betrothal of Archdeacon Walls' eldest daughter to Mr. Smith, a young English clergyman.

In those days there was no eating off silver-gilt plate at the Deanery, but on the other hand the Dean's quarrels with his servants did not rage unremittingly during the whole of dinner, as was the case in his old age. Mrs. Johnson sparkling at the other end of the table, did much to keep him quiet and contented. He had grown proud of her again, prouder even than he had been in her lovely girlhood. She was now undeniably past her youth, but hers was not a fugitive beauty, nor did her indefinable charm depend on that. Her character lost none of its suppleness with years. She had discovered, and gradually adapted herself as far as possible to the taste for feminine



elegance which Swift had brought back from London, while her mind had once more risen to the level of the society which he gathered round him. Their circle had at first been small, but of late years it had rapidly widened. His wide and just benevolence, his kind-heartedness and intellectual gifts had won over to him both the poor, and the more intelligent among the rich, before his defence of Irish manufactures had given him a more universal popularity.

"Delany," he cried, mixing some water and sugar with his "Margoose"—as he and other good Britons called their *Château Margaux*—"the toast is Irish manufactures. 'Tis no matter whether you approve it, for any one sitting next Mrs. Johnson is bound to drink it or have the devil to pay. Mr. Smith, sir," to the young English clergyman, who was sitting up with ostentatious stiffness on her other side, "pray fill your glass. Mrs. Johnson insists."

"Tilly vally, no politics among friends, Dean," said she apprehensively, holding up her finger.

"No! No politics!" thundered the Dean, "Only Patriotism. Irish manufactures, gentlemen!"

And he raised his glass—but set it down untasted, staring in silence at the opposite wall, where something seemed to have caught his eye. Sucking in his cheeks, after his manner when tempted to laugh:—

"James Murphy," he said with dangerous mildness, addressing a raw Irish servant who stood at the side-board immediately behind him; "James Murphy, is not that enough for to-day?—Three penn'orth of Malaga raisins and one penn'orth of sweet almonds make fourpence; but as I scorn to be outdone by a servant even in stealing, I deduct eightpence from your board wages."

The unfortunate James, who was a new acquisition and could not imagine how his master came to have eyes in the back of his head, gasped aloud, and plunging forward with the dessert dish in his trembling hands put it down on the table with a crash that made the glasses ring and sent half its contents flying across the polished mahogany. Patrick, aware of the mirrors on the walls by means of which the Dean, whenever he sat at his round table, could see what was going on behind him, grinned as much as he dared. A furtive smile went round the table. P. P. T. blushed and bit her lip. Dr. Delany, a good friend to Swift and a better to her, laughed good-naturedly and cried out:



"Come, Dean, you are forgetting your toast. Mrs. Johnson is all impatience."

Swift coloured and drooped his head in a momentary confusion, then raising his glass he glanced across the table at P. P. T., with his brightest, tenderest smile.

"Faith, Stella shall lead off. We fellows are never so happy as when we come after *her*. If Mr. Walpole himself were here, she'd make him drink his own damnation."

So Mrs. Johnson gave the toast.

"Irish manufactures!" she cried. "Down with English monopolies!"

Enthusiastic voices echoed round the table, and there was a great tossing of bumpers. Mr. Smith alone sat silent and touched his glass with pinched lips. Swift addressed him in his most courteous manner.

"Perhaps, sir, you fear to be drawn into party politics, but, faith, 'tis no such matter. Whig or Tory, we English in Ireland are all of one mind in resisting tyranny."

"I trust, Mr. Dean, in whatever country I may be, to remain a faithful friend to His Majesty's ministers," replied Mr. Smith stiffly.

"I see, sir," replied Swift, bravely repressing a sarcasm, "you fancy this old turncoat is trying to seduce you, but believe me when you have been in Ireland a bit longer, you'll not go over to the other side of the House—you'll be clean against the House altogether. What's Whig and Tory to you and me, sir? We've got our own country's affairs to see after, and whatever newcomers may think, they very soon join the Irish party—unless they have something to get by sticking to Ministers."

"Mr. Dean," said Dr. Winter, his pale intellectual face flushed with enthusiasm, "Mr. Dean, I trust you believe there are some of us would not betray our country for all the offices and preferments that ever were bestowed upon the venal."

"I believe that at least seven virtuous men might be found in this city, Winter," returned the Dean kindly, "and that you are one of them. But we Catos are not the only useful persons. I remember some ten years ago, when I was in London, busied with doing you Irish clergy that service for which you have ever since so cordially detested me——"

Here he was interrupted by groans and cries of "No, no."

"O but I say 'Yes, yes.'—Well, ten years ago I waited on an Irish clergyman that had got preferment in England, and

entreated him, that was a known patriot, to use his glib tongue in favour of his poor country. 'With your eloquence, my dear sir,' says I—O, but I was a courtier then, Madam Stella!—'With your eloquence, what influence may you not exert?' 'Nothing, sir,' says he, with a twinkle in his eye, 'in comparison to what 'twill be when I am Canon of Mudchester. My patriotism is red-hot, sir, and will not grow cold by a little keeping.' When he was Canon I waited on him again, but he assured me that his patriotism would show much better from the elevation of a Deanery. So more for diversion than profit, I addressed myself to him at every step in his promotion, till he had arrived at his second Bishopric. 'At length, sir,' says he, 'I can gratify you, for no Irishman will ever be promoted to the Primacy. Let us consider the wrongs of our unhappy country.' And ever since he has been doing so, ay, and to some purpose."

"Yet I hope you'll allow us to prefer before his a patriotism like yours, Mr. Dean," said Dr. Winter, "that's beyond the control of ambition."

"How do you know that, sir?" returned Swift dryly. "You must be sensible there's not a cat in Ireland but's had as good a chance of promotion as myself this eight years. I might have forgot my country had I stayed in London—but never I think remembered its wrongs with indifference. I'll say for myself that I heartily hate iniquity wherever and whosoever's it may be—O I grow lean with hating it! Delany, how comes it you and Mrs. Johnson grow fat among the Philistines? Why does not your flesh shrink at the unrighteousness of the wicked?"

"Because, Mr. Dean," returned Dr. Delany, "we have an eleventh commandment against that."

"How so, Doctor?"

"'Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.'"

"A very good answer, Delany, a very good answer," returned Swift gently and sighed. "As for Mrs. Johnson, if I could put into my head half the philosophy of her heart, I should be the very prince of philosophers."

So he resigned for a time the leadership of the conversation, and Mrs. Johnson began describing the humours of a hunting-party at Mr. Ford's country-seat, where she had lately been staying, and every one laughed except Mr. Smith, who was determined not to commit himself in any direction. Then coffee came in, which the Dean insisted on making himself, for he

openly called Mrs. Johnson's coffee ratsbane, and always declared he knew but one other person besides himself whose coffee was worth drinking ; but would only grunt if an indiscreet friend enquired who that person might be. For it was Esther Vanhomrigh.

Now Madam P. P. T. dearly loved cards. On Sundays the Dean read her a sermon, and she did battle the while conscientiously but not always successfully, with sleep, generally contriving to catch the last word he had read, when he startled her by asking what it was in a tone of severe suspicion. On week days she played piquet, quadrille, or a round game, according to the number of the party, either from dinner to supper, or from supper to bed-time, and sometimes both. Swift did not love cards, though he played with P. P. T. most days. So this evening, not a great while after dinner, when the parlour shutters were closed and the table and candles put out for a round game, he cried off it, and took Dr. Winter to his library, "to see all the money he had got when he was in the Ministry," as he said. Then he opened some of his numerous little drawers, and showed a collection of antique coins, some brought for him by Lord Peterborough from Italy and Spain, others sent by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, through Mr. Pope. Also he exhibited certain trinkets and curiosities, given him by Lady Betty Germaine and other people of quality in London. Lastly he brought forth the real attraction of his library, two long churchwarden-pipes and a jar of tobacco.

"Do you smoke, Winter?" he asked in a somewhat shame-faced way. "If not, you must excuse me ; I learnt to smoke at Oxford when I was a young man."

"I love a pipe very well, sir," returned Dr. Winter, with perfect truthfulness, and began to fill a churchwarden from the jar, as one who well knew how. But in so doing he sprinkled some tobacco on the floor. Swift was on his knees in a minute, carefully sweeping it up.

"Pray take care, sir, or Mrs.—Mrs. Brent will think us sad sluts. Mrs. Johnson always tells me 'tis very dirty and disgusting to one's neighbours to smoke, and not at all becoming to a dignitary of the Church ; but I say if I mayn't smoke, as I'm a Dean, I may as I'm a man of letters and an Oxford man. All Oxford men smoke."

Swift had for so many years dwelt with pleasure on his connection with Oxford, that he had almost come to believe he had

received part of his education there, though in truth he had only been presented with a degree by the University through the interest of Sir William Temple.

So they sat down on each side of the fire and began to talk. And first they fell into a dispute which was already an old one between them, on the subject of the Bank of Ireland; a proposed institution which Swift had combated with but too much success. Mr. Winter, being a young man, was instinctively in sympathy with the spirit of commercial enterprise which was the most important characteristic of his generation. Having fought this battle o'er again, they turned to discuss the League for the exclusive support of Irish manufactures; and here they were at one. This being largely a question of dress, the transition was easy to the subject of Dublin ladies in general, and so to Miss Vanhomrigh; who it is needless to say had been among the first to join the League. Then Dr. Winter boldly asked the Dean to forward his suit with Esther. Swift made no answer, but started upright in his chair, took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at the young man in a truly portentous manner.

Dr. Winter replied to the look with dignity: "If you think me unworthy of your friend, Mr. Dean, I can but make my excuses for having broached the matter you. But I shall not discontinue my addresses to her."

"What's that to me, sir?" cried Swift, leaning forward with his back to the light and poking the fire noisily. "Continue them till Doomsday if 'tis your pleasure so to do."

There was a silence, and presently Dr. Winter rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said coldly:

"With your leave, Mr. Dean, I will go wish good evening to the ladies."

He made his bow and would have left the room, but Swift caught him by the sleeve.

"Pooh, my dear man," he said, "will you quarrel with a friend about a woman? Believe an old fellow that's past these frailties, there's not a slut in the world that's worth it. I ask your pardon if I have treated you roughly through mere surprise and—admiration at your demand. Come now, sit down and let us talk the matter over."

Dr. Winter consented to be mollified.

"The truth is, sir," continued the Dean, "Miss Vanhomrigh like other persons of sense, hath a true philosophical disinclination for the bonds of matrimony——." Here he broke off,

conscious that though this was a state of mind which he had been endeavouring for ten years to produce in her, he had been eminently unsuccessful in so doing; and went on hurriedly. "Dr. Price, who is as you are aware a gentleman of learning and good preferment, paid his addresses to her a few years since, but she would none of him. And Mr. Ford had a like ill-fortune with Mrs. Mary, before her sickness showed itself to be mortal."

"I fear, sir, poor Mrs. Mary hath but a little time longer in this world," returned Dr. Winter. "Miss Vanhomrigh may then find a single state less agreeable than she supposes. I did not ask you to press my suit upon her immediately, but to lend me your influence with her as seemed most convenient."

"'Tis a very serious matter that you would have me engage in, Winter," said he. "To assist two persons, for both of whom I have so great a friendship and esteem, to enter into a state I love and esteem so little. Yet, God knows, if 'twill in truth make you both content—and such instances may be found—God knows I would not be backward in the business. I'll promise you nothing at present, nothing except to consider your wish and do the best for you according to my judgment. She is indeed very superior to the generality of her sex and has the most generous spirit in the world to those she loves. She has also a discerning mind and some reading, which fits her to be the helpmeet of a scholar and a man of wit. Besides her housewifery is superior to that of many ladies who thank God aloud, when a suitor is by, 'they can make a pudden and choose a silk but never could abide their book.' Yet after all she's but a woman, and Satan made her, whatever the Scriptures may say. Come, light another pipe, and let us converse on reasonable matters."

*(To be continued.)*



## AMONGST THE CAGE-DWELLERS.

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TWO incentives induced us to visit an unexplored corner of the Plain of Cilicia. Firstly, on our way thither we could pass some time amongst a curious set of wanderers who come down in winter with their flocks to the plain, live in reed huts like bird-cages, and call themselves Afshahs, a tribe of uncertain origin numerously scattered over the whole mountainous district extending from the north of Persia to the northern end of the vast plain, which runs deep into the Taurus mountains, and is separated from the Euphrates valley and Northern Syria by the Anti-Taurus. Secondly, at the corner in question exist extensive ruins of ancient date, remains of a city, name unknown, situated on the river Jeihan, the ancient Pyramus, and to examine these and find out that ancient name was really the most prominent object of our expedition into the land of cages.

The spice of danger, without which no expedition can be genuinely enjoyable, is always to be found in Asia Minor, and in one particular corner we were told of certain Kourdish and Circassian tribes given more or less to plunder when a convenient opportunity presents itself, and we were recommended to get the governor of the province to give us a Turkish soldier, not that he was likely to be the least protection to us if attacked, but his presence with us would represent the Government, and any damage done to us when in his charge would bring the perpetrators thereof into direct antagonism with the authorities.

North of Adana, now the chief town in the Cilician plain, a great expanse of barren level country stretches like a sea for miles; here and there are small undulations with stunted trees, but nothing breaks the monotony of the scene, until certain rocks are sighted at a distance, looking as if they belonged to the mountains; but as you approach nearer they stand up like islands in the plain and are crowned with the ruined strongholds of bygone rulers of the land. Our first day's journey was a



weary one without excitement, unless that be considered such which led us at the instigation of our servant to play a sort of traveller's picquet with the objects we met; for he told us how the people of these regions always take auguries on the first day of a journey. Good auguries consist in meeting either pretty girls, doves, gazelles, or eagles; bad auguries in sighting beggars, Jews, ravens, or horses. Our auguries were distinctly bad, inasmuch as we saw many beggars on leaving Adana, and no pretty girls, doves, or gazelles; though later in the day a few eagles raised our spirits, we could not feel sure that they would count. No augury could have been evil enough to warn us of the misery of our first night in a roadside *khan*. We dared not unpack our bedding, for the place was alive with vermin. We, our muleteers, our servant, and several other woe-begone travellers like ourselves, occupied the same dingy room. Our saddles were our pillows, and an old dirty carpet our bed. It was one of those dark spots in a traveller's life which even in the retrospect is unpleasant to dwell upon.

Very early next morning, as early as we could possibly be under weigh, we shaped our course in the direction of the fortified rock of Anazarba. At the foot of this rock in Roman times had been a mighty city, the metropolis of the district, with its triumphal arch, its colonnade, its long walls, its theatre, and its rock-cut reliefs. Within these old walls now reside a tribe of Afshahs, and with them we proposed to tarry for a few days and make acquaintance with the first object of our expedition.

Their encampment was not very encouraging to look at, and resembled a set of large hampers stuck in the mud; for these people do not dwell in tents like other nomad tribes, but erect for themselves huts from the reeds which grow in the neighbouring marshes, as winter residences. In ten minutes, at the command of our soldier, all the household goods were cleared out of one of these cages and piled on the mud outside. Mattresses, clothing, frying-pans, and churns. We forthwith took possession of our reed tenement and did our best to appear pleased, but it was really more like a bird-cage than a house, with many gaps between the reeds, through which the wind and rain penetrated during a storm which broke over us on the first night of our stay there. This cage was thatched with dried grass, but the rain came through nevertheless, and we had to thatch our beds with our waterproofs and umbrellas, and our poor servant groaned all

night in his partition, for he had only a mattress for his bed, and the floor was inches deep in mud.

The architecture of these reed huts is uniform ; each is divided into two rooms by a reed partition, formed like a triangle, in which is the stable for the calves, wretched little things which never seemed to sleep at night, and were to us a constant though minor worry. Masses of reeds are piled up outside with a view to keeping off the wind, and probably the roof was good when it was new ; but it was springtime now, and before returning to the hills the Afshahs always burn their winter abodes ; so that at the time of our visit dilapidations were not attended to. One reed hut we saw was supported in the centre by a pillar made of reeds, strongly reminding us of the original pattern of the fluted column. Altogether, in spite of the discomfort, the novelty of our reed encampment kept our spirits above despair. By day it was delightfully quaint and picturesque, but who can describe the horrors of a wet night therein ? Around us prowled goats, cows, and donkeys. Everybody seemed to be awake and actively engaged in preventing these animals from eating their domiciles ; a provoking donkey took a fancy to eating the reeds of which our house was constructed, threatening with its vigorous tugs the downfall of the whole. Every time I drove him away and got warm in bed he returned to the charge ; and never again, if I can avoid it, will I live in anything good to eat.

The Afshahs use the wet reeds of the marshes for fuel, and these go off when put in the flames like a discharge of musketry, and until we knew the cause we believed ourselves to be the object of attack from some Kourdish or Circassian robbers, and felt for our revolvers. Fettered horses clamped about, women screamed, and the nocturnal noises-only gave place as morning dawned to the bustle of milking and the dull thud of the churn. Our second night was better, our third was actually good, such creatures of habit are we all.

There was another great drawback to our peace of mind whilst amongst the Afshahs, namely, the dogs ; the great grey-coloured sheep-dogs, standing three feet high, with large heads like St. Bernards ; fierce animals, trained to tackle the wild beasts of the mountains, and to act as patrols of the encampment during the night. On arrival, the first thing the kindly Afshahs did was to warn us about the dogs, and to advise us never to step out of our cages alone, or wander, as we wished, at our own sweet will without one of the tribe to protect us. It really was too

ridiculous to see our soldier go for a walk under the protection of a little child, and to watch our servant standing at our cage door with a jug in his hand, not daring to go for milk until an old crone came to his assistance, and put her naked foot upon the head of the growling quadruped which was threatening his path. They feed these dogs on butter-milk poured into holes in the ground, and are greatly attached to them. "Better shoot one of their children than a dog," was the advice given to me when I threatened to use my revolver if attacked. "They are their policemen, and without their dogs their cattle would soon be stolen." At night time the dogs are trained to wander around the encampment at some little distance, and the first night we were there, it had been a matter of wonder to us that amid all the other terrible noises we never heard the bark of a dog; but the Afshahs are always on the watch, and a growl from one of these sentries is enough to summon them to the spot, gun in hand.

We could not help thinking how valuable dogs such as these would be for military purposes, and a passage in Pliny which I had read when young, and thought somewhat exaggerated, occurred to me; when that author relates how King Saramantes lost his throne and regained it by fighting dogs, and how the Roman legions feared the bites of the savage dogs of the Cimbri more than their spears. I am not usually afraid of dogs, but I defy any one to retain his equanimity with a row of Afshah dogs growling at him. In the mountains to the centre of Asia Minor where these dogs are bred, I am told the nomads will give as much as ten pounds for a good specimen, more, indeed, than they would give for a camel or a horse: so no wonder they greatly prize them. We were very kind indeed to these dogs during our stay at Anazarba, and before we left had won the allegiance of those which resided in our immediate vicinity by liberal gifts of bones and bread, but we never could stray far alone without hearing an ominous growl which necessitated a speedy retreat.

The Afshahs are the possessors of many cows, small ones not so much bigger than their dogs. They have goats, too, and sheep, and all these animals have their ears cut after a certain fashion, so that each family knows its own. The cows belonging to the owners of our cage had their ears split right up the centre, so that they represented the curious appearance of cows with four ears, two held as erect as cows are wont to hold their ears, and two hanging loosely at each side. The Afshah women make

their butter with very primitive churns ; the milk is put into the dried skin of an animal, fastened up at the ends ; this is hung on a tripod of reeds before the tent door, and the inflated skin bears a painful resemblance to the torso of the defunct animal. She then inserts a dasher, the handle of which is a reed with a cone-shaped piece of wood at the bottom, and with vigorous turnings of this, she produces the butter.

Some time before the hour at which their mothers were due from the pasture the excitement of our calves was intense : this reaches its height when the distant lowing of the returning herd is first heard. The calves are then muzzled with a rope and tied to the mother's leg until a sufficient supply of milk has been drawn. I was told that this is a little piece of deception practised on the cows which are refractory and will not stand still unless their calf is near, and all the while she imagines the calf is enjoying its evening meal, instead of being placed in the most tantalising position possible.

Anazarba itself is a place of great interest from its ruined remains ; the rock is about 1500 feet at its highest point, with cliffs of sheer precipices 800 feet in depth in parts. This rock is two miles long, jagged and difficult of access. It is crowned with the ruins of the Armenian kings of Cilicia, who, with the help of the Crusaders, turned out the Saracens from their fortresses on the Cilician plain, and held them until the end of the Crusades and the consequent Ottoman conquest at the close of the fourteenth century. The view from the summit is highly picturesque over the far-stretching plain intersected by many streams and with its background of mighty mountains. Dotted over it are the encampments and villages of many tribes, and in the far, far distance is the silvery line of the Mediterranean. You ascend the rock by a staircase hewn in the days of the ancient Greek inhabitants. To the right and left of you are the stone sarcophagi and rock-hewn tombs of these ancient inhabitants, whilst in the centre of the fortress which crowns the summit is a tiny Armenian church, with an inscription around it which tells how it was erected by King Thoros, or Theodore, third of the Roupenian line of Armenian kings in the twelfth century.

Willebrand, Canon of Oldenburg, a German Crusader, visited Anazarba in 1211. He speaks of it as "a strong castle on a high mountain in the middle of the plain," and he also bears testimony to the miserable unhealthiness of the plain, which, since Alexander the Great caught a fever by bathing in the Cydnus at Tarsus,

down to our own times has been fatal to many European travellers who have ventured on to it in the malarious season. When the summer heats come on, every one who can, goes up to the mountains, the nomads accompanying their flocks, and the wealthier inhabitants of the towns likewise have their summer abodes in Yaelas up in the mountains ; only a few fever-stricken poor remain to drag on a weary existence until the autumn rains come on and free them from the scourge. A Knight Templar on his way to the Holy Land wrote thus of the Cilician plain to the Pope :—"The land is in itself so sickly and bad, that if four thousand horsemen passed through it, however strong and well, it would be wonderful if at the end of the year five hundred would be found."

The ancient Roman town of *Cæsarea penes Anazarbum* lay at the foot of this precipitous rock, and was enclosed by a double wall with four gates and a ditch forming a large parallelogram, of which the mountain formed one side, and the space between is covered with ruins, amongst which our friends the Afshahs have built their huts. Under the immediate favour of the Roman Emperors, Anazarba flourished until the days of Justinian, when a terrible earthquake overthrew it ; and though that Emperor restored it in a great measure, it seems never to have regained its former pitch of prosperity. Three aqueducts brought water to it from the neighbouring hills ; one underground and two supported on arches, which still remain and stretch like huge dragons across the plain, recalling the colossal works of ancient Rome as seen now in the Campagna. There is no desolation so complete to my mind as that of ruined grandeur ; and as we looked down from the rock of Anazarba on the vast sea of ruins, the sole tenants of which are now only some twenty families of a half-savage nomad tribe, we felt the desolation almost oppressive.

Outside the walls of Anazarba there is now a far-stretching marsh covered with acres of reeds, the building material for their winter encampments of which the wandering tribes in the immediate vicinity make use. In spite of the close proximity of this malarious marsh, our Afshahs seemed fairly healthy specimens of humanity, owing doubtless to the fact that as soon as the summer heats come on they flee to the mountains. Occasionally they suffer from a throat affection, which I take it is akin to diphtheria ; they call it *teletmeh*, and their prescription for it is to wrap the sufferer in the warm skin of a newly-slaughtered animal, and leave him to recover or die. Spleen, too, is very



common amongst them, especially amongst children ; but, as a whole, they appear to be a healthy race, owing doubtless to the fact that the sickly children die off, and only the strong ones survive the exposure to which their infancy is subject.

Some of the Afshah women are decidedly handsome. Their heads are bound round with white cloths, not always very clean, in turban fashion ; their hair is worn in plaits down the back, and at the end of the plait is attached a long false piece, in from thirty to forty plaits, coming down almost to the heels. This is made at home of cotton or silk and dyed to match the colour of the hair as nearly as may be. They call them *ourmeh*, and set so high a value upon them, that we were never able to effect a purchase. On to this false plait the wealthier women attach all kinds of ornaments of a rude nature : silver cases containing talismans, cowrie-beads, and other odds and ends. When milking, these long plaits trail in the mud and get horribly dirty. The rest of the costume of the Afshah women consists of an embroidered print jacket, open very low indeed in front, red drawers tied above the ankle, and bare feet.

Two Circassian worthies from a village behind the rock of Anazarba paid a visit to our encampment one day with the express purpose of selling us smuggled and very excellent tobacco. All our men invested largely in it, including our soldier, in spite of the fact that he was doing an act strictly illegal. The Circassians were exceedingly well mounted on swift-footed cobs, and wore, of course, the sheepskin caps and long coats with a belt for cartridges round the waist, which gives a sinister appearance to every Circassian. They manifested a very friendly disposition towards us, and invited us to visit their village that afternoon ; an invitation which we could not resist, in spite of the evil character the inhabitants have ; for they said that a party of Circassians had come from a distant encampment to arrange about a betrothal, and that there would be some fun attending it.

It is the custom amongst the Circassians to seek a wife, or rather purchase one, from another of their tribes ; that is to say, they are distinctly exogamists, and when a bride is sought, the young man sends a deputation to arrange the preliminaries, which deputation had just arrived in the village we visited. It is a cold-blooded ceremony this Circassian betrothal ; the purchaser has always limited his deputy to a certain sum ; so many *baitals* he will give for the girl and no more ; *baital* being



the standard of value amongst the Circassians and means "mares,"—one mare or *baital* is equal to twenty sheep, and one camel is equal to four mares, and so on.

Considerable excitement attended our arrival in the village, which bid fair at one time to put a stop to the more interesting business of the day ; but when this had subsided, the bargaining ceremony went on between the father of the girl and the deputation. Business was at length done, and as an earnest of the engagement entered into, food was produced, consisting chiefly of chopped-up meat, curds and bread. We were invited to partake of the repast, and though it was not much to our liking we did not venture to refuse, and before it was concluded considerable mirth ensued, and we put the Circassians down as people of great levity and liveliness. Finally, as evening was drawing on, the deputation mounted their horses, and amid the barking of dogs, the firing of guns, and general rejoicing, they scampered off across the plain with the wings of the wind.

I think it is this custom of apparently bartering their daughters for flocks and herds, which is common, not only among the Circassians but amongst most of the mountain tribes in Eastern Asia Minor, that has given rise to the idea of Circassian beauties being bought for the harems of Constantinople. The fact is true, doubtless, but then it must be borne in mind that the father is not doing anything wrong according to his lights, but merely carrying out his idea of the legitimate marriage contract.

The Circassians who dwell on the Cilician plain are all horse-breeders. Around the reed village which we visited, grazed innumerable steeds, most of them mares with foals ; and I was told that some rich tribes of Circassians here own as many as two thousand horses. It was late that evening when we got back to our cage at Anazarba, and the dogs gave us an unusually warm reception.

The next day we bade farewell to our Afshahs at Anazarba and our cage, and rode across the plain eastwards in quest of the second object of our expedition. It was a brilliant day, and after the late rains the plain was luxuriant in its verdure and carpeted with flowers. At one point we passed through a perfect forest of blackthorn all in full blossom, and smelling deliciously. The effect of peeps through the black branches of these, laden with their white flowers, on to the distant snow-capped peaks of the Anti-Taurus range was very curious, and forcibly recalled pictures of Japan.

Encampments of reeds like the one we had left were dotted all around, and always looked like a pile of hampers at a railway station as seen through a magnifying glass. Presently we got on to slightly higher ground, and the reed huts gave place to more substantial tenements of mud and sun-dried bricks. In one of these we found the female part of the population, busily employed in preparing a species of fuel called by them *tezek*. When the spring definitely sets in they clean out their Augean stables, a process they never attempt in the winter time. All the products of these filthy abodes they spread on a flat space before their houses; this they mix with a certain amount of straw and water, and with naked legs the women of the tribe, whose vocation it is to make the *tezek*, trot about in this delightful mixture all day to get it to the right consistency; they seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, now and again picking a piece up and studying it with a critical eye, as a cook would study her broth; their clothes were one mass of it, but this did not seem to trouble them much, for they laughed and chatted gaily. When the *tezek* has assumed a flat clayey substance about six inches deep, the treading process is over, and they leave it to dry in the sun; but before it is quite hard they cut it into blocks, and erect out of these blocks circular cone-shaped edifices, in which form it is left until fit to use; and storks are particularly fond of building their nests on these mounds. New *tezek*, when burnt, is an abomination, but really good old-seasoned *tezek* is not unlike peat. The Afshahs are very understanding in the matter of *tezek*, and use it not only for fuel, but as a sort of cement or coating for the inside of their reed huts. When dry, they cover this coating with whitewash, and often paint it with fantastic patterns in red.

After crossing two rivers, both tributaries of the Pyramus, one called the Somban, which had a bridge, and the other the Savroon, which had none, and was exceedingly rapid and swollen, consequent on the melting of the snows, and caused us no little anxiety, we reached the straggling village of Kars Bazaar, the residence of a Turkish moudir or Government representative in the district. Kars Bazaar is situated at the foot of the mountains, and derives its name from *Kar* or *snow*, which is brought down here on mules in the summer and sold. Here we enjoyed ourselves immensely in a real house with real walls, our host being a Greek from the interior, who could understand nothing of his own language except the characters, and whose literature consisted of a few books and newspapers printed in

Turkish in Greek character. His intelligence was, however, of an exceeding high class after the Afshahs, and he entertained us well.

After a rest of two days at Kars we set off again eastwards, skirting the mountains by the edge of the plain, seeing nothing of greater interest than an Afshah and his wife in the garb of nature, washing themselves and their clothes in a stream. Most of these good folks by the Pyramus possess but one suit of cotton clothes, and on certain rare occasions they wash them and themselves too, drying them on their backs, and feeling no manner of shame in appearing thus as nature made them.

We halted for our midday rest at another reed village of the Afshahs, called Bosikevi, where we inspected several houses and greatly admired the men, who wore blue loose jackets embroidered with gold, white-cotton trousers tied over the ankle, and carried narrow-handled guns over their shoulders, elegantly carved, and with several bands of chased silver adorning the barrel. The women, too, were much smarter than those of Anazarba, wearing little *feses* bound round with handkerchiefs and round gold ornaments fixed into their hair at each ear; their false plaits, too, were more profusely decorated with silver ornaments and triangular talismans to keep off the evil eye.

Furthermore, in each feminine nose is bored a hole, and in the aperture is inserted what at first we took to be a common nail. When, however, we had summoned up courage enough to examine this peculiarity more closely we found that they were cloves, stuck into the nose with the object, I have not the slightest doubt, of maintaining near the region of the olfactory nerves a perpetual sweet smell, to counteract the numerous ones of a different nature that they have around them. In our commissariat department we happened to have some cloves, and presents of a few of these "ornaments" were most gratefully received. At Bosikevi each cage has its fine wooden *amphora* for fetching water from the well, standing at the door. These are made out of the hollow trunk of a tree and decorated with rude patterns. In the brilliant sunshine the women had placed before their houses, on coloured carpets, piles of grain and rice, and they were busily employed in sorting these and preparing them for the grindstone by first removing the refuse. This occupation was decidedly more pleasing and feminine than that of *tesek* making, and we retained pleasant memories of our midday halt at Bosikevi.

That evening we again reposed in a cage at the village of Hemita Kaleh, which is built principally of reeds on the banks of

the Pyramus, just below a ruin-crowned spur of the mountains, which here come close down to the river bank. The Jeiham, or, as it is better known by its ancient name, the Pyramus, is a hideous yellow stream, which, when swollen with the melting snows, eats away in its course the muddy banks ; its course, too, is often changing, they told us, and is a constant trouble to a ferry which crosses it a little below Hemita, and which has from time to time to seek fresh moorings, so that the traveller who is anxious to make use of it can never tell to a mile or two where he may find it.

The ruined castle of Hemita is not unlike one of those mediæval edifices which adorn the Rhine, and was evidently in the days of the Armenian Kingdom a place of considerable importance, commanding as it does the right bank of the river, and the road to the pass in the mountains. The women of Hemita were garbed like those of Bosikevi, and every one of them had a clove stuck in her nose ; their occupation was making the *killeems* or coarse carpets used by the Afshahs, which are by no means ugly when not made with European dyes, and resplendent with scarlet, grass-green, and magenta. Here we were in the land of buffaloes, which wallowed in the shallows of the Pyramus, and of buffalo carts, which are used for agricultural purposes, long triangular drays, with a buffalo yoked to either side of the apex, and with huge wooden wheels fixed on to a particularly clumsy axle. The inhabitants of Hemita are more agricultural than their neighbours, and some of them remain here all the year round ; the consequence is that most of them look shrivelled up and yellow with fever, and gifts from our quinine bottle were highly appreciated. One wizened man with round yellow face and protruding cheek-bones, when he took off his fez, looked the image of a Chinaman ; for the men shave their hair off their crowns very closely, and let the part which hangs below the fez grow quite long.

The agricultural implements used by these farmers are very primitive ; their plough is just a stem of a tree with the share fixed on at one end, and at the other a piece of wood is inserted to act as the tail ; their spades are wooden and have the step about a foot above the shovel, like the old Roman spade called the *Bipalium*, we see in pictures. Their grain they store in round holes in the ground, covering it with straw and earth after a fashion common in the East in classical days, and called by the Greeks *σίποι*.

Close to Hemita, and living in a tent on the hill-side, is an old

man to whom we were conducted, as one of the chief curiosities of the place. He rejoiced in the name of "Hassan of the flocks," and aspires to the patriarchal age of one hundred and twenty-one. Every summer he goes up to the mountains in company with his children's children with their flocks, and every winter he returns with his family to seek for pasture by the banks of the Pyramus. He is undoubtedly of great age, and cannot now walk very far, but seeing that the Afshahs are long behind that point of civilization at which baptismal registers begin to be kept, I am sure his tale of longevity will meet with but little credence. Hassan and his family were just off for the mountains, and had only left their reed hut a few days before, and I must say the black goat's-hair tents, with walls of reed matting to protect them on the windward side, look more inviting residences than the huts of Hemita.

Whilst engaged in studying the ruins of Boudroum, the final object of our expedition, we took up our abode in another reed encampment of the Afshahs called "Meadow Village," delightfully situated about two hundred feet above the Pyramus, amongst fir trees, with the stupendous mountains of the Taurus behind it. Our tenement here was decidedly more substantial than that at Anazarba. The reed cage was all coated inside with white-washed *tesek* gaily painted red with henna, which considerably diminished the number of draughts. A window, too, had been constructed in the wall; of course, only an unglazed aperture, which gave us an opportunity of looking at what was going on around, and the inhabitants, a very inquisitive race, had also the entire satisfaction of seeing what we were about. The ladies of "Meadow Village" were even smarter than those of Bosikevi; they darken their eyes and eyebrows with a stuff called *kohl*, consisting of a collyrium of antimony, kept in a bottle and applied with a stick. Joined eyebrows are considered a beauty amongst them, and this juncture is often effected by a line of *kohl*, for even nomad Afshah women are not above the weaknesses of their sex. They have really beautiful ornaments hung above their ears, and their feet are clad in long red-leather boots, for there are many snakes in the locality. Above these boots hang red baggy trousers, and above this a blue skirt. One female, the wife of the Aga, a chief of the tribe, went about her daily avocations of milking and churning in a red satin jacket, her fez was bound round with lace, and a frontlet of sequins adorned her forehead; she was very handsome, too, quite my idea of what the wife of a nomad chieftain should be.



Our days in investigating the ruins of Boudroum passed pleasantly enough, and terminated with great satisfaction to ourselves. Not only did we find out that the city was anciently called Hieropolis Castabala, the last place that Alexander the Great stopped at before the battle of Issos, but also we found several inscriptions which placed for us the temple there, which Strabo mentions was dedicated to Artemis Perasia, the priestess of which used to walk over hot burning coals without getting burnt. The great feature of the place was a long colonnade about half a mile in length, many columns of which are still standing; it has a lofty acropolis in the centre of the town, built on a spur of the mountains, a large theatre, and other evidences of a large population and advanced civilization. Now these ruins are inhabited only by a few Afshahs who pasture their flocks amongst them and possess some very objectionable dogs. Mahomed of the Broken Hand lives with his family in the theatre; another family have taken possession of what remains of the temple of Artemis, the head of which gets his distinguishing appellation from a wounded leg and arm, acquired in a contest with a lion, they told me; but I doubt the fact, seeing that the Afshahs have the careless habit of calling all big game lions and tigers, including leopards, lynxes, and other less formidable beasts which abound in the mountains between Cilicia and the Valley of the Euphrates, amongst which the Afshahs pass the summer months.

The day before we left "Meadow Village," a great hubbub occurred; a Government official passed this way whose occupation it is to number the flocks and collect the taxes on them. Somehow or other, information was given him that certain members of this tribe had concealed a portion of their flocks in caves in the mountains. He set out with two soldiers to verify the facts, and on his return made the delinquents pay double. Naturally there was a great deal of shouting and unpleasant language, and the affair at one time seemed to us to be assuming a serious aspect; but to our contentment an understanding was arrived at, and the objectionable tax-collector took his departure, considerably to our relief, for we did not wish to be implicated in this wild district in a case of insubordination.

This was the last Afshah encampment we visited, and our work being terminated to our satisfaction, we bade adieu to our cage homes and hurried back to the comfort of four walls at Adana.

J. THEODORE BENT.



## LOVE IS ENOUGH.



WHAT tho' the Skyes be graye,  
And dark the air,  
Sullen the Daye,  
So that my Love be fayre ?

What tho' the Daye be brief  
And long the Night,  
Withered the leaf,  
So that my Love be bryghte ?

What tho' the Wind be loud,  
And rough the sea,  
Threat'ning the cloud,  
So that my Love love me ?

What tho' the Sunne be fayre,  
And soft the Wind,  
Buxom the air,  
So that my Love's unkind ?

What tho' the Daye be long  
And brief the Night,  
Nature a song,  
So that my Love be light ?

What tho' the Breeze but sigh,  
And still the shore,  
Cloudless the Skye,  
So that my Love's no more ?

M. C. E.

## THE ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MISS CHARLOTTE O'MARA.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.



THE question that greatly pre-occupied the minds of that lucky circle in which heiresses and eldest sons abound, was why Miss Charlotte O'Mara had never married. She was still a very attractive woman, and in her youth must have been lovely. Ungilded beauty is not inevitably pressed to mate itself, but Miss O'Mara was, owing to a large inheritance from a wealthy father, and the timely death of several near relatives, unwedded or childless, enormously rich. The world is less disturbed by the unmated condition of a wealthy bachelor, and less anxious to account for it by some law that will not prove its discernment at fault. It is taken for granted that the man should prefer to remain unmarried as long as possible, and there seems to be no disposition to limit his preference for freedom to a period defined by years. It has a smile and a shrug for the many ladies deprived of the substance by the alluring shadow of a fortune, to the half of which one of them is assuredly entitled.

But the world thinks differently when unshared wealth remains, by a perverse freak of fortune, in the hands of a woman. The noble sex, in the person of the possible suitor, regards itself defrauded, insulted, mocked at by the Jade that sits aloft and capriciously controls the destinies of man. Even extreme personal ugliness is understood to be an inadequate explanation of an unexplainable fact, and so there is nothing to fall back upon but the worn-out theory of early plighted troth and broken faith, of a blighted youth and a perfidious or dead lover. The aggrieved sex clings to romance to spare its pride, and winks and smiles contentedly at an explanation that soothes it, while admitting its natural and conquering predominance.

But in the case of a person like Miss Charlotte O'Mara, it was extremely difficult to sustain a faith in youthful sentimentality.

She was the least sentimental woman it is possible to imagine. Her dashing military friends, with whom she was very popular, called her "a jolly good fellow," and "jolly" is the best description of the broad, humorous smile that ran like light up from her handsome mouth to her violet-grey eyes, holding in their soft depths less soul than an unquenchable mirth. Boundless good-nature and splendid spirits—these were the most obvious traits of her character. There never was a woman less complex, less matter for study. You felt her as you felt a day of even sunshine, and were thereby made glad and grateful. Nobody ever heard her sigh, nobody ever saw her weep. How could a broken-hearted, middle-aged lady possibly help doing either, and is there a corner so private that prying glances will not end by penetrating?

Miss O'Mara was not by any means a particularly well-bred lady, still less a cultivated one. She had no defined tastes of any sort beyond a fixed preference for all things inferior—inferior society, inferior literature, inferior music, and inferior art. There are many of her sort, which accounts for the thriving state of inferiority. She was noisy and brusque, and, the world added, much too good-natured. Her heart, by a natural impulse, went out to all the silly young persons of both sexes who early display a genius for getting into mischief. These, like inferior people, are numerous, and Miss O'Mara's sympathies were not allowed to rust. The young fellow who lost at cards his month's modest allowance, if he cared to embark at an early age upon the road of begging, where we may say, indeed, that it is only the first step that costs, had but to carry his trouble to her, and there was his month's allowance replaced in his empty purse, and nobody any the wiser. Instead of despising the young fellow, as she ought to have done, the absurd creature attached herself to him from that hour. To a foolish girl in a scrape, whatever its nature, she proved no less helpful and kindly. In fact, there was not to be found a being too reckless, too abandoned, too wicked, to merit the good services and sympathy of this imprudent millionaire.

But this does not explain why Miss O'Mara was unmarried. Unsentimental, unromantic as she was, there had been, however, an episode in her life that had left an indelible impression upon her, and perhaps had much to do, as well as a native perversity, with her marked preference for wild and unlucky youth. I desire to confide this little story in secret to a discreet listener, and I

cannot do better than select the public. Thus I shall have spared a private individual the pain of breaking a confidence, which is inevitably the result of a secret communicated to Brown, Jones, or Robinson, or their respective wives.

### I.

The Comte de Vallincourt inhabited a handsome hotel in the Rue St. Dominique, that is, handsome from the historic point of view, but very sombre, very uncomfortable, and very large. His wife was dead, and he was the sole guardian of a lad of ten. He liked his son as he liked all virtuous and natural facts—in a distant, unenthusiastic way; thought that children in moderation should be born, and was willing that his own should be instructed in moral precepts and all the virtues by somebody else. Jean Jacques, or some other enlightened philosopher, seemed to believe, as far as he could understand, that the country was the proper place for the expansion of the youthful intelligence. Personally he could not imagine anything expanding in the country but landscape and live-stock, and as he had but a moderate admiration for either, he was glad to remember the existence of a distant relative, the Abbé of Joinville.

This excellent man undertook the education of little Ferdinand, and taught him what he certainly would not have learnt in Paris, to say his prayers and respect the Church. He taught him other things, too, Latin and Greek, and made him familiar with the century of Louis Quatorze, in which the good Abbé lived, not because it was a century steeped in the odour of sanctity certainly. But man is born inconsistent, and holy persons, even abbés of the most excellent ecclesiastical worth, are not exempt. When he had read his page in the 'Fathers,' or recited his verses of the 'Great Century,' Ferdinand was allowed to run about the fields, make friends with shepherds and poachers, shoot and ride, and grow up to be a lively and amiable young fellow, not disturbed by the clamour of pronounced vices or virtues. He neither felt that he was born to run away with somebody's wife, nor restore the Bourbons to the throne of France, though he could imagine circumstances in which it would be pleasant to be carried off by another man's wife, and had not the least objection to see the Bourbons reigning.

Every Easter he stayed for a fortnight with his father in the sombre hotel of the Rue St. Dominique, and sniffed awhile the intoxicating breath of the boulevards, his senses opening uncon-

sciously in the hot-house of graceful vices and enervating scents, which the city of the world may too well be called. His father treated him with all the complimentary courtesy that Parisians bestow upon well-bred provincials, observed and listened to him in the spirit of sarcastic amusement, and in the summer visited him at Joinville, where he occupied his leisure agreeably in ridiculing the natives, mystifying the country ladies by an exaggerated court, and in discoursing philosophy and the century of Louis Quatorze with his worthy host.

When the Count of Vallincourt made the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert Busshey, a sympathetic and cultivated Irishman, like himself a widower burdened with the care of an only son, he volunteered to propose the charge of the boy to his cousin, the Abbé of Joinville. Mr. Busshey was a man of expensive and reproachable tastes. Paris and widowhood suited him exactly, and he preferred to look back upon, or distantly forward to, life in the Emerald Isle. He had a moderate appreciation of landscape, however green, and none at all of shamrock, however moist and delicate, and, awaiting translation, was resigned to an establishment in Paris. Thus it was that Charles Busshey and Ferdinand, Vicomte de Vallincourt, studied and sported together, greatly to their mutual advantage, and behind their tutor's back confided to each other an insufficient faith in the greatness of the great Louis.

Charles was a steady, studious lad, fond of sketching and dreaming. Ferdinand, very much less studious and steady, was an affectionate and rather exuberant boy, and was sincerely attached to his Irish comrade. He unburthened his soul to him without any invitation, made him the confidant of his real or fancied love affairs, which, if innocent, were numerous, and thought it singular that Charles had in turn nothing of a like nature to communicate to him.

"Is it to conceive a youth so cold-blooded as this Charles?" he would sometimes burst out, when he had extracted from Charles the humiliating fact that the Prefect's wife in her latest Paris bonnet had not wrought him to a frenzy of adoration, or that the invented favours accorded his dashing suit by the subjugated spouse of the Mayor, had left him with eyes insufficiently dilated or a twist of lips insufficiently expressive of envy. Whereupon the young Viscount would retire, affronted by the wounding reproach of a silence he could not understand. He did not scorn to spy his friend, and lay traps for him to discover the meaning of

his unfriendly reticence, suspecting a dark and criminal passion, and finding no hint of tragedy or thwarted romance, shrugged his petulant little shoulders and muttered—"Imbécile!"

Not that Charles knew nothing of dreams of romance and goddesses. He invariably wondered that the highway of life, which he was beginning to travel, offered him so little reason to hope that it was still the custom for goddesses, or at least fairies, to descend on earth and woo mortal young men who had too much soul to waste their transports on mortal maidens. The companionship of a rascally little French lad made it impossible for him to escape an excessive pre-occupation upon this great question of existence,—for the word "*femme*" pervaded all Ferdinand's thoughts and speech, as it pervades the literature of his country. Charles naturally thought much of love, and looked eagerly forward to the hour of complete servitude, but not for the world would he have willingly incurred the ridicule of his unromantic comrade by imparting to him his vague disappointment. Instead, he discoursed to his own empty heart in bad verse, which he wrote in all mystery and secrecy of a crime, and began a novel upon the model of the immortal '*Musketeers*.'

When the lads were transferred to Paris, their respective fathers were so satisfied with the conditions of a prolonged and expensive bachelorhood, that the young men were allowed the inestimable privileges of separate establishments, and were not invited to render an account of their actions, tastes, or expenditure to anybody. While ignorant of much, they naturally thought themselves wise in all things, and both were passably crude. Charles, dreamy and reserved; Ferdinand, impertinent, fatuous, and the soul of good-nature. Charles rented a pleasant flat on the first floor in the Rue de Babylone, looking out upon a lively grass-plot, where French and foreign nurses stroll, and babies play all day long. He believed he had a vocation for French art and French literature, and began by collecting pictures and books. The enchanted young Viscount furnished a really delightful *entresol* in the Rue de Clichy, and here it is hardly necessary to say that he lived other than the life of a saint.

The wise youth in Paris is regarded as irredeemably eccentric, and while deeply attached to "*ce cher Charles*," his friend spoke of him everywhere as a kind of harmless lunatic, to be met any morning moving along the *quais* with a quantity of moth-eaten *bouquins* under his arm, and the distracted look upon his face of a poet in search of the unfound rhyme, which made it none the less



impossible for the expansive Ferdinand to live without his dear Charles. While the Irish youth avoided, in horrified disapproval, the orgies of Ferdinand and his band of young reprobates in the *entresol* of the Rue de Clichy, the Viscount was never happier than when lying on a sofa in the Rue de Babylone, eloquently entertaining his friend with an analysis of his private feelings, his loves, his animosities, his vengeance, and his betrayal of the husbands of Paris amongst his acquaintances. He could discourse in one breath, and with equal fervour, upon his sainted mother and his last mistress, shedding tears over the virtues of the one or pouring curses upon the absent head of the other, if he happened to be in the vein to lament her perfidies rather than apostrophise her charms.

I have hinted that Charles was not at all the cold-blooded sage of twenty; his friends were disposed to regard him. He was extremely fond of youthful female society, adored waltzing, and was considered by the young ladies of the British Embassy to waltz divinely. But his social theories were undeniably crude and uncivilized, and he could not adapt himself to the recognized fact that young girls are made to be looked at, and married women to be courted. He asked nothing better than to talk the legitimate amount of nonsense permitted between well-bred young persons of both sexes, thought it a charming distraction from his leisured studies of books to sit out on stairs and study leisurely a pretty profile, or examine the stars, or trifle with flowers and fans in congenial society, and in whispered tones. The simple-minded barbarian clung to the traditions of his benighted race, and regarded it as the privilege of his age to flirt with attractive young ladies, and his duty to respect the married women, whether he was acquainted with their husbands or not. And this in Paris, where the only recognized social drama consists of three *dramatis personæ*—your friend, your friend's wife, and yourself! It is not wonderful that in a circle of bragging young sinners and polite rascals of high-life, he had the air of an early Gaul or a South Sea Islander. He received the confidences of his male friends in sceptical credulity—that is, he believed that not one of them was to be taken seriously in his account of his abnormal successes with the pursued sex. But while deducting what he considered to be a grain of truth from their embroidered romances under the name of “bonnes fortunes,” he believed each to have made considerable havoc of marital peace and security. These sort of conquests did not commend themselves to his taste, and he was

not conscious of a vocation for intrigue, deception, and occasional warlike encounters in Belgium and elsewhere with outraged husbands.

One evening the two young men went together to a ball at the British Embassy, equally disposed to accept the agreeable fact that here, at least, young ladies may be freely invited to waltz and exchange the amenities of social intercourse without the expectation on the part of male relatives or mammas of a declaration of non-existent sentiments and serious intentions. Entering the ball-room, Ferdinand reviewed the fair in one of his rapid glances, charged with impertinent alertness and the spirit of scientific discrimination. He took no pains to lower his voice in imparting his opinions on the faces and toilettes to Charles, who was too familiar with his views to discover their originality, though he was not old enough to be aware that the subject is wanting in freshness.

"*Tiens!*" he cried, with quite a novel note of interest in his voice, "I see a sensation already. There's a sparkling creature, if you will, Charles, my friend. Is it wickedness or merely animal spirits that underlies that virginal brilliance of glance? A heart-whole Juliet or a possible Cleopatra? I announce beforehand that I am at the feet of either. I must begin the siege forthwith."

Charles followed the direction of the young man's much too expressive eyes, and saw indeed a splendid nymph, arrayed in the traditional robe of purity, but exhibiting none of the traditional reserve of her age. A lovely girl dropped from the rain-clouds of distant Hibernia, a vision of amazing contrasts! violet-grey eyes heavily lashed, and almost black from excessive shadow; hair so dark, that a blue gleam seemed to run along its surface; and tints of red and white so pure and rich, that Nature herself might well wonder at her own production. This brilliant young creature was the centre of a group of laughing youths and maidens, wildly entertained by her sallies. And the ring of her laugh was heard above all.

"What a beautiful girl!" said Charles, staring.

"I leave you, my friend. Until my conquest is secure, I am on fire. You will see me in flames when I approach her," cried Ferdinand. "Lady Myers," he said, addressing his hostess blandly, "do me the honour to present me to that adorable young person, who looks as if she intended to enslave all male Paris."

"You mean Miss Charlotte O'Mara," said Lady Myers, with

the least possible movement of her brows that somehow conveyed the fact to Ferdinand that the young lady in question was an incomplete edition of high-bred maidenhood. There was a shade of interjection in her voice as she added, "An Irish heiress," that piqued the Viscount's curiosity, and caused him to scan his partner inquiringly when he bowed to her upon introduction. Unintentionally, perhaps, Lady Myers had, in pricking his curiosity, without at the same time diminishing his ardour, given an offensive colour to his thoughts, and the beautiful Miss O'Mara was to him from that moment an object of legitimate but hardly respectful pursuit.

Miss O'Mara was an inexhaustible dancer, and Ferdinand's manner of waltzing with her had all the air of an elopement. People stopped to look at them in amazement, and somebody remarked that it wanted but the groom and the charger outside to complete the suggestion of Lochinvar. Ferdinand did not usually waltz in that way with young ladies; but Miss O'Mara was naturally unaware of this fact, and missed nothing of the flavour of homage in his attitude. She was frankly delighted with her partner, and her face sparkled to his ecstatic glances.

The waltz over, he stood in front of her and fanned her, finding her still more delicious as she panted from the rapid movements, and her laughing, melting eyes were not abashed by his. She was not the type of girl a Frenchman could be expected to understand. He misinterpreted her audacity, and her indestructible purity eluded him. The clear voluptuousness of her violet-grey eyes dazzled and warmed him like wine, and he read their language by his premature knowledge of women who are not in the habit of innocently wasting such looks.

"Decidedly she is enchanting," he said to himself, while they sought rest from the dance in wild chatter that completed the intoxication of the whirl. "That *scélérat* Charles is right when he chants me lyrics on the beauty of the daughters of Erin. *Tudieu!* if they are all as facile and beautiful as this frank young woman, for little would I seek re-baptism and an alien nationality, and make myself a barbarian to live the blessed life of a sultan in the midst of rain and shamrock."

The innocent girl suspected nothing of her partner's impertinent dissection and his cruel classification of her. She was neither refined nor fastidious, and so long as men were willing to entertain her and not stint her in the admiration she demanded, she was willing to dispense with their respect. The Frenchman

charmed her. She liked his name, and above all she liked his exciting manner of dancing. The moment he placed his hand upon her waist, she felt as if she were being carried off, and imagined she was instantly going to be whirled into the middle of a romance. She was pleased and flattered by the exuberant admiration he was able to convey in the subtle management of his brows and eyelids, in the movement of his shoulders, and the way he had of bending his body. Everything about him breathed a candid mixture of good nature, fatuity, and high spirits that found her sympathetic to the verge of comradeship.

Later, she was made acquainted with Charles, who had spent the evening staring at her from afar, with his soul in his honest blue eyes, too abashed by the novelty of his own sensations to make any overt effort to approach the superb creature that had dazzled him, until Ferdinand, unapprehensive of an alienated conquest, insisted on introducing him. Miss O'Mara had an opportunity to note that Charles waltzed much better than his friend, but as a partner he left her unexcited and impalpating. He did not lift her off her feet, and his perfect measure was tame after the fury of the Viscount's steps.

As may be imagined, the two young men went back to their respective apartments, distracted and incoherent. The Viscount was lyrical, Charles was silent, and both made no secret to themselves or to each other of the fact that they were violently in love. It was a lesson in good nature to see how amiably Ferdinand pitied his less glorious companion, and how frankly he pointed out to him the absence of chances for him; "*afin*," as he explained, waving his hands, "*qu'il n'eût pas d'illusions perfides.*" Charles ruefully admitted to himself the justice of his friend's views, as well as the fact that perfidious illusions are in their way very pleasant things.

The next day, while Charles was breakfasting on a cup of coffee and a big cigar, the Viscount burst into his room upon voluble exclamations and with moving eyebrows.

"You see me an altered youth, my boy," he cried, flinging himself down on a sofa. "I have been sage this night. I left the amiable Mademoiselle Charlotte, and reposed myself on my bed to meditate upon her charms. The circle, play, the *cafés* knew me not, and I resolved to keep my glances from all creatures less divine than she. Say, if I have not reached desolating depths of passion in one night. But she," he added, smiling rapturously and kissing gloved fingers to an imaginary

object, "is all fire and flame. She is, frankly, a devil, and I count not on her for any conventional wooing."

Charles pushed away his chair from the table with an angry look, and broke out ill-temperedly—

"Please remember, Ferdinand, that you are not talking of a French girl."

"No?" said Ferdinand, in impertinent interrogation.

"You may not respect the women of your own country—possibly with good reason. But you are speaking to a man who honours the women of his country, and in speaking of one of those women, you will do me the favour to adopt a more respectful tone."

"I am not versed in the ways of Irishwomen, my friend, but if the captivating Mademoiselle Charlotte is a fair specimen, she leaves us no illusions upon the modesty and reserve of her compatriots. Not that I regret it. But when a charming young creature stands before me, claiming with her eyes and lips anything but my respectful homage, you must not expect me to prostrate myself reverently before her and mistake her for a near relative of the Virgin Mary. I have no illusions upon the fair sex, nor would you, had you philosophically measured our tormentors. Mademoiselle Charlotte is like the rest, a delightful temptation, yearning for Adam."

## II.

Charles sulked and kept away as much as possible from the Rue de Clichy. Instead, he regularly frequented the Bois de Boulogne, in the morning on horseback, in the afternoon driving a neat dog-cart. He religiously followed the monotonous procession in the Allée des Acacias, and examined every Amazon and the girls' faces in each carriage, in the hopes of finding Miss O'Mara in the fashionable crowd. He looked for her in the theatres, and never refused an invitation, always with the secret object of dancing with her, or if there were no dancing, of carrying her an ice, and picking up her glove, or handkerchief, or fan. In fact, Miss O'Mara entered into his life, and her image pervaded each walking and sleeping hour. All night he dreamt of her, and all day he sought her and meditated upon her. Sometimes when they met she made him happy, more often she left him miserable; but he hugged his misery as part of his bliss, and wrote grateful sonnets to her, which neither she nor the public ever saw.



Meanwhile the public voice was dangerously busy with the reputation of Miss Charlotte O'Mara. Her very innocence was suspected as a snare. Innocence, it was said, and we know said unjustly, could not possibly exist with an audacity of speech, and look and action so reckless. She shocked all the proprieties, trampled under foot all the conventionalities. She liked the society of young men, and—she was at no pains to conceal the fact—liked flirtation and dancing upon perilous brinks, and was resolved not to be stinted in that kind of entertainment. She did not see why Nature should give her a pair of very beautiful eyes if she was not intended to use them destructively or otherwise. Consequently, she used her eyes and her lips freely, cast about with superfluous generosity observations of questionable taste, and made her entrance into a circle a matter of fluttering interest. All the men arched significantly and crowded round her, and all the women smiled dubiously and observed her.

Amongst her assailants and captives she met her match in frank and unconventional impudence in the Viscount of Vallincourt. He delighted her nearly as much as she delighted him—with a difference, however. His sallies amused her, while their hidden meaning escaped her; hers thrilled and emboldened him, reading in their innocent rascalities suggestions the poor child would be the last to understand. They played at battledore and shuttlecock upon sentimental ground for the benefit of the on-lookers, and occasionally lost their heads, while constantly menaced with the permanent loss of their hearts.

Some of Charlotte's improprieties scandalised the Viscount, which fact left him none the less a willing abettor. I am afraid his mind was not quite clean. In the privacy of his chambers he formed all sorts of plans for her ruin that, had the innocent creature suspected the least of them, would have lifted the hair on her head, and sent her into fits for a week. To her he was simply a comrade, who had the virtue of being of the exciting sex. To shock and mystify society in partnership with the Vicomte de Vallincourt, was greatly more thrilling than to incur its displeasure in company with another young girl. And then one never knew the moment the pair of sinners might not present themselves at the bar of condemnation, and purchase their pardon by a romantic confession. While she was simply enjoying an escapade that placed them in exterior social rebellion, he was asking himself if he might venture to embrace her, and for some undefined reason to his own consciousness, such is the subtle



strength of purity, he generally ended the inward debate by pressing rapturous lips to her hands, one after the other.

One evening they met at a wealthy Russian friend's, who had an establishment in the Avenue of the Champs Elysées. It was an afternoon party, where the young people were permitted a pleasant freedom, and where all sorts of innocent and noisy games were resorted to as a means of more intimate introduction. Among the revellers, Charlotte and Ferdinand were the noisiest ; and poor Charles watched them from afar, moody and meditative, filled with jealousy and the most poignant of lover's miseries. He heard her laugh, was abashed by its heartiness, and overcome by the difference between such honest laughter and his own complicated pain. There was so much of the child in this rowdy young flirt, who arched provocation at men, and flung them audacious challenge from eyes of heavenly hues, that while his judgment condemned and his heart ached, his manhood yearned to cover her from a critical and undiscerning world. He knew to his sorrow how her actions, her words and glances were interpreted ; knew that Ferdinand's friends laughed cruelly at her, while anxious to compete for her favours ; knew that the women of her circle shrugged behind their fans at the mention of her name, and viewed her behaviour askance. And yet to this noble young fellow she was whiter than snow, of the unstained innocence of an infant playing unconsciously with peril and shabby toys. To him it was not she who was at fault, but a carping and impure society, pressed by its own evilness to the worst conclusions, and by reason of its own battered and blackened mind, incapable of distinguishing radiant white from grey. This bird of bright plumage flew from its snowy heights and the sunlit plain of unthinking girlhood to skim the muddy waters of the social stream, and perhaps get broken in its shallows ; and there was none but him to understand her—no clean and honest hand ready to save her from her own indiscretion and ignorance but his—the hand she rejected because proffered so seriously, because there was neither laughter upon his lips nor challenge in his eyes.

Meanwhile the cause of his trouble had burst away from the groups inside, and was standing out on the terrace, leaning against a pillar, looking down upon the wide avenue. The setting sun had flung upon the city a golden dust which broadened to a thin brilliant dimness—if one may risk the description—towards the Place de la Concorde, and concentrated

itself at the point of the colossal Arch of Triumph into a thick heavy veil, flung from tree to tree, behind which carriages and persons dropped invisible, and from under which the procession rolling from the Bois had the air of emerging brightly from the clouds. Ferdinand was beside her, with his back to the world outside, holding and crumbling the long ribbons of her dress, and watching the delicious shades and tints of her variable face, his own expression one of warm admiration.

"Why does your friend look so glum?" she asked, moving to the edge of the terrace, and folding her arms upon it.

"We are embroiled," he said, dropping the ribbons to lean beside her, till the upper half of his arm touched hers, and a thrill ran fire through his veins.

"He is more serious than you, my friend," she laughed, innocently unaware of the threatening volcano near her.

"Not so, adorable girl. Serious, yes; in that he does not like amusing supper-tables. The last time he supped at my chambers he found we drank too much wine and spoke too much about women. My faith!—woman is the crown of man's life, the reason for which we live."

As he spoke, he approached his face to hers; he nearly touched her silky dark hair with his eager lips, and slipped his arm lightly round her waist. Instead of the conscious look and the yielding droop he expected, the girl reddened proudly, and put up her hand to remove his arm. Her gesture was decisive, but not in the least angry. She accepted the fact that her defiance of law and order involved accidents of this sort; but had no doubt of her own power to extricate herself without a quarrel or a scene.

"What a delightful thing to be a young man and have jolly suppers and all sorts of pleasure!" she said; and again she leant against the pillar as a protection from the encroaching male arm. "I wish you would invite me to one of your suppers!"

"You! True? Oh, if a goddess would preside!—but you mock me. You would not come."

"Give me the chance," she laughed.

"It would be an escapade worth all the others. But, alas! it is impossible. There are things one must not want," he murmured, sighing.

"M. le Vicomte, there is nothing impossible when we have spirit and youth upon our side. Thus it is arranged. You invite me to a young man's supper party to-morrow night in your rooms in the Rue de Clichy, and behold me of yours. It

matters not how I arrive. I may jump out of a window when my respectable household sleeps, and dreams of heaven and all things good. I may have a fairy godmother, who will evolve a carriage out of a pumpkin, and coachmen out of white mice. I may have the cap of fortune or the cloak of invisibility. *Enfin*, it will suffice that I intend to come."

"Mademoiselle, I am your humble servant," said Ferdinand, bowing, and smiling very queerly.

"And you will have a charming party, remember—only nice persons, gay and amiable, and you will all drink wine and smoke cigars, and talk just as if I were a young man too?"

"We will drink wine and smoke cigars, and talk just as if—no, my faith! We will not forget one instant that you are a beautiful young person, and we will spend the night making our devotions on bended knees at your shrine."

"Be it so. Now name your guests."

He ran over half-a-dozen names sufficiently reassuring as to the extreme elegance of the party.

"And what ladies?"

"*Dame!* I can't say," Ferdinand replied, fairly puzzled. The ladies who would be disposed to come he could not invite to meet her, according to the eccentric social theory which permits snowy maidenhood drawing-room and domestic contact with the most ruffianly of the sex that can destroy it, and holds it spotted if one of its own maculate sisterhood but smiles upon it.

"But why any ladies? A divided sovereignty means anarchy. One queen and all her subjects. Is not that the ideal kingdom? You preside, with no lesser impertinent star to distract our attention, and we, your slaves and adorers, drink to you on our knees. Each will bring flowers to make a carpet for your charming feet. We will break lances beneath your eyes, and you will proclaim the wittiest your knight."

The girl was enchanted with the sketch of the banquet, and was disturbed in the act of childishly clapping her hands by the cry, "Charlotte! Charlotte!" and the distracted appearance of a stout lady, who blinked weak eyelids at the setting sun, and seemed to entertain the notion that her dinner, or her coachman, or her husband would run away from her if she did not hasten after them.

"Till to-morrow evening," said Charlotte, arching significant brows at the dazzled youth.

"Till death!" said Ferdinand, dramatically, as he pressed the little gloved hand she held out to him. Before disappearing down the terrace she flashed back upon him a brilliant smile, showing white teeth, and a ripple of light that ran up from her arched lips to her eyes, where it glimmered beneath the shadowy lashes.

"Decidedly she will go far, that one," said the Viscount of Vallincourt to himself, partly stunned and pleurably horrified by the conspiracy in which he found himself involved, apprehensive of consequences and dubious of the entire correctness of his own attitude. She was very young, and possibly very ignorant of life and its meaning; she was a girl destined for marriage and honourable establishment. Ought a man of honour to allow her to compromise herself so irretrievably upon these desperate impulses? On the other hand, was it his duty to check her? "*Tudieu!*" he muttered, "it is for her to decide, and not for me." But, when he entered the *salon*, he felt unable to meet the honest grieved face of poor Charles, felt inexplicably tarnished, as if he had just cheated at cards, or perpetrated some nameless cowardice for which he could not be legally punished.

He made his exit, murmuring words of indistinct adieu, and rushed down the stairs, anxious above all things to avoid his friend, not averse to the prospect of a draught of champagne as a pleasant oblivion and a night of dissipation to complete the narcotic.

### III.

Charles Busshey spent a restless night, and awoke vaguely unhappy and depressed. He would not allow himself to understand that jealousy was at the root of his unhappiness, because that admission involved an acceptance of the fact that he had fresh cause to suspect, if not a definite engagement between Miss O'Mara and Ferdinand, at least a declared mutual affection. Had he not greedily watched those horrible twenty minutes' absence of both on the terrace, and noticed the peculiarity of each upon return to the *salon*? Charlotte's slightly reddened cheeks and excited glance, Ferdinand's uncertain half-intoxicated air, and his overt avoidance of the friend whose accentuated pain he knew was his gain. This inability to meet his eye, this hurry to get away from his presence in silence were proofs of Vallincourt's loyalty and love to poor Charles, and, as such, a partial redemption of suffering inflicted in his triumph, but oh! the

heaviness of certainty! Love, a faded dream; friendship, a memory; and the future all emptiness!

He could not leave his rooms all day. He shrank from the streets, loathed the thought of food, forgot even to smoke. Joyous sounds revolted him, and bright sights shook every nerve-thrill. He kept the outer shutters closed, and lay like a forlorn and forsaken child on the sofa of his *salon*, unable to read or think, envying women their tears and men the refuge of the wine-cup. Towards evening, though without any inclination for dinner, he began to think it would be a sort of dreary distraction to go down to his accustomed *café* and make a pretence of dining, if only with the object of killing time. It surprised him much that Ferdinand did not find it a necessity to burst in upon his solitude, and insist in his exuberant fashion on sharing his joy with him, and twice he had been so badly tempted to rush to the Rue de Clichy and know the worst beyond all possible doubt, that he had risen and half crossed the room in search of his hat to go out. But each time he had fallen into the nearest chair, profoundly discouraged and dismayed by the thought of certainty. Would it not be worse when he knew at last that there was no more chance for him, that hope was dead and friendship henceforth a mockery?

His dinner was, as he had anticipated, a pretence. He drank some cognac with his coffee, and lit a cigar for company in a stroll along the river. From a stroll the press of conflicting thoughts insensibly drifted him into a hurried walk and then almost to a race. River, streets, avenues, and boulevards, were all unnoted by his vague glance as the pavements flew beneath his feet. He went like one in an ugly dream, pushed by fatality to fly. He would have liked to run in that energetic and unthinking fashion through all the empty years ahead, and drop into the last long dreamless sleep at the end. But at length exhausted muscles began to drag, and he understood that he had walked off his delirium.

He looked at his watch. It was just eleven. Without realizing what he was doing, or stopping to ask himself what he meant by it, he yielded to the passionate desire for news from Ferdinand, and hailed a *fiacre*. At the Rue de Clichy he jumped down and asked the *concierger* if the Vicomte de Vallincourt were at home.

"Oui, monsieur," briefly said the *concierger*, who had drawn the cord, and stood frowning at him sleepily in the archway of her own room.

When the Vicomte's servant opened the door, he stared at the visitor in visible suspense, and, half holding the door, said that M. le Vicomte was in the *salon*.

Charles pushed past him and rushed into the *salon*, where he found Ferdinand on his knees in the midst of elaborate floral decorations.

"Thou!" cried Ferdinand, looking up displeased, and breaking short the stem of a lovely rose in his evident vexation.

"I disturb you in the midst of festivities, I see," said Charles, leaning against the door, and surveying him with a displeasure far more marked than his.

"Yes. A goddess presides at my little feast, and I do my possible to honour her, as you perceive."

"I should have thought that the moment had come for you to abandon these sort of entertainments."

"This is the moment that gathers them into one glorious burst, my friend. Have a care, Charles, I beseech you. You are trampling on my loveliest rose, and those flowers are meant for daintier feet than yours."

"So this is a bonfire of extinct passions burnt in honour of the latest," sneered Charles, and as he spoke, a fury of indignation shook him, and he stamped ruthlessly upon a branch of white flowers.

"It is to see that you are a barbarian, unfit for the society of nymphs and angels. Yes, this is a bonfire. I bury dead passions and cover the mortuary car with roses, and in the smell of flowers and the rosy glamour of the grape I renew my eternal allegiance to the little God of Love, the sole divinity that rules my life. I proceed to toast their immediate successor. Is not my *salon* a perfumed paradise? Here we take coffee and sing and sigh at the feet of the presiding goddess. Throw a glance upon the dining-room, friend Hamlet, and then, I pray you, depart. We like not the melancholy Jacques, nor the meditative Hamlet at our *noctes Ambrosianæ*."

"Ferdinand, is this the measure of the love you offer her?" Charles exclaimed, pressing the joints of his fingers together painfully, white about the lips.

Ferdinand stopped in his decorative labour, and swiftly ran a finger along his upper lip, twisting one side of his face into a comic leer and narrowing his dark eyes into a rascally impish slit.

"No tragedy, my friend. I am in a joyous vein, and I pray



you, take your sepulchral countenance and your declaiming attitudes to the vast solitudes of the street of Babylon. It is my way to love, simply."

Charles made a mechanical movement towards the door, and then suddenly wheeled round. His eyes flamed like blue gems, and his lips were trembling. He held out both hands like a woman when she is deeply moved to prayer.

"Ferdinand, think of her and love her differently from the rest. Make your manhood a protection and not a snare for her. Do you see, Ferdinand, you understand her not—and I do. She is all innocence through her wildness. A lily is not more white, a kitten not more thoughtless. Oh I will love you, if possible, with an affection surpassing that of our boyhood, which knits us two together so inextricably, if you will but save her from herself, from a condemning world. Look into her eyes! are they not pure? And you can think of nothing but laughter and shabby thoughts when you are beside her. If she loves you, it is you who must have her; but oh! be good to her, be tender, care for her, and see that others respect her. She—she is a child, and she thinks not of the things that occupy men's minds and older women's too. We are very little, after all. It is only the children that are great and honest. They live by nature, and the others live by art. That is why a child like Charlotte, who is taken for a woman, is so cruelly misunderstood by the others. They measure her by their own mean stature, and cannot see how shrunken are their dimensions beside her. But you, Ferdinand, you love her and you must understand her. Do nothing, say nothing, think nothing to-night unworthy of her. So that she find happiness in your love, and you in hers, I am willing to efface myself from your lives and forget my own pain. Do you hear me, Ferdinand? Promise!"

The volatile Viscount felt horribly moved by Charles's earnest prayer. It preluded his little feast by a sharp prick of remorse, and for a moment he underwent the sensations of a gentleman stained and dishonoured. The romantic side of his friend's passion appealed to his sympathy, solely from the dramatic aspect, for his senses were too alert and governing to permit of any real acquaintance on his part with the clouded bliss or impersonal devotion of romantic love. His own was like most Frenchmen's, the reverse of romantic, but he vaguely realized the beauty of the more ideal feeling.

"My poor Charles!" he cried, with honest tears in his eyes,

and in another moment he had flung his arms round his friend's neck and kissed him effusively on both cheeks. Recovering himself, he hastily looked at his watch and implored—

"Go now. It is after eleven, and I expect immediately a band of sinners whose society you will not find the most congenial. Go, I pray you, at once, my friend, and to-morrow we will seriously discuss this matter. Bah! I am not the monster you apprehend. Good-night."

There was a ring outside, and a dissipated dog under a glorious name made his appearance, carrying a magnificent bouquet.

"Eh bien, Vallincourt! et notre belle Irlandaise?" he laughed gaily, kissing his primrose-gloved fingers.

"Chut!" cried Ferdinand, frowning.

Charles frowned too, reading in the words a disrespectful allusion to Ferdinand's engagement.

"Thou seest? I have brought her the handsomest bouquet all Paris can furnish," the other continued.

"Pose it there. Charles, my friends will be as disappointed as I that a villainous tooth should keep you from our midst. But hasten home, *mon cher*, and rub your face with oil of camphor."

Another ring, and enter another dissipated aristocrat, carrying an enormous bouquet.

"Say, my friend," he cried, "if your beautiful Charlotte will not thank me prettily for these flowers."

"You should have sent them to her house and not brought them here," said Ferdinand coolly, and getting behind Charles made a despairing gesture for the benefit of his two guests.

The men seized his meaning, and explained their singular remarks by some ready invention that did not quite allay Charles's suspicions and swelling anger, but left him hopelessly mystified. As soon as the distracted Viscount had got him as far as the hall, a third guest arrived, and upset the harmony of the gathered.

"Well, Ferdinand, has she come, your little fiend of an Irish woman? I have brought her a diamond flower-holder, and expect her to choose me, you understand."

"*Peste!* you are a fool, D'Auvrigny!" roared Ferdinand.

"What! what!" cried D'Auvrigny, dismayed, and looking eagerly from one to the other. "Are we not invited to entertain the beautiful Miss O'Mara at a bachelor's supper-party?"

"Vallincourt, is this true?" Charles demanded.

"There, since you must know it, Charles," Ferdinand replied, flinging out both hands in decided acceptance of the situation.

"You have invited Miss O'Mara here at this hour to meet these men at your supper-table?" Charles still interrogated, in a dull, heavy undertone.

"I have. And, what is more, she arrives," Ferdinand protested sulkily.

"My God! my God! To terminate thus a friendship of ten years," poor Charles muttered, clinging to a last shred of tenderness for Ferdinand, as he looked him steadily in the face, and then approached, and struck him full between the eyes.

The Viscount staggered back, and before he could recover himself, a light step and a joyous laugh were heard outside, and in another instant Charlotte stood upon the threshold, a picture of roguish, innocent beauty, like an escaped school-girl who has jumped the orchard wall and stands on tiptoe to climb the nearest fruit-tree. Everything about her proclaimed an arch and delicious consciousness of crime. Her sweet red mouth widened in a little nervous laugh, as she looked from Charles to Ferdinand, and rapidly caught the three heads behind them. Charles's heart ached as he returned her half-questioning look, and saw how lovely she was, how fresh and untroubled, half scared by the enormity of her escapade, but, from very ignorance and honesty, incapable of distrusting one of these men in whose power she placed her honour, herself, as unhesitatingly as if they were a band of light-hearted schoolboys. She wore a dress of cream cashmere trimmed with lace and cream ribbons, and from her shoulders hung loosely, open at the throat, a long black silk cloak with a hood, pink-lined, that partly covered her dark head, the pink contrasting bewitchingly with her hair and the bright tints of her face.

"Miss O'Mara, will you do me the favour to allow me to escort you home?" said Charles, advancing.

"If you are very entertaining and witty during the supper, perhaps I shall," she said, smiling.

"I mean now, this instant. You should not be here."

Miss O'Mara drew in her mobile brows haughtily and turned to her host, who bowed and held his hand to her, with the other making a movement to remove her cloak. There was a red mark upon his olive face, and still holding her cloak, he said to Charles:

"M. Busshey, I shall have the honour to communicate with you early to-morrow. Do me the pleasure to retire."

"I will not—that is, not without Mademoiselle. We Irishmen are not in the habit of treating young ladies like ballet girls, nor of allowing other men to so treat them. I take the opportunity of calling you, in the presence of Miss O'Mara, the meanest of cowards, and her worst and most pitiless of enemies. Child!" he cried, in an altered tone, which showed that every fibre of pity and yearning love was stirred within him, "what can you know of men, of these men? Trust me, you do yourself an irretrievable wrong in being here. You are still on the threshold of M. de Vallincourt's rooms. Come away with me now, and even he, base as he may be, cannot say that you have been in them."

Ferdinand drew in his lips viciously, and without a glance at Charles, said to Miss O'Mara very courteously :

"Mademoiselle, do not consider me in this matter. You are permitted at this moment to choose between Monsieur Busshey and me. M. Busshey who, calling himself my friend, takes the advantage of your presence to insult me. He wishes for your society, and your favour, and he feels himself protected in seeking it thus—like a brave gentleman!"

"Vallincourt, the breach between us is wide enough. It is a puerile want of taste to seek to widen it by unworthy words. Miss O'Mara, will you come with me?"

The frightened girl stood looking at the two alienated friends, opening and shutting her eyelids swiftly, as if a strong light hurt them. She dimly realized the situation, but had a horror of being thought a coward. Having defied society in coming, and accomplished all the minor perfidies involved in an escape from her guardians at eleven o'clock at night, in a stormy and baleful city, like Paris, she was ready to stand fire rather than retreat, with only the dangers incurred, and the joys of her crime untasted. All her secret sympathies were with Charles, whose manliness she respected, and whose disinterested devotion she gratefully admired. But to go with him meant silent submission to reproof, meant the acceptance of inferiority and rebuke, meant, in a word, the resignation of girlhood's natural sovereignty, and the possession of a mentor. Her pride revolted from the step. She preferred the questionable homage of Ferdinand and his friends, preferred the intoxication of peril offered by them than the security of Charles's respect. With a decisive little

gesture of her hands and her charming head, this perverse girl said—

"M. le Vicomte, I came here upon your invitation, and it is my pleasure to stay. Good-night, Mr. Busshey."

He felt dismissed, humbled, and bleeding inwardly to death. He still stood before her with his eyes in her eyes, compelled her glance in one steady long last look, and yielded.

"Vallincourt," he said, turning to the Viscount in one more generous effort. "Be honourable, be a gentleman. Save her, if she will not be saved by me. It is not too late even yet. My God! I beg you, I implore you!"

"Mademoiselle," said Ferdinand, offering his arm. "These gentlemen have brought you flowers which they desire to offer you. Pasquier, show M. Busshey out."

Charles and Ferdinand did not see each other again for two days, when they met one raw, damp morning in Belgium. It was their last meeting, and no word was spoken by either, until Charles fell back into the arms of his seconds, shot to the heart. Ferdinand, perverse as he was, was good-natured and affectionate, like a child. All his love rushed back upon him, and he was on his knees, kissing the dying young man's hands, first one and then the other, and through his choking sobs begging his forgiveness and friendship.

"Poor Ferdinand! We have been good friends," said Charles, in a thin, far-away voice.

"The best, Charles, the best," sobbed the torn and remorseful lad, with his cheek upon the other's breast.

"Then for my sake, as well as for her own, be good to her, be faithful and tender. And when you are married to her, tell her how much I loved her."

But Charlotte O'Mara, as we know, did not marry the Vicomte de Vallincourt. The news from Belgium closed her heart to lover's love, and for six months she wore mourning for the lover she had loved too late.



## TEMPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC."



THERE are words in constant use and of great significance in our English tongue of which the precise equivalents are not to be found in other languages. The conclusion therefore is, that the things they represent belong, in greater degree, to ourselves than to other nations. Of such current words we may instance three: "fun," "humbug," and "temper." It is not by any means that the things they represent do not exist elsewhere, but they certainly do not flourish so hardily as with us. All these three things, little as they have in common, are in practice and thoroughness intensely English. Much might be said of the two first. Our business, for the present, is with Temper.

If asked to pronounce what is the grievance which enters most deeply into the daily life of a large proportion of our countrymen and women; one worse to endure than poverty or pain; a moral East wind, nipping and withering the fairest home-promise, and especially the young shoots and buds unfolding to the sun; the real secret of the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number—we answer at once it is that hateful thing called Temper. Most justly and logically may that be defined as the greatest curse of the English race which destroys that domestic happiness which is its greatest blessing. Man and woman depend far more on each other than upon health or wealth, or any outward circumstances, for such well-being as they can enjoy in this imperfect world. The Temper of the ruler of a family is the sure prognostic of the lot awaiting those dependent on him, whether the easy chair, the soft couch, the plank-bed, or the rack. Just as *le style c'est l'homme*, so is the temper the man or the woman who happens to be drest in a little brief authority. And as this said Temper never hesitates to deal hard words to all within its reach, so must it be content to hear a few truths about itself.

Whatever the occasion or whatever the excuse, Temper may be said to be always selfish, always ill-bred, often cruel, some-



times brutal ; the indulgence of one, and the misery of many ; the freedom of one, and the bondage of many ; claiming an amount of elbow-room sorely at the cost of others ; more uncertain than an English spring ; more obstructive even than an Irish M.P. These definitions might be multiplied for ever, for there is no subject in the world to which it is more difficult to give its full due. But they may be all summed up in one definition of terrible import, namely that the real mainspring of Temper is the pleasure of giving pain. Paraphrasing Satan's awful line, " Evil, be thou my good," Temper has, as it were, said to itself, " Pain to others, be thou my pleasure." Who does not know something of Temper either as anvil or hammer ? It rules " the Court, the Camp, the Grove." It pervades History ; it, in great measure, governs the world. Occupying thus so large a space in Society, it conforms conventionally and necessarily to outward laws and habits ; attends to business, dines out, travels on the Continent, and goes to church. It therefore requires rather a practised eye for the bystanders to detect the knot in the wood under the varnish, the scowl under the smirk. Some of its qualities are even worthy a better cause. Endless in ingenuity, inexhaustible in resources, and economical in working, for one hammer dexterously swung will hit a good many anvils, it accommodates itself to every place, from the cottage to the palace. Not but what Temper, in the long run, is an expensive indulgence ; it breeds quarrels, divides families, alienates friends, sacrifices character, and sullies honour ; to say nothing of the loss both of time and money ; though far too fascinating to be abjured on that account. Even the homes of work and want will contrive to afford it, just as they do Drink ; though for obvious reasons it flourishes in greater perfection in homes of luxury and leisure, and even of education, where it is the greater discord and disgrace. Especially do the worst forms of Temper show their supremacy in the power they possess of enhancing every other ill to which flesh is heir. There is no misfortune so trying but Temper will contrive to make it worse. Milton well knew that Temper entered the world hand in hand with Sin, when he makes the unhappy couple at once adding to the bitterness of their fall by turning on each other with reproach and recrimination :

" Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
Till of their vain contest appeared no end."

Alas! how many a heedless, ill-regulated pair have since then followed their example!

As we have assumed that the rather exclusively English word Temper implies a partially English monopoly of the thing, it is as well to look into the terms and characteristics of neighbouring nations.

The French, for instance, say a man is *de mauvaise* or *de vilaine humeur*. But a humour is not a chronic condition. The Frenchman, it is true, can fly into violent passions, and stamp and storm, foam and spit, like a bad actor overdoing his part; he can also pout and sulk, and give off petty shocks of electricity, if handled awkwardly; but he loves and needs the company of his fellow-creatures far too much to keep up this kind of thing long; accordingly, if Frenchmen soon quarrel, they also soon embrace and forget it all.

The German possesses plenty of the thing both in the violent, the surly, and the tetchy form; especially in the last named. Nor does he agree, like the Frenchman, quickly with his adversary, but takes his time, and eats and drinks, sleeps, smokes, and sulks phlegmatically and leisurely on the offence. He has, however, no exact term for the thing. His beautiful word *Gemüth*, as untranslatable as the Frenchman's *Esprit*, implies a sentimental state of mind which a German can best explain. Our English word "character" supplies his want. The man who has *ein schlechten Karakter* is not a person of bad reputation, but of evil disposition.

The great distinction between the tempers of these two nations and our own is mainly owing to the absence in their case of that domestic sphere where domestic peace or strife is best developed. For this there is no place like the genuine English "Home." But what the German lacks in this respect is amply made up to him by another institution peculiarly his own. That tremendous Prussian army, more German than the Germans, of which we hear so much, is as much the exercise ground for Temper as for sham fights and endless manœuvres. Those who know how the officers treat the men so unhappy as to be under their command, are well aware that nowhere can Temper be studied in a more active, unmanly, and brutal form. One consequence is that among no given number of men is the percentage of suicide so appallingly high as among the privates of the Prussian army, where the average is four times higher than elsewhere in the civilized world.\*

\* See 'Études sur l'Empire d'Allemagne,' par J. Cohen, 1879.

The best apology we can now offer our foreign brethren for dealing thus unceremoniously with their infirmities is to be more candid still about our own. They will be ready to admit that we are the oddest nation in the world, and that our tempers are our greatest oddity. Our native flora in this respect is the most luxuriant under the sun ; almost defying classification. What with our political atmosphere and our domestic climate, we contrive to produce the largest and hardiest varieties. Every species that freedom and wealth, eccentricity and privacy—especially the latter—can foster, flourishes with us. There are the crochety and the fidgety tempers—both intensely national—which, perhaps, irritate more than they actually harm. There are the suspicious, the sulky, the nervous; the “nasty,” the perverse, the pigheaded ; all, more or less, difficult to deal with ; there is the temper on the surface, easily roused, which is best let alone to wear itself out, and there is the deep-down temper which one must travel with, or marry, to fully find out. Boycotting is no new invention of the National League. Temper discovered that cowardly device long ago, and its victims can tell of having been ruthlessly sent to Coventry, which is the favourite domestic form, for years and years. Finally, there is the *post-mortem* temper, to which we shall return.

We have said nothing of a rather familiar sort, namely the hasty or passionate temper—the last being only the first, full-grown. But this kind can hardly be ranked under the same genus as those we have endeavoured to describe. Passion and Temper are two very different and even opposite things, both as to means and end. Passion's real intent is to exhaust and expend itself, Temper's to wound and distress another. Passion is blind and deaf, and knows not what it does when the fit comes on ; Temper has all its wicked wits at its deliberate call and command. Passion, heedless of self as of others, rushes forth to the fray, like the Spartan Isadas, unclothed and almost unarmed ; Temper sits cool, collected, and malignant in its own sort of intense selfishness ; Passion may be almost defined as a physical ebullition, relieving a pressure. But it is, at best, a dangerous remedy, apt to leave what is irrevocable and irreparable in its course ; a something to haunt the culprit for the rest of his days, and, although forgiven by others, never forgiven by himself.

Neither may Anger be confounded with Temper, though it too often is. Both spring, it is true, from the same root, but only in the same sense as medicine and poison. Temper is always mean-

ness, more or less—a bully when it can be one with impunity ; a coward when it cannot. Anger, viewed in its highest purposes of defending the weak, redressing the injured, and vindicating the slandered, is one of the noblest weapons man can wield. An English schoolboy with fine instinct defined Temper as “a sneak,” and Anger as “a trump,” and he hit the nail on the head. Scripture acknowledges both the rights and the limits of Anger. “Be angry,” but “sin not. Let not the sun go down on your wrath.”

Our Lord never hesitated to be angry, when occasion required. He was angry with the Pharisees when He called them “a generation of vipers.” He was angry with His disciples when they forbade little children to come to Him. He was angry with Peter when he presumed to question what He foretold. But who can detect the slightest symptoms of Temper in His sternest reproofs ?

Anger, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. The first condition, therefore, for its useful and legitimate exercise is perfect self-control ; Calmness and Scorn are its rightful lieutenants. “A man in a passion,” as that wise woman Sarah Coleridge says, “cannot scorn.” The popular expression of “losing temper” is not strictly true. The Temper we endeavour to describe is unfortunately never lost ; its chief aim is to make others lose theirs.

We have thus far impeached imaginary defendants, under the generic name of “Man,” but it would be a grave mistake to assume that the accusation, like the term, was not meant to include both sexes. Each is wonderfully and curiously made to be equally the blessing or the plague of the other. Especially is this the case in that connection which draws them closest together. Women are credited with a greater use of that organ designated in the Psalms as “a sharp sword.” At the same time there is such a thing as a male *silence*, which may be made as exasperating as the utmost female volubility. It would be difficult, perhaps, in a conjugal duet to decide which best succeeds, whether in taking the lead or in keeping it, the deep growl of the bass, or the shrill dissonance of the treble—the broadside of the man, or the spiteful thrust of the woman ; and we are disposed to think there is not much to choose between them. One extreme form of the sad disease there is we have still to touch upon, which is essentially of the masculine gender. The part here played belongs in the nature of things to the one who is the stronger, generally the older, and generally the holder of the purse-strings. *A-propos* of this exceptional form, it is well known that

the animal world furnishes the same phenomena of Temper which prevail among the human race ; if not in the same variety, yet in its worst species. The most noble, intelligent, and tractable of the quadruped order occasionally sends forth a more vicious and untamable brute than any other that the wild denizens of forest or jungle can supply. The "Rogue elephant," always a male, be it observed, is so incurably savage towards its fellows, that the herd at length turn upon him and drive him from their midst. We have, alas ! our human "Rogue," but there is not the same necessity to chase him away. He is sure to isolate himself and his unfortunate family where he can work his sovereign will without let or hindrance from his neighbours. The class of temper we mean—fortunately for human nature, rare—and the restraints of society are incompatible elements. The man who loves society is safe from the worst forms of temper. But there is no country where, for various reasons, men live so much out of the world, and where families, accordingly, are cast so closely together for better and for worse, as in our England—where, in short, within legal limits an individual can do so unrestrainedly as he likes with what he calls his own. That an Englishman's house is his castle, is in such cases no figure of speech, but a very awful fact. Unless he transgress the law, no one can enter it, or deliver from it. If within that impregnable fortress it be his chief pleasure to render his family miserable, who can prevent him ? All depends upon what constitutes his own happiness, for he will only seek that. The solution of the terrible problem is that there are men, heads of families, who love their tempers better than wife or children—than duty or religion—than man or God. Not all observers of human nature have come across such specimens, but those who have had the misfortune will endorse what we say. Such men have exaggerated ideas of the paternal "Right divine." They erect it into an article of faith, and implicit obedience on the part of their unhappy family into the chief end of that family's existence. There may be conjugal and even filial struggles occasionally, but after awhile the machinery works smoothly ; the wife never wills, never orders, never rebels ; nor do his children, in the sense of attaining independent action, ever come of age. His will is understood to be their sole and sufficient guide, law, and fate. It has been so in the past, is so in the present, and shall continue so in the future. There is, of course, no love for him in such a home. If wife and children are too Christian to hate him, they are at all events too human not to



dread him, and perfect fear casts out all love. Having thus created a moral paralysis by extinguishing all will but his own, he is perfectly happy, and calls it peace. It is this frightfully wicked happiness which is his curse, for it shields him from all the consequences of his sin. Other sinners suffer penalty. The drunkard has his headache, and certain pangs of conscience follow other forms of ill-doing. But the human "Rogue" does not even suffer inconvenience. He takes care to behave well to his servants, and in every external relation of life. He can be courteous, and even charitable, excepting always in the place where charity is supposed to begin. A man of this sort is called insane by the few who know the truth, but he knows far too well what he is about for any medical certificate to that effect to be obtained. Such homes may be environed with objects of luxury and refinement, and yet be the abodes of the most sordid hardships and the most withering terror. "One sinner destroyeth much good."

For all Temper, of whatever kind or degree, there is, humanly speaking, but one cure, and that is a worse. Crotchets, fidgets, nerves, sulks, even passion are wonderfully subdued by compulsory contact with worse crotchets, fidgets, nerves, sulks, and even passion. Shakspeare shows his knowledge of the human heart by making Petruchio possess a worse temper, or pretend to possess it, than Katherine. But the poor "Rogue" has no such chance left to him; not that one as bad as his own, or even worse might not possibly be found. But granting this, the cure would not be applicable, for each would be sure to give his rival a wide berth.

Charitable people will not fail to remind us that health has much to do with the symptoms we have been describing. Sir Henry Thompson says that "a man's temper depends on whether he digests his food well or ill." And, again, "an incompetent digestion engenders habits of selfishness and egotism;" but this polite, professional excuse does not apply to our "Rogue," whose strength is generally that of an ox, and his digestion that of an ostrich.

We hasten to conclude this uncomfortable chapter. But before so doing we must enquire what are the means existing for a cure—for the cure above mentioned, even if possible, is only temporary. The man possessed by that temper, which we have had the candour to own is a national malady, is as much to be pitied as the victim of any implacable, chronic disease; or, still worse, of



another terrible national propensity. The drunkard, between his bouts of drink, suffers intensely from depression, self-disgust, and returning thirst. In the few instances recorded of a cure, how has that cure been effected? He has perhaps taken the pledge, and the religious principle involved has given him the strength to keep it. But in his case certain counter-irritants have helped. He has been treated medically as well as spiritually. His drink being, as in most hospitals, cut off at once, tonics, and other innocuous stimulants have been provided which partially allay the craving. But the examples are not exactly parallel; for the one loves his temper far more than the other his drink. The drunkard knows that he is wrong, and is wretched; the Temper always thinks himself right, and is supremely happy. The one is as free as the other to take a pledge virtually between himself and his God, but, in the nature of things, he is less likely to do so. Supposing, however, for supposition's sake, that the Temper really does wish to conquer his enemy, what palliative is there in store for him? A very simple one, we reply. As the sin consists in the pain which his peculiar form of pleasure inflicts on sentient objects, so the counter-irritant is found in directing his evil weapons against non-sentient objects. It makes all the difference whether your lash falls on wood or iron, or on shrinking flesh. Let the owner of a temper fume and foam at countries and states—at Prussia, or still more at Russia—let him storm, stamp and snap at institutions, corporations, or even at Parliament. Let him point his malignant insinuations, his meanest sarcasms, his most virulent misrepresentations at clubs, at circulating libraries, at the Stores, or at Whiteley's shop; let him even level his worst tit-bits at newspapers, reviews and magazines, always scrupulously avoiding contributors, editors and publishers; but let him keep clear of that something in the human breast which is apt to wince at studied provocation and insult. If it be true this course will deprive him of the best part of his sport, but it will also save him from its consequences. A little perseverance in this direction will weaken the demon, even if it does not cast him out.

It may be remarked that no man or woman is entirely known until their last will and testament is published. This tells what life may only have partially disclosed, and sometimes takes the world by surprise. But the last will of the wretched "Rogue," with its careful *post-mortem* entailment of his worst tyranny, takes no one by surprise; least of all his victims. And so the poor

creature departs this world with the comforting conviction of having riveted the chains which it was his life's delight to forge. Or, who can tell! with a sudden "looking for of judgment," too late to avert, on which it is not for us to dwell.

It is the daughters of such miscalled homes who enlist our tenderest sympathy. What help is there when those "household laws" which should act for their shelter are turned against them? Who can protect them from their natural protector? The sons go forth for education and employment, and so partially escape; but the women remain to bear the burden of the day. All pine and fade; one or more die. Of those that weather the life, some of the loveliest of earth's saints are made. They stand too high for our compassion. That is best reserved for those unhappy beings who have so perverted the instincts of Nature.

And have we no word to say for the other side of the medal; for that so-called good temper which is in truth no temper at all, but rather a blessed combination of fine heart, noble self-control, and religious principle, which seeks the highest good of all beneath its rule? Homes thus governed do not depend, whatever some may think, on the amount of the income, but are found under lowly rulers who labour in the sun and rain. Whoever has seen a good man, greeted by his rejoicing children on his return from work, has seen what a heart can never forget. And if such happiness can dwell in the cottage, how much more in the mansion, where parental ambition can fulfil its highest and tenderest aspirations? But do such fortunate families always realize that they are fortunate? Do those favoured children always love, honour, and obey in the same proportion that the oppressed ones tremble, dread, and despair? The answer is disappointing. Favoured children, screened from every rude breath, are, on the contrary, though unconsciously and irresponsibly so, the least grateful of the human race. Sometimes, it must be added, the least dutiful; for there is always the risk that the tenderness which casts out their fear, will also cast out their obedience and their respect. It is a strait and narrow way which maintains parental authority without false indulgence or undue harshness, and there are not many who find it.

Finally, comes the thought which will obtrude, and must ever obtrude on all who attempt to reason on themselves or on their fellow-creatures—the thought, namely, of the differences of disposition between all who dwell here below—of the varying amount of moral and intellectual capital with which all enter

this life, and toil through it—differences entailed by causes unchosen by them, and strengthened or modified by surroundings equally unsought by them. Each alike in general outline of Sin and Suffering; each separate in those qualities which make the Individual. Here we touch that mystery which human nature can acknowledge, but never comprehend—the mystery of Evil. “Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?”

Robert Burns’ immortal words give the best secular answer to these involuntary questions.

“Then at the balance let’s be mute,  
We rarely can adjust it;  
What’s done we fairly may compute,  
But seldom what’s resisted.”



## SOCIAL BATH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA," "MAN PROPOSES," &c.



### CHAPTER IV.

IN the midst of all this pleasant fooling away of life in Bath—which, to an observer fresh from an unfallen world, must have resembled very much what the mock heroics of the insane represent to the sane person in our own sphere—in the midst of all this stilted ceremonial, duelling, gambling, card-sharping and dissipation generally, there ran another current of thought and action, highly disturbing and in direct opposition to it all. It appeared in the influence and efforts of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, a lady of high descent and extreme Calvinistic views. Bath was one of her important centres, from whence she issued many of what John Berridge styled her "Vatican Bulls" to the preachers whom she sent to all parts of the kingdom to arouse the sleeping nation from its ungodly slumbers ; she being, as he once dared to tell her, "more of a pope than a mother in Israel." But libel as her cruel creed was upon the Divine goodness, she is to be credited with the utmost sincerity.

Charged with such a creed as Calvin's, could Lady Huntingdon do less than she did ? She passed through the city of Bath as elsewhere, sounding the tocsin of impending and eternal doom ; alarming and arresting, by her preachers, all those insensible beings who are only to be reached through fear, and who now sat—Nero-like—fiddling, while the citadel of their immortal souls was in danger of everlasting burning. So long as a possibly "elect" fellow-creature could be snatched from the flames, could she eat, drink, and be merry with the rest ! She had the courage of her convictions. They were terrible, and, in the light of higher truth, untrue ; but some diseases need

stringent remedies. The fire of Lady Huntingdon's spirit was no doubt a cleansing one, and suitable for the social purification of the circles she strove to evangelise.

She was at all times a remarkable woman; high-spirited and determined. An undaunted energy characterized her spiritual warfare against the follies of the world, and the deafness of the majority to the clamours of conscience. She possessed a wonderful influence over people of her own set. Even the termagant Duchess of Marlborough was subdued by her, and writes confidently: "Your concern for my improvement in religious knowledge is very obliging, and I do hope that I shall be the better for all your excellent advice. God knows we all need mending, and none more than myself! I have lived to see great changes in the world—have acted a conspicuous part myself—and now hope, in my old days, to obtain mercy from God, as I never expect any from my fellow-creatures." Speaking of one of Whitfield's sermons she missed hearing, she says: "it might have been the means of doing me good; *for good, alas! I DO WANT!* but where among the corrupt sons and daughters of Adam am I to find it? Your Ladyship must direct me. You are all goodness and kindness, and I often wish I had a portion of it. Women of wit, beauty, and quality, cannot hear too many humiliating truths—they shock our pride. But we must die; we must converse with earth and worms."

In another letter she writes: "I hope you will shortly come and see me, and give me more of your company than I have had latterly. In truth, I always feel more happy and more contented after an hour's conversation with you, than I do after a whole week's round of amusement. When alone, my reflections and recollections almost kill me, and I am forced to fly to the society of those I detest and abhor. Now there is Lady Frances Saunderson's great rout to-morrow night; all the world will be there, and I must go. I do hate that woman as much as I hate a physician; but I must go, if for no other purpose than to mortify and spite her. This is very wicked, I know, but I confess all my little peccadilloes to you, for I know your goodness will lead you to be mild and forgiving, and perhaps my wicked heart may gain some good from you in the end. Lady Fanny has my best wishes for the success of her attack on that crooked perverse little wretch at Twickenham."

The crooked little wretch here alluded to was of course the poet Pope, the friend of Ralph Allen. To speak more correctly,

Allen was the friend of Pope; for Pope's friendships were, as Mr. Leslie Stephens has remarked, only "decorous fictions," as Ralph Allen found to his cost. But in the early days of their intimacy Allen could not apparently do enough to express his admiration for Pope's genius. He was liberal, both in money and hospitality, and gained in the end but one solid return, the unswerving love and friendship of Warburton. This came about through Pope, and was the result of an accident. Warburton, who started in life as an attorney's clerk, was a man of wide reading and culture, and, as all the world knows, became one of the leading theologians of his day. Keen and unsparing as a critic, he was at the same time so subtle in argument that he could find a reason for praising what at first he blamed; as when he veered round, and after condemning Pope's "Essay on Man," suddenly went on the other tack, and praised the poem, simply because a French critic had abused it. Pope loved him for this, and sought his friendship. Warburton meanwhile had entered the Church, and was a Lincolnshire parson when the accident arose which brought him to Bath. Pope was on a visit to Ralph Allen at the time, when he received a letter from Warburton, proposing to spend a few days with him at Twickenham. This was awkward, as Pope did not want to leave the hospitable roof of Prior Park, where he was made so much of, and yet he did not want to miss Warburton. He was embarrassed, and Ralph Allen, who was present when Pope read the letter, asked him the cause of his perplexity. Pope told him, and the difficulty was at once solved by an invitation from Allen to Warburton to join the party at Prior Park. It was thus Warburton paid his first visit to the splendid mansion he was destined later on to inherit.

Living with Ralph Allen at the time was his niece, Gertrude Tucker, with whom Warburton fell in love, and of whom he wrote as "one of the finest women in England, to whom to offer up his freedom was to be more than free!" No doubt! It was a fortunate day for Warburton when he first met Gertrude Tucker, as through his marriage with her he succeeded Ralph Allen at Prior Park, and inherited the greater part of his property; while there is very little doubt that he owed his preferment in the Church to Allen's influence with Pitt.

We get a pleasant glimpse of Mrs. Warburton from Mr. Cradock, who describes her in his 'Literary Memoirs' as "a most agreeable woman with engaging manners, who seemed to feel particular satisfaction in recounting the many excellences of the



Bishop ; now and then dwelling upon some ludicrous circumstances as well as more serious ones. Mr. Cradock and his wife frequently met Mrs. Warburton in Bath, and as they grew more intimate, Mr. Cradock ventured to tell her that Dr. Hurd (Bishop of Worcester) always wondered where Warburton met with certain anecdotes, with which not only his conversation, but his writings abounded. "I could readily have informed him," replied Mrs. Warburton, "for when we passed our winters in London, he would often, after his long and severe studies, send out for a whole basketful of books from circulating libraries ; and at times I have gone into his study and found him laughing, though alone ; and now and then he would double down some entertaining pages for my after amusement."

Warburton was a stout foe to Methodism, and was at issue with Lady Huntingdon and the "enthusiasts," as he called her and her following ; for, according to Warburton, a Christian needed the ladder of the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy in order to climb up into heaven. The discussions between Lady Huntingdon and himself at Prior Park were characterized by all the warmth usual to dogmatic opponents.

Lady Huntingdon's appearance in Bath was no less upsetting to Nash, as upsetting indeed as the cry of "fire" to an audience comfortably seated and enjoying the play. To stir up the sediment of Nash's conscience was a proceeding he found highly objectionable ! It threatened to interrupt rudely the harmony of his arrangements. When Nash therefore heard that John Wesley was about to preach in Bath, he made up his mind to take strong measures and put his foot down.

It was only right and proper that he should rid the city of such a fanatic. Religion, no doubt, he argued, was an extremely good thing on occasions, and in its proper place—in church, at death-beds, and so on—but to have it interfering with the all-important ceremonial of the Pump-room and Assembly Rooms, to say nothing of the gambling-tables, was intolerable ! Nash accordingly went down to Avon Street, where Wesley was to preach, in a room, to Lady Huntingdon's recruits—her chapel not yet being built. Entering the room before the congregation had arrived, he went up to Wesley and asked by what authority he was acting. He put the question in his capacity of King, whose duty it was to see that the happiness of his subjects was not rudely attacked. But Wesley was not overawed, and replied that his authority was given him by "Jesus Christ, conveyed by

the Archbishop of Canterbury when he laid his hands upon him and said—'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.'

Nash, however, affirmed that he was acting contrary to law. "Besides," he added, "your preaching frightens people out of their wits."

"Sir," replied Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?"

"No," said the Master of the Ceremonies.

"How then can you judge of what you never heard?"

"By common report," said Nash, stoutly.

"Sir," said Wesley, "is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report!"

The rebuff told home, and Nash, finding his position in the meeting-house and in the Pump-room were not exactly the same, withdrew considerably crestfallen.

But when a woman of title turns Evangelist and gathers all the aristocrats of a city round her, she becomes more or less a fashion, and from any fashionable circle Nash was not a man to be excluded. If the subject were uncongenial, the aroma of aristocracy, while listening to it, made it endurable. Nash was, therefore, a frequent guest at Lady Huntingdon's prayer meetings, and was once induced to sit out a sermon by Whitfield. The cry of "Saul among the prophets," uttered by his gay associates, soon killed Nash's nascent piety. They congratulated him on his conversion, and unmercifully rallied him on having turned Methodist. Verses were written on her Ladyship and Nash, which were fastened to the walls of the Pump and Assembly Rooms, while printed notices were circulated in every direction, stating that "the Countess of Huntingdon, attended by some saintly sister, purposed preaching at the Pump-room, and that Mr. Nash, henceforth to be known as the *Rev. Richard Nash*, was expected to preach in the evening at the Assembly Rooms. It was hoped the audience would be numerous, as a collection was intended for the late 'Master of the Ceremonies,' who was retiring from office."

To Lady Huntingdon this satire was a matter of perfect indifference. Not so to Nash, who could never again be induced to go to Lady Huntingdon's meetings; a pity this, as he was horribly afraid to die, and his alarm and apparent repentance whenever he was sick, was such as to recall the familiar couplet concerning the Prince of Darkness when similarly afflicted.

A very striking picture of Lady Huntingdon in Bath is given by Mrs. Shimmelpennick, the Port Royalist, whose mother, one

of the Quaker family of Barclay, was in Bath at that time. She describes a scene that took place one morning in the Pump-room, which was crowded at the time with a fashionable and distinguished throng. Into the midst of this assembly came a humble, simple woman of the Society of Friends, and began an address to all present on the vanities and follies of the world, and the insufficiency of dogmatic without spiritual religion. The company, startled by the novelty of the intrusion, paused in their talk and seemed utterly confounded. What did it mean? Nevertheless they kept silence and listened. She grew earnest as she proceeded, and as she denounced their darling follies there were heard sounds of resentment floating from mouth to mouth, that finally broke out into groans and hisses.

But among the throng, sitting in the seats set apart for the titled, was a lady with a stern, yet high-toned expression of face and of distinguished bearing. Her piercing glance rested on the speaker, as, sitting erect, she listened to every word. When the company began to hiss and groan, and manifest their displeasure by beating their sticks on the ground, with cries of "Down! down!" this lady rose from her seat, and with dignity made her way through the crowd, who formed an involuntary passage, down which she walked with stately steps. Going up to the speaker, she said, in a solemn tone of voice: "I thank you in my own name and in the name of all present for the faithfulness with which you have borne your testimony to the truth. I am not of your persuasion, nor has it been my belief that our sex are generally deputed to be teachers in public, but God who gives the rule can make the exception, and He has indeed put it into the hearts of all His children to honour and venerate His commission. Again I gratefully thank you."

Side by side with the woman, to protect her from the fashionable savages who had begun to intimidate her into silence with their cries of "Down! down!" did this Lady—Selina, Countess of Huntingdon—conduct her humble sister to the door of what must have seemed to the unwelcome herald, the portal of a fashionable Inferno.

Lady Chesterfield—a natural daughter of George I.—was one of Lady Huntingdon's most devoted adherents; not so Lord Chesterfield. He was a connection of hers, but she never succeeded in making him a convert. He was one of those men who worship "good form" above all gods. He never ridiculed or assailed Lady Huntingdon's religious opinions. On the

contrary, metaphorically speaking, he "raised his hat" to them, like the perfect courtier that he was, but he was impenetrable to all assaults of conscience from within, or exhortations from without. They glanced lightly from off the polished steel armour of his perfect self-possession and immorally-toned soul. In his heart he thought Lady Huntingdon a mad woman, and took care that her son, whose guardian he was, should not take after her, or inherit her craze for chapel-building and itinerant preachers. At the same time we hear of Lord Chesterfield and the young Lord Huntingdon as being present on several occasions when Whitfield, who was Lady Huntingdon's chaplain, preached in Bath. This he often did, and always at the house of a Mrs. Bevan.

Lord Chesterfield admired Mrs. Bevan. She was clever, had studied the deistical writers of the age, and could argue with his Lordship on this, his favourite topic. She easily and solidly refuted his plausible objections to revealed religion, but she writes from Bath to Lady Huntingdon to tell her that "Lord Chesterfield's inclinations to subvert Christianity had involved him in many inconsistencies." She then proceeds to give the nature of their arguments, and how Lord Chesterfield showed that he was reduced to the last distress by his general clamours and invectives against all historical evidence. At other times he would agree with her, declaring that never were any evidences more clear and convincing than those which attested the Divine origin of Christianity. Knowing Lady Huntingdon's anxiety to make a convert of his Lordship, Mrs. Bevan enters minutely into the subject in a lengthy letter, from which the above is a brief extract.

Lord Chesterfield's influence over Lady Huntingdon's son was pernicious to the end, and this excellent woman had to mourn over the infidelity of her child. As is too often the case, the influence that could rescue those at a distance was powerless at home.

As Lady Huntingdon's opinions and Methodism gained ground in Bath, and were represented by a chapel which was and is called by her name, she drew upon her following, if not upon herself, the implacable enmity of that "saucy prelate," as Walpole calls him, Warburton, who, as Bishop of Gloucester, wrote to one of Lady Huntingdon's preachers in the following manner:—

"I shall insist upon your constant residence in your parish, not so much for the good you are likely to do there, as to prevent your rambling about in other places."

"Your Bishop and (though your fanatical conduct has almost made me ashamed to own it) your patron,

"W. GLOUCESTER."

While talking of Lady Huntingdon, a letter of Lord Chesterfield to her on the subject of her preachers is worth quoting. It is dated June 18, O.S. 1749.

"Really there is no resisting your Ladyship's importunities. It would ill become me to censure your enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Whitefield. His eloquence is unrivalled—his zeal inexhaustible, and not to admire both would argue a total absence of taste, and an insensibility not to be coveted by anybody. Your Ladyship is a powerful auxiliary to the Methodist Cabinet; and I confess, notwithstanding my own private feeling and sentiments, I am infinitely pleased at your zeal in so good a cause. You must have twenty pounds for this new Tabernacle, whenever you think proper to demand it—but I must beg *my name* not to appear *in any way*."

Lord Chesterfield was in Bath when Mrs. Shemmelpennick's mother, already referred to, was a child there. They lived near each other; the Barclays having a house in the South Parade. He was very fond of this little girl, and would often play with her, frequently choosing her as his companion. He was an old man at the time, as it was not long before his death. The child amused the weary courtier, who seemed to enjoy exchanging the hollow intercourse of the heartless world for the freshness of this little girl's society. "Nothing," we are told, "could exceed his kindness to her." In after years she remembered and described his notice of her as "exquisite in tact, delicacy and polish."

Among the most remarkable instances of Lady Huntingdon's power over wicked people is her meeting with a celebrated woman living then in Bath, who accosted her one day in the street and asked her where she was living. Lady Huntingdon stopped and spoke to the old lady, but forgot to ask her name, yet arranged to see her when she called. They parted, and Lady Huntingdon saw and heard nothing further of the stranger until a year later, when she received a letter handed to her by Viscount Tyrconnel, the nephew of the old lady in question, entreating Lady Huntingdon to visit her, as she was at the point of death. She reminds her in the letter that she had accosted her in Bath, but was unable to call, as it had been arranged, in consequence of her having been seized with a serious illness the very next day.



"I thought I should have died," she writes. "Even now, whilst I write, shuddering horror steals over me at the recollection of what I then endured from the terrifying apprehension of an alarmed conscience : when you call to mind some transactions in the life of the miserable individual who now addresses you, perhaps you will recoil with disgust from any association with a being so depraved and so debased. But oh, dear madam ! recollect for a moment that I am touching my last hour, and that the prospect is as dark and dreary as the tomb to which I am rapidly hastening ! I tremble, yes, my knees smite against each other, at the apprehension of the sentence I must receive at the awful tribunal before which I must so soon appear."

This letter was signed "Anne Brett," *ci-devant* Countess of Macclesfield, and known as the unnatural mother of Richard Savage, who was at the time languishing in gaol at Bristol where, for a debt of £8, he ultimately died, and was buried at the expense of his gaolers. It is an interesting revelation of the mind of a cruel woman, whose vice and inhumanity were so instrumental in the ruin of her unfortunate son. It shows also the influence Lady Huntingdon had gained in Bath as a Court of Spiritual Appeal in the minds of those whom conscience and terror had called in imagination before the Judgment-seat. Nothing now remains of the once powerful position this lady held in Bath but the painting of her name over the door of the chapel which she erected. But this serves as a lasting epitaph to the memory of a woman who was remarkable for her singleness of purpose, and readiness to sacrifice herself and her fortune for what she believed to be the service of God.

Nash, too—who seems as irrepressible in narrative as he was in life—was also trying to tread the paths of peace in another way by putting an end to duelling. He began by attacking the fashion of wearing swords among the gentlemen when in society—wily man—because it did such injury to the ladies' dresses ! This was the ostensible reason ; the fact being that it was not an uncommon thing to see two gentlemen in the heat of argument, or disputing over cards, or the merits of a lady, whip out their swords and try to kill each other on the spot. Nash was determined—to use his own expression—to "hinder people from doing what they had no mind to." For a long time the gentlemen refused to listen to his appeal, until a circumstance occurred which compelled them to take heed. It was an affair at the gaming-table between two men, whose names are



immaterial now; suffice it that in the heat of dispute they thirsted for each other's blood as well as money, and adjourned for satisfaction to the Grove—it was not then, as now, called Orange Grove—where by torchlight, and under the sacred Abbey walls, they fought with swords, until one ran the other through the body, stanching the wound done to his feelings by bathing it in the blood of his enemy.

Such a transaction, under the very nose of polite society, was a shock to Bath. Hitherto, all the blood-letting for honour's sake had been carried on at a judicious distance from the city, necessitating a carriage and post-horses and postillions, with seconds and sundries, to take the belligerents to an adjacent suburb, where their ghosts could wander at will by night along the downs of Claverton and terrify only the harmless animals pasturing there. But to intrude their shades into the very centre of the town was an offence to peace-loving Nash, who took every care that the ladies should not be terrified, whether by Wesley, or ghosts, or duels, without remonstrance. So the edict went forth against duelling generally and swords in particular. Men after this were forbidden the use of swords at all in society. They might quarrel and call each other out as much as they pleased, but so surely as they did, so surely was Nash on the watch, and had them arrested for a breach of the peace.

It is time now that Pope should be seen as he flitted to and fro in Bath, where, as the friend of Ralph Allen, he played a part not at all to his credit. But then, in any judgment of Pope's character, his own verdict of himself "that his whole life had been but one long disease" must always be borne in mind. There is a tradition that a certain villa at the foot of Lyncombe Hill, enclosed in walls, was once Pope's residence, and that he used to come here from time to time for the benefit of his health; but this is open to doubt. He professed to have disliked the city, according to a letter written to Richardson, who was staying at one time in Bath, and to whom Pope writes:—"but for the news of my quitting Twitnam (*sic*) for Bath, inquire into my years if they are past the bounds of dotage. Ask my eyes if they can see, and my nostrils if they can smell—to prefer rocks and dirt to flowery meads and silver Thames, and brimstone fogs to roses and sunshine? When I arrive at these sensations, I may settle at Bath, of which I never yet dreamt, further than to live out of the sulphurous pit, at the edge of the fogs at Mr. Allen's for a month or so. I like the place so little, that health itself should not

draw me thither, though friendship has twice or thrice." Nevertheless, Warburton gives several of Pope's letters dated from Bath—one to Swift, saying, "I have passed six weeks in quest of health and found it not." Another to Miss Martha Blount, in which he says:—"From the window where I am seated, I can command the prospect of twenty or thirty (ladies) in one of the first promenades in the world—I have slid, I cannot tell how, into all the amusements of this place; my whole day is shared by the Pump, Assembly, the walks, the chocolate-houses, raffling-shops, plays, medleys, &c." This would lead one to believe he did occupy the villa at Lyncombe, whose upper rooms would command a view of the "walks" and the South Parade where the ladies promenaded.

Pope's famous, or rather infamous lines on Allen, whose generosity of heart and admiration for his genius had loaded the poet with benefits, are an instance of the crookedness of his nature, let his panegyrists say what they will. Allen was a worshipper of cultured men and men of genius, and when Curll published "Pope's Letters," the publication of which created so much dispute, Allen admired them so much that he longed to know the writer. With all the ardour of a generous nature, he believed that what flowed from a man's pen must needs be dictated by his heart. Without guile himself, he read in these letters—so full of benevolence and purity of purpose—Pope's real sentiments, and felt that here, at last—in a world not too bountifully endowed with them—was a fine and worthy soul! He spared no pains in seeking him out; placing his house and himself at the poet's service whenever he felt disposed to use them. Further, when Pope talked of bringing out an "authorised edition of the famous Letters, Allen begged to be allowed to bear the expense! Allen had reason to think in Pope's case as many do, that it is as well not to see one's literary gods too near, since few of them are found on closer view to be, "*pace* Wordsworth, a spirit and *an author* too;" least of all Pope, whose flow of sentiment was equal to his command of language, but whose spiritual nature partook seemingly of the attenuation and crookedness of his body. He might surely have found a more fitting word than "low-born" to prefix to his generous friend.

"Let low-born Allen with ingenuous shame  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

How different was Fielding in his appreciation of Allen we

shall show later on. Pope's couplet recalls the man who knocks his friend down in a joke, and is surprised to find it hurts him. Warburton took Pope to task for his want of taste, which caused him to modify the "low-born" into "humble," as there are men in the world who would prefer to commit a deadly sin to being guilty of a breach of good taste.

Miss Martha Blount, or Patty Blount, as she was familiarly called, had somewhat to answer for in the rupture that took place between Allen and Pope. Allen did nothing by halves. When he opened his house, his purse and his heart to Pope, he gave the reversion of these favours in a measure to Pope's friends. Miss Patty, whose relation to Pope was recognized as a platonic friendship, was also invited to Prior Park, with the poet. On one occasion when they were staying there together, Pope went to Bristol for a few days. During his absence, Miss Patty, who was a Roman Catholic, asked Mr. Allen to allow her the use of his "chariot" to go to service at the Romish Church. Allen was Mayor of Bath at the time, and a staunch Protestant. Popery was an offence to the nation, and there was a strong feeling on the subject in Bath. To have his chariot seen standing outside the "house of Rimmon" would, Allen knew, create a great scandal in the town and reflect upon him in his civic capacity. He regretted, therefore, to be compelled to refuse the favour Miss Patty demanded. She was incensed at this. It was an insult to her Church no less than to herself to be thus refused. So much did she resent it, that on Pope's return from Bristol, she induced him to see the offence from her point of view, and so worked upon him that they left the house abruptly together. Miss Patty, never a favourite at Prior Park at the best of times, was not invited again. To the irregularities of genius, Allen was ready to extend his forgiveness, and Prior Park was still open to Pope, if closed to his "dear friend." This, no doubt, increased Miss Patty's resentment, and she was the cause of the final rupture between the friends. It was on the last visit, as it proved, that Pope was invited to make to Prior Park, that he wrote to Ralph Allen to lend him the manor house at Batheaston, in order that Miss Martha Blount might be near him. To this request Allen sent a most emphatic refusal, which ended all further intercourse between the once warm friends. Miss Patty, according to Johnston and Ruffhead, made reconciliation impossible, by refusing to have anything more to say to Pope if he did not finally break with Allen. She carried her

resentment, it is said, to the point of refusing even a legacy from Pope unless he cancelled his debt of obligation to Allen for the hospitality he had received, by leaving him a sum of money equivalent to the outlay of their entertainment, which they calculated at £150! It was a stroke of refined cruelty to thus make a man sting his friend from his grave. Allen received the legacy, which he paid into the funds of the Bath Hospital, remarking, as he did so:—"Pope was at all times a bad accountant, and that, unfortunately, if he had intended the legacy in the light of a debt, he had omitted to add a cipher to the amount!"

We are inclined to think that Miss Patty, also, carried her resentment across the borderland of this life, for in a most extraordinary manner, Ralph Allen's refusal of his chariot to carry her to a Romish place of worship seems to have met with a curious retaliation; as if, indeed, Miss Patty on leaving the mansion abruptly and in anger, had uttered a silent curse on its owner which is now in process of fulfilment. For not the least pitiable feature of the social decadence of this interesting old city lies in the ultimate fate of this once beautiful mansion. Instead of being as it once was the centre of a cultured sociability, it now resembles a shabby temple from which all life and light have fled, grieving silently for the "days that are no more," as if mourning that its once princely hospitalities are for ever at an end—now that it has become the property of the Church of Rome!

Shades of Ralph Allen and Warburton, only to think of it! The house which once rang with the genial laugh and brilliant epigram of a symposium of wit, beauty, and learning, now echoing only to a dry routine of education and priestly rule; and where the voice and form of woman is never suffered to penetrate, save as an implement of service! Surely it is not without reason we trace the avenging spirit of Miss Patty Blount—and possibly Pope's—in this cruel turn of fortune. For the measure of a judgment must always be weighed by its power to afflict; and to have seen the ultimate fate of his cherished home must surely have taken all the sweetness out of Allen's life, could he have known it.

At the same time, while narrating these episodes as interesting coincidences in the light of subsequent events, it is only just to Miss Patty's memory to give her side of the question, which we are able to do on the authority of Spence, who was the intimate personal friend—the Boswell, in fact—of Pope. To him Miss

Blount declared that she had never read Pope's will ; that he had told her of the part relating to Allen, and that she had tried in vain to get him to leave it out. With regard to the Allens, she said—to give her own words:—"They often invited me to their house, and I took an opportunity of paying them a visit. I soon observed a strangeness of behaviour in them. They used Mr. Pope very rudely, and Mr. Warburton with double complaisance, and me they used very oddly in a stiff over-civil manner. I asked Mr. Pope whether he had observed their usage of him . . . he said he had not, and that the people had got some odd thing or other in their heads. This oddness continued as long as we stayed."

We can quite believe it! To understand the mystery we must "*chercher la femme*." The situation becomes clear when the characteristic antagonisms of the actors in the social drama unfold. Mrs. Allen, as hostess, was the culprit. The orthodox married woman of limited intelligence and rigid principles was no doubt scandalized that a man and woman should be so "friendly," and nothing matrimonial come of it. To Mrs. Allen's mind a platonic attachment was as incomprehensible, we suspect, as a stiff proposition in Euclid. She had an uncomfortable sense, therefore, that in receiving Miss Patty under her roof with Pope, she was openly sacrificing to the improprieties, and this would account at once for her armour of stiffness with the covering of over-civility to hide it. We can imagine her confiding her scruples to Warburton, the excellent Churchman, whose orthodoxy had passed into a proverb. Although well acquainted with the Christian doctrine of brotherly love, any exhibition of it between a man and a woman he, in all probability, regarded as a moral impossibility, and a bad example for his pretty young wife to witness. The situation was embarrassing, to say the least of it, and pregnant with "oddness," they were unable to conceal. Excellent Allen, too, full of generous sentiments and allowing wide latitude to the poet, we can imagine him shrugging his shoulders when in solemn conclave they discussed the "odd friendship" of their guests. Given these opposing elements—what could Miss Patty expect but a strangeness of behaviour, a struggle to be polite in the face of a disposition to be the reverse, which roused her anger to vindictive lengths? For, despite her denials, it is generally believed she was guilty of the revenge imputed to her; a woman, doubted, slighted or scorned, so rarely forgives!

(To be continued.)



## STRAY CHILDREN IN FICTION.

THERE has been no more marked feature in the development of the literature of the age than the numbers of books written about children for children. Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford; Mrs. Sherwood's Idiot Boy; the Fairchild Family, their sins and punishments; Rosamond, of purple-jar celebrity; Frank and Lazy Lawrence, have passed away, and have been succeeded by a new generation, countless as the sands of the sea-shore.

Among these children of a later age we have all got our friends and favourites, familiar and dear to us as the children of our own households. We know them intimately, enjoy their humours and caprices, suffer in their sorrows, rejoice in their happiness, and find it hard to be comforted for their loss. Have we not laughed and wept over Humphrey and Miles, over Jackanapes and Rupert? is not Alice immortal in that Wonderland she has made so real to us?

In thinking over our friends in fiction, the sound of these child voices, their peals of laughter, and their unavailing, passionate tears come home to us with as keen a sense of reality as the deeper but not more poignant emotions of their elders.

But these are not the children, nor is this literature the fiction alluded to in the title of this article. It is of those other

"limber elves,  
Singing, dancing to themselves,"

through the pages of novels in no wise devoted to their doings and sayings, of whom I would speak—children who serve no dramatic end, whose existence, or cessation from existence (as in the case of little Nell and Paul Dombey), fulfils no pathetic purpose, but who dance and sing to themselves with the frank egotism of childhood, unconscious of the plots weaving around them, indifferent to the struggles, loves and hates of the men and women, at whose side they disport themselves.



- Such a child is Henry Ashton, the young brother of the Bride of Lammermoor. He flits in and out of the pages of that great tragedy, with true childlike indifference to every matter of graver import than the number of tynes on the branches of the deer killed by Lord Bittlebrains' hounds, or his new pony brought from the Mull of Galloway, or the ring-walk being laid out by Norman the keeper. Only once does a note of the deep chord of tragedy, inevitable and heavy with fate, strike on his ear. When he first sees the Master of Ravenswood, his usual self-assurance leaves him; he is timid and subdued, as if conscious of an impending doom, and his awe-struck allusions to Sir Malise Ravenswood and the family motto "I bide my time," accentuate the gloom of the situation. But in the fresh air of the woods his spirits return. Sir Malise and his vengeance are forgotten. Henry chases hares, investigates the habits of badgers, makes embarrassing and audible asides about old Alice, and finally departs to superintend the making of the ring-walk, leaving the lovers to work out their own sad destiny. When, a few pages further on, a dead raven, shot by an arrow from Henry's cross-bow, falls at the Master's feet, and Lucy's dress is stained with some spots of blood, what in Wagner phraseology would be termed the "Bride-Motif" is distinctly heard, ominous and full of tragic meaning; but Henry is far too intent on impressing on them the length of the shot and the excellence of his aim, to care for omens or portents. In the same spirit of boundless, boyish self-complacency, he thrusts himself upon his sister, on the ill-fated day when the wedding deeds with Buckland are to be signed, with a detailed account of his own finery, his scarlet coat and laced hat, interspersed with vague generalities on the conduct of brides, and cheerful prognostications for Lucy's future. But on the marriage morning, when she mounts the pillion behind him, the touch of her cold hand on his, leaves an impression on him that he never forgets.

Somewhere in 'Vanity Fair,' in a page of moralising on the final act in the drama of life, and the comparative indifference of the spectators, occur these lines, "We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon, our love and pity gush out for Benjamin, the little one." In this spirit Thackeray treats the children, whom we have learnt to know and love in his pages. How his heart yearns over little Rawdon Crawley, motherless, in the saddest sense of the word! We can forgive Becky everything more readily than her treatment of the little boy who worshipped

her; to whom her rare visits were as the apparition of a being, from a superior world; to whom her room, with its ornaments, mirrors, and dresses, was the entrance to a fairyland. On Molly, the devoted housemaid, he lavished his caresses; his feelings to his father were a mixture of *camaraderie* and hero-worship; but his mother was the object of his idolatry. Every morning he sat beside his father, watching him shave, with the unfailing interest of a child, that makes their "do it again" more terrible in its importunity than it is flattering in its appreciation. It was only on rare occasions that he was with his mother, when he drove with her in the Park, gazing at her from the opposite seat in silent, reverential admiration; or when she looked in upon him for a minute in his nursery in the upper regions. Almost our first introduction to Rawdon junior is in this up-stairs room, where he and his father play together very quietly, so as not to awake his mother.

"The room was a low room, and once, when the child was not five years old, his father, who was tossing him wildly up in his arms, hit the poor little chap's skull so violently against the ceiling, that he almost dropped the child, so terrified was he at the disaster. Rawdon minor had made up his face for a tremendous howl—the severity of the blow indeed authorized that indulgence; but just as he was going to begin, the father interposed—

" 'For God's sake, Rawdy, don't wake mamma!' he cried. And the child, looking in a very hard and piteous way at his father, bit his lips, clenched his hands, and didn't cry a bit."

How does Becky repay this devotion?

"One day, when he was standing at the landing-place, having crept down from the upper regions, attracted by the sound of his mother's voice, who was singing to Lord Steyne, the drawing-room door opening wide discovered the little spy, who but a moment before had been rapt in delight, and listening to the music.

"His mother came out and struck him violently a couple of boxes on the ear. He heard a laugh from the Marquis in the inner room (who was amused by this free and heartless exhibition of Becky's temper), and fled down below to his friends of the kitchen, bursting in an agony of grief.

" 'It is not because it hurts me,' little Rawdon gasped out, 'only—only——' sobs and tears wound up the sentence in a storm. It was the little boy's heart that was bleeding. 'Why

mayn't I hear her singing? Why don't she ever sing to me—as she does to that bald-headed man with the large teeth?"

No wonder that that blow did more than make his ears tingle. It was the death-blow to the loving little fellow's feelings to his mother, and it makes our blood boil now to read of it. We like to think of him shortly after, wrapped up by the faithful Briggs in shawl and comforter, and seated beside his father on the box of the carriage driving to Queen's Crawley. Here he is promoted from dinner in the kitchen to the dining-room; he takes part in prayers for the first time in his life, and he attaches himself to his kind aunt, Lady Jane, lavishing on her the love that Becky had rejected. From that time we are happier about him. When he goes to school, his frank, open, generous nature wins him many friends; and it is for the father deprived of his beloved little companion that our pity is awakened. When poor old Rawdon goes to Coventry Island, he writes regularly to his boy, and tries in his foolish, blundering fashion to repay Lady Jane's goodness to the child, with gifts of guava jelly, cayenne pepper, and hot pickles. If no one else cared about the poor exile, at least little Rawdon got satisfaction from reading accounts of "His Excellency" in the papers his father sent home.

In spite of the wealth of affection lavished on him by his mother, Georgy Osborne is a much less lovable child than Rawdon; indeed, we could find it in our heart to dislike and despise him, had not a larger heart and head willed it otherwise. The contempt Thackeray feels for George's handsome, weak father descends in a measure to the son; but he relents to the "Benjamin" in him, and in spite of his egotism, vanity, and domineering ways, George junior will grow up a better and a stronger man than his father, a man, in fact, very like Pendennis. He may even develop the literary talents of our friend Pen, to judge by the sonorous periods, and apt historical illustrations of his theme on Selfishness. A fine imaginative strain, too, is not lacking, as shown in the accounts he gives his fond and credulous mother of his encounter with the Baker's lad (described as a giant), and other feats of valour performed in single combat against his fellow-pupils at the Rev. Mr. Binny's.

In most little boys there is something suggestive of a Newfoundland puppy, their love of motion for motion's sake, their little short unmeaning runs and gambols, and affectionate, uncouth caresses; but Master Georgy's antics are rather those of a per-

forming dog. His manhood asserts itself, however, in the way he lords it over both his grandfathers, and in his airs of superiority with his gentle, adoring mother. But what could be expected of a little boy who has "carriage friends" calling on him at Mr. Veal's classical establishment? Still the boy has a saving sense of humour, and the snubs from circumstances which he cannot fail to get in 'Vanity Fair,' will in time reduce his swagger and braggadocio; besides, he is really fond of his mother, and devoted to Dobbin. We never like him so well as when he bursts into tears in the public streets of Pumpnickel (there is a savour of paradox about the expression!), when his kind old friend drives away, with a pain at his heart greater than George will ever be capable of feeling.

In the concluding chapter in 'Barry Lyndon' two consecutive pages are headed "The soft place in my heart," and "I lose my last hope in life." They are an account of the death of poor little Bryan. His father had given him on his tenth birthday a beautiful but very high-spirited horse, threatening at the same time to flog him if he ever mounted it without his permission. The child, brought up with no idea of obedience or discipline, started early one morning to ride him, in spite of his father's threat. What followed must be told in Thackeray's own words:

"I took a great horsewhip and galloped off after him in a rage, swearing I would keep my promise. But, heaven forgive me! I little thought of it, when at three miles from home I met a sad procession coming towards me; peasants mourning and howling as our Irish do, the black horse led by the hand, and, on a door that some of the folks carried, my poor dear, dear little boy. There he lay in his little boots and spurs, and his little coat of scarlet and gold. His dear face was quite white, and he smiled as he held a hand out to me, and said, painfully, 'You won't whip me, will you, papa?' I could only burst out into tears in reply. I have seen many and many a man dying, and there's a look about the eyes which you cannot mistake. There was a little drummer-boy I was fond of, who was hit down before my company at Kühnersdorf; when I ran up to give him some water, he looked exactly like my dear Bryan then did—there's no mistaking that awful look of the eyes. We carried him home, and scoured the country round for doctors to come and look at his hurt.

"But what does the doctor avail in a contest with the grim invincible enemy? Such as came could only confirm our despair

by their account of the poor child's case. He had mounted his horse gallantly, sat him bravely all the time the animal plunged and kicked, and, having overcome his first spite, ran him at a hedge by the road-side. But there were loose stones at the top, and the horse's foot caught among them, and he and his brave little rider rolled over together at the other side. The people said they saw the noble little boy spring up after his fall, and run to catch the horse; which had broken away from him, kicking him on the back, as it would seem, as they lay on the ground. Poor Bryan ran a few yards, and then dropped down as if shot. A pallor came over his face, and they thought he was dead. But they poured whisky down his mouth, and the poor child revived. Still he could not move; his spine was injured; the lower half of him was dead when they laid him in bed at home. The rest did not last long, God help me! He remained yet for two days with us; and a sad comfort it was to think that he was in no pain.

"During this time the dear angel's temper seemed quite to change; he asked his mother and me pardon for any act of disobedience he had been guilty of towards us; he said often he should like to see his brother Bullingdon. 'Bully was better than you, papa,' he said; 'he used not to swear so, and he told and taught me many good things, while you were away.' And taking a hand of his mother and mine in each of his little clammy ones, he begged us not to quarrel so, but love each other, so that we might meet again in heaven, where Bully told him quarrelsome people never went."

Sad as little Bryan's death is, his life with such a father must have been infinitely sadder.

Dickens' name at once calls up some inimitable pictures of child-life. We could almost wish that David Copperfield had never grown up, so delightful is his childhood. "Wot larx" we have had with Pip and Joe Gargery, and how we have suffered with poor little Oliver Twist! but none of these are "stray children." A few such there are, like the delightful infant phenomenon twirling and pirouetting across the scenes of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' but, as Mr. Crummles truly said, "She must be seen, sir,—seen—to be ever so faintly appreciated." And who but Dickens can show her to us, or her contemporaries the little Kenwigs, or the fat boy, or Tommy Bardell? When the infant phenomenon goes with Miss Snevellicci to call on the Borums, Master Augustus Borum is discovered pinching her to find out whether she was



real. Tested by this final appeal to flesh and blood, perhaps none of Dickens' children are real, but they are none the less delightful, entertaining, and unique.

No more perfect account of child-life has ever been drawn, than the story of Maggie and Tom Tulliver's early days at the 'Mill on the Floss;' or of little golden-haired Eppie, her naughtiness and her repentance in the coal-hole; but with them, as with Pauline in 'Villette,' and Molly in 'Wives and Daughters,' "the child is father of the man." We feel about them as we do about our own contemporaries; we have been young with them, and we have grown up together. They were the companions of our childhood, they are the friends of our riper years.

Some delightful "stray children" there are, bound between the yellow-backed boards of 'Ravenshoe,' if indeed the word "bound" can be applied to beings who are a law unto themselves, and who refuse to be shackled by the most ordinary conventions of a nineteenth-century civilization. No one who has read that book can have forgotten Lord Charles Herries' children, Flora, Gus, and Archie; and if any one has not read it, well, life has still a pleasure in store for him. There is an originality about the deeds and misdeeds of these children, which leads us to *tout pardonner*, though it is more difficult with our limited imagination to *tout comprendre*. Why should they have chosen a church-pew during the double-wedding ceremony as the scene of their most signal defiance of discipline and order? We are not surprised when Archie takes a header from his hassock among the free-seats, little boys being apt illustrations of the law of gravity; and Flora's strong dramatic sense has prepared us for an outburst from her, in any character but *in propria persona*; but our nerves are not strung up to bear Gus's behaviour without astonishment. He has already struck dismay into the heart of his attendant by the display of a large tin trumpet; but this unsuspecting man had been thrown off his guard by a reassuring whisper from Flora, to the effect that he would probably not blow it till the organ began. Her sisterly faith, however, was doomed to receive a rude shock. Hear what follows.

"He had disappeared. And the pew door had never opened, and I was utterly unconscious. Gus had crawled upon all-fours under the seat of the pew, until he was opposite the calves of his sister's legs, against which calves, *horresco referens*! he put his trumpet, and blew a long, shrill blast. Flora behaved very well and courageously. She only gave one long, wild shriek, as



from a lunatic in a padded cell at Bedlam, and then hurling her prayer-book at him, she turned round and kicked him in the face."

Tennyson's 'Spinster,' among other less obvious causes for self-complacency, congratulates herself on never having been troubled with children—

"A haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saaying ondecnt things."

Poor Joan, in Miss Broughton's novel, had to dispense with this extenuating circumstance of the unmarried state. Even Montacute, in other respects a nice, studious little boy, worries her on a hot Sunday's walk to church with perplexing questions about the Equator, and pries with unnecessary curiosity into the family history of the Georges. His brother and sister do not confine their inquiries to subjects historical and geographical. When Rupert is not preparing booby-traps for Faustine, or reciting the ignoble lay of Mr. Lobsky (mercifully he has only learnt one verse from his friend James, the footman) he is enlarging his knowledge of human nature by questions such as, "Do husbands and wives always quarrel?" "I wonder if you will ever have a husband?" "Is Papa a Yahoo?" and so *da capo*. These children tamper, too, with the Unseen, and draw anything but exhilarating or dignified conclusions as to Joan's and their own future, from the mystic numbers of cherry-stones. Miss Broughton's children are always amusing and natural, but they win our laughter rather than our love. One exception there is, Franky in 'Doctor Cupid.' His sister Lily is merely a younger sister of Faustine Smith Deloraine; but Franky is different, a dear, natural, generous little boy, whose sacrifice to the dramatic exigencies of the story we deplore.

A strange, precocious, unlovable specimen of childhood comes to us across the Atlantic, in the person of Randolph C. Miller, the brother of the fascinating and enigmatic Daisy. There is nothing enigmatic about Randolph. His strictures on men and things are characterized by audacious frankness. When he asserts that his father is "in a better place than Europe," our ignorance of Schencetady, the abode of Ezra B. Miller, makes it impossible for us to take up his challenge. But it is somewhat satisfactory to learn that "this old Europe" (the words are Randolph's own) and its climate, are having destructive effects on his teeth. We could almost wish that some more vital organ had been attacked; and we are more than usually resigned to

the misfortunes of others, when he announces that he is suffering from dyspepsia, and that his symptoms are worse than those of his mother, or of Ezra B., notwithstanding that the latter is able to enjoy the ministrations of Dr. Davis of Schencetady. We hope that Randolph may speedily return to the medical care of this excellent man, by the *City of Richmond*, the steamer that brought him across the Atlantic, and the one thing in "this old Europe" that has met with his approbation ; unless, indeed, he finds a shorter and swifter passage out of this old world.

In Miss Thackeray's novels there is a constant sound of children's voices, a patter of children's feet ; but I can at this moment only remember one child whom we identify, Catherine's little French step-son Toto, in 'The Village on the Cliff.'

The potentate of the nursery, lord of his own dominions, and ruler of the persons of his family at such times as he deigns to appear among them, has been so admirably described by Mr. James Payn in his account of "the Great Baba" in 'Under one Roof,' that I cannot refrain from quoting part of the paragraph that ushers us in to his babyship's august presence.

"That he considered himself by very far the most important personage on this terrestrial planet is certain (and no wonder), and we are also inclined to believe that (in spite of appearances) he also deemed himself the first even in chronological order. It was his imperial humour to conceive himself the sole repository of information, and he imparted it in infinitesimal quantities to the world at large, and with the air of a teacher. When a horse passed him, he would observe to his attendants 'Gee-Gee,' with a wave of his small hand, as though to impress it upon their attention. 'I have named that quadruped, you observe' (he seemed to say), 'and mind you don't forget it.' He was equally at home with Science as with Nature, and, on once meeting with a steam-roller in London, remarked, 'Puff, puff,' in a precisely similar manner."

Throughout the three volumes of 'Under one Roof,' we always hail the Great Baba's remarks with a delight that would be gratifying even to his adoring family. These remarks have no literary merit ; the Great Baba is regardless of the beggarly elements of grammar and orthography ; they often belong to the class of personalities, and are conceived in a spirit of frank directness ; yet none the less do we sympathize with the appreciative emotion shown by his relations and friends on hearing them. At one juncture the tangled skein of the story

rests for a moment in the Great Baba's fat, podgy, little hands. He handles the meshes with the firmness and decision of a single-minded nature, and only at the bribe of macaroons does he relinquish his hold on the thread of destiny.

America could afford to send us Randolph C. Miller when she kept on her own side of the Atlantic, Pearl, the fascinating, elfish child, who dances alongside of her sorrow-stricken mother through the pages of 'The Scarlet Letter.' Is she child, or is she sprite, this vivid, glowing little creature, of fantastic mood, and wayward, fitful tenderness; of unaccountable caprices, and strange, childlike impulses; now bowing and becking to her own image in the pool, or wreathing her hair with sea-weed or wild flowers, and next moment eluding her mother's caresses, and wounding her deepest feelings with an almost impish malignancy? She is a creature by herself, made up "of spirit, fire, and dew," yet strongly earthly and human in her childish loves and hates, and gusty fits of passion. She hovers on the borderland of the Real and the Unreal, like those two elusive little boys, "the children in black" (in one of Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers'), who baffle all our efforts to grasp their identity, and solve the sad mystery of their young lives. Very real they are to us, those two little men, beautifully dressed as we first saw them, with their handsome, aristocratic-looking mother; squalid and neglected when we meet one of them a fortnight later in Venice; shabby and miserable in charge of a fierce-looking father when we part with them a week after at a side station on the Semmerin Pass. Who were they? What had happened to them in the short interval? Were they real or only "Dream Children"? like those visionary little beings, the creatures of Charles Lamb's tender fantasy, who claim so large a place in our human sympathies, though we know them to belong to the land of shadows and mists, the dim visionary world of the Might-have-been.

And so, too, with that other dream-child, "die kleine todte Veronika," of Heine's 'Reisebilder.' We long to know more of her, but when we put out our hand to take her little soft one, we clasp air. She is an "ombre vane fuor che nell' aspetto." She is nothing but an idea and a memory, this little Veronika with the still eyes, whose name recurs at intervals throughout the book, touching our heart and striking our imagination. We hear her spoken of by "die schöne Johanna," and see her lying in her tiny coffin, with the look of peace on her white smiling face, but we never know more of her as a little living child, and yet the

the misfortunes of others, when he announces that he is suffering from dyspepsia, and that his symptoms are worse than those of his mother, or of Ezra B., notwithstanding that the latter is able to enjoy the ministrations of Dr. Davis of Schencetady. We hope that Randolph may speedily return to the medical care of this excellent man, by the *City of Richmond*, the steamer that brought him across the Atlantic, and the one thing in "this old Europe" that has met with his approbation ; unless, indeed, he finds a shorter and swifter passage out of this old world.

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"That he considered himself by very far the most important personage on this terrestrial planet is certain (and no wonder), and we are also inclined to believe that (in spite of appearances) he also deemed himself the first even in chronological order. It was his imperial humour to conceive himself the sole repository of information, and he imparted it in infinitesimal quantities to the world at large, and with the air of a teacher. When a horse passed him, he would observe to his attendants 'Gee-Gee,' with a wave of his small hand, as though to impress it upon their attention. 'I have named that quadruped, you observe' (he seemed to say), 'and mind you don't forget it.' He was equally at home with Science as with Nature, and, on once meeting with a steam-roller in London, remarked, 'Puff, puff,' in a precisely similar manner."

Throughout the three volumes of 'Under one Roof,' we always hail the Great Baba's remarks with a delight that would be gratifying even to his adoring family. These remarks have no literary merit ; the Great Baba is regardless of the beggarly elements of grammar and orthography ; they often belong to the class of personalities, and are conceived in a spirit of frank directness ; yet none the less do we sympathize with the appreciative emotion shown by his relations and friends on hearing them. At one juncture the tangled skein of the story

rests for a moment in the Great Baba's fat, podgy, little hands. He handles the meshes with the firmness and decision of a single-minded nature, and only at the bribe of macaroons does he relinquish his hold on the thread of destiny.

America could afford to send us Randolph C. Miller when she kept on her own side of the Atlantic, Pearl, the fascinating, elfish child, who dances alongside of her sorrow-stricken mother through the pages of 'The Scarlet Letter.' Is she child, or is she sprite, this vivid, glowing little creature, of fantastic mood, and wayward, fitful tenderness; of unaccountable caprices, and strange, childlike impulses; now bowing and becking to her own image in the pool, or wreathing her hair with sea-weed or wild flowers, and next moment eluding her mother's caresses, and wounding her deepest feelings with an almost impish malignancy? She is a creature by herself, made up "of spirit, fire, and dew," yet strongly earthly and human in her childish loves and hates, and gusty fits of passion. She hovers on the borderland of the Real and the Unreal, like those two elusive little boys, "the children in black" (in one of Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers'), who baffle all our efforts to grasp their identity, and solve the sad mystery of their young lives. Very real they are to us, those two little men, beautifully dressed as we first saw them, with their handsome, aristocratic-looking mother; squalid and neglected when we meet one of them a fortnight later in Venice; shabby and miserable in charge of a fierce-looking father when we part with them a week after at a side station on the Semmerin Pass. Who were they? What had happened to them in the short interval? Were they real or only "Dream Children"? like those visionary little beings, the creatures of Charles Lamb's tender fantasy, who claim so large a place in our human sympathies, though we know them to belong to the land of shadows and mists, the dim visionary world of the Might-have-been.

And so, too, with that other dream-child, "die kleine todte Veronika," of Heine's 'Reisebilder.' We long to know more of her, but when we put out our hand to take her little soft one, we clasp air. She is an "ombre vane fuor che nell' aspetto." She is nothing but an idea and a memory, this little Veronika with the still eyes, whose name recurs at intervals throughout the book, touching our heart and striking our imagination. We hear her spoken of by "die schöne Johanna," and see her lying in her tiny coffin, with the look of peace on her white smiling face, but we never know more of her as a little living child, and yet the

thought of her remains with us woven into our memory by the magic of Heine's words haunting us like a recurring note of music. Veronika—"true image" of those other stray children who can never be more than a memory to us. We would fain know more about them, these small beings, with whom we have had so fleeting a friendship. But it may not be. We have looked into their faces, and have listened to their confidences for a few minutes, and they have passed out of our lives for ever, into the unfinished world of romance, where we cannot follow.

E. C. SELLAR.

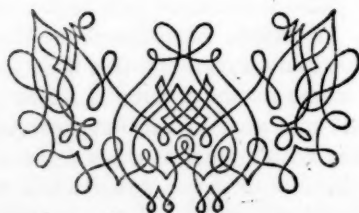
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## THIS LIFE.

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I WOULD not lose the joy of having dwelt  
Upon this earth—the wondrous gift of mind—  
The power of thinking, sharing with mankind  
Its hopes and fears, which have been freely dealt  
To all. To know, to suffer, to have felt,  
To love, is life—whate'er may lie behind,  
We struggle onward, worn, and faint, and blind.  
But should the darkness into sunrise melt,  
And earth's dear insufficiency recoil  
Into the broader, deeper hope which gleamed,  
Shall we not triumph that throughout the toil  
And warfare of our present life, we deemed  
That evil was but passing, faith a foil  
To knowledge, so transcending all we dreamed?

D. M. BRUCE.





## BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS,"  
"THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

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### CHAPTER XX.

#### MR. LEICESTER'S ADVICE.

FOR the next few days Mabel saw no one but the children. She knew there were people staying in the house, and supposed she received no invitation simply because her services were not required, and because Aubyn was not there. She was tormented with anxiety, her heart yearning towards Gerard in his misery, although she dared not wish this less at the moment, saying to herself that the stain upon his honour could only be burnt out that way. Afterwards he would go back to Dorrie, clothed, and in his right mind. Only to herself would he never again be the Gerard she had once believed in.

Meanwhile Dorothy had evidently no misgivings. Her letters showed not the slightest evidence of anxiety or depression. On the contrary, Mabel had noticed of late a light-heartedness and content, amounting to sportiveness of tone, to which she was quite unaccustomed in Dorothy. She always sent her love to Gerard, and generally some little playful message, showing that she was quite free from anxiety about him.

"She takes it for granted that all is, of course, well with him, while he is here! She trusts me to give her love to him; how could she imagine I should give him my own?" bitterly thought Mabel. "If I could but go back to her with a clear conscience! If I had but in the outset overcome the stupid pride which prevented my returning home, and openly acknowledged, as I ought to have done, that I found myself unequal to the work I had undertaken, all this might have been prevented. Had I only kept more aloof from him; had I relied less on my own strength—and his! If only he had been strong! Now! how

could I meet them at home, knowing what I do! No; I could not—not yet. Even this is more endurable!” catching up Pinnock, and impatiently demanding a list of the principal rivers of Europe.

Just then Aubyn, looking the embodiment of fresh air and sunshine, came into the school-room to relieve her of Algy, and, on behalf of his sister, asked Mabel to join the dinner party that evening. She declined the invitation to dinner, but felt she could not well refuse to go to the drawing-room without entering into some sort of explanation, and thereby drawing attention to herself; which, with one so keen-sighted as he, she a little shrunk from doing. Were she to plead headache again, he would, in his kindly desire to make things more cheerful for her, be devising all sorts of plans to give her change and amusement; and this in her present frame of mind was what she especially desired to avoid. One thing he said made the going down that day easier for her. He mentioned by chance, as it seemed, that Gerard had been in town the last day or two, and had not yet returned.

“He has gone back to Dorrie!” thought Mabel, with a sigh of relief. It was something to know he was able to do that!

Mr. Leicester had not expected to see Mabel, supposing it to be very unlikely the governess would be present, and endeavoured to persuade himself that he did not even desire that she should be. Since it would not be possible to get rid of the obstacles in the way, certain feelings must not be indulged in, he told himself, and it was therefore better he should not meet her. His self-communings notwithstanding, he was conscious that there was no other attraction for him there. He certainly had not gone to Beechwoods for the pleasure of spending an evening with its owner. He had the old rector's doubt as to Aubyn being “safe,” and this not only on doctrinal matters, but on others which Mr. Leicester considered did not come within a clergyman's province.

Again, he was a little on his dignity at finding no other gentleman was there to meet him than Mr. Hurst, a young man fresh from Oxford, whom Mr. Leicester loftily ignored as a tyro. Mr. Hurst accepted the other's loftiness with easy good humour, contenting himself, when the ladies left the table, with throwing in an occasional word when challenged by Aubyn, and, meantime, finding amusement for himself in taking mental photographs

of Mr. Leicester, as he posed on his favourite subjects. Aubyn's attention had been drawn to him as a clever, not to say brilliant, young fellow likely to make some mark in the world; already taking a great deal of interest in the questions of the day, and showing an inclination to use his energies for the benefit not only of the large landed estate he had lately succeeded to, but of those employed upon it.

"What are you going to do with regard to the new man at the Abbey?" Mr. Leicester enquired of his host. "Not a very desirable acquisition to the neighbourhood, I fear, but I suppose it will be necessary to take some notice of him—after awhile."

"Mr. Joyce? My sister and I drove over to the Abbey, yesterday"—it was not necessary to explain how unwilling she had been to go—"and I had a long talk with him."

"Oh—oh, indeed!"

"And," went on Aubyn, ignoring, perhaps a little amused at, the other's evident disapproval, "I think we shall get on extremely well together. Just the man one likes to see rise in life. Strong, energetic, intelligent, and independent, as well as unassuming. A keen sense of the responsibilities of wealth, too. We shall have to do all we know to keep abreast of him in the management of the land and improving the condition of the people. He gave me plenty to think of on my way home, I assure you."

"You had not gone much into the question previously, I expect," said Mr. Leicester, with the air of not only having gone into it himself, but settled it.

"I thought I had. I have striven my best since coming into this property; but there is always something to be learned from such men as Mr. Joyce, who has earned his experience by hard work. You ought to know him, Hurst."

"Certainly I ought. There is a Mrs. Joyce, is there not?"

"Yes; a nice motherly woman, who has evidently helped her husband all through. My sister-in-law thought she talked too much of her sons at Eton, and another making his way at Cambridge; but that sort of pride seems excusable enough, in a mother."

Hurst nodded. "We will go over in a body, to-morrow."

"Eton and Cambridge," said Mr. Leicester, superciliously.

"Yes; he is quite alive to the value of what is to be got there; and the best of it is, he does not stop short at his own

belongings—he is desirous of helping others, and especially the working classes.”

“Not, I hope, by rendering them more dissatisfied than they are,” put in Mr. Leicester. “Mr. Joyce will, I trust, see what is really best for the working classes. The position is becoming a little difficult as it is, with the ‘march of intellect’ I heard one of my gardeners talking about the other day.”

“Mr. Joyce is too keen-sighted for that. He is only desirous of helping them to help themselves,” said Aubyn.

“And perhaps he does not object to their having a proper reverence for their betters,” said Hurst, with a side glance at Mr. Leicester.

“I am quite sure he does not,” said Aubyn. “You should have seen his chest heave, and the colour rise to his strong face, as he brought down his fist upon the table, with a loud, ‘God bless him!’ when we touched upon the engine-driver’s deed of heroism the other day. Quite stirred one’s blood to see a man capable of going out of himself in that way, after the hard experience of a long uphill fight.

Mr. Leicester coughed dubiously; and, conscious of having spoken a little from malice prepense, Aubyn went on: “Nor is he the less inclined to respect the inheritors of ancient names. I am not sure that he does not over-estimate the advantages and opportunities such men have.”

“Well, we must endeavour to show him what use we can make of our opportunities,” largely said Mr. Leicester, who had no misgivings as to his own power to do so. “On the whole, I think Mr. Joyce ought to be countenanced.”

Aubyn smiled at the mental picture that rose before him of Mr. Joyce being countenanced by Mr. Leicester. “If Mr. Joyce puts Mr. Leicester through such an examination as he put me through, it won’t be Mr. Joyce that will come off second best.”

“Yes, the people have certainly a right to expect a great deal from men of ancient name,” said Mr. Leicester, his estimation of their rights extending so far; complacently going on to dilate upon the advantages of ancient descent, and the natural right of those possessing it to be rulers.

Mr. Hurst put on a duly impressed, not to say reverential air, which went far to modify Mr. Leicester’s first opinion of him. But Aubyn, strongly objecting to Mr. Leicester’s views, and almost as much to his pompous way of enunciating them, found

it somewhat difficult to treat him with the courtesy due to a guest. "If I don't keep myself better in hand I shall have to walk all the way up to London after he is gone," thought Aubyn with a grim smile.

When Mr. Leicester at length brought his oration to a close, and signified his readiness to join the ladies, Aubyn sprang up with a sigh of relief.

All but Mrs. Hurst—who, it was understood, liked a little "quiet reflection" after dinner, and was gravely nodding her befeathered head in a corner of a couch—were gathered about the piano, discussing the merits of a new song her daughter had been singing, when Mabel entered. She slipped into the inner room, she imagined, unperceived, and seated herself near a table upon which were some photographic views, which she might appear to be occupied in examining. As soon as Aubyn caught sight of her he went to her side, and took up one of the views she was looking over to make an opportunity of exchanging a few words with her.

"I miss Harcourt terribly," he began, with the thought that Gerard would have been able to keep his temper even with Mr. Leicester.

"Yes, I suppose so," she murmured, the colour rushing to her cheeks as she nervously asked herself why he was beginning about Gerard.

"He has gone to—— You know why he wants to see Dorothy just now—I daresay she has given you a hint as to the state of things?" smilingly.

"No; but I can guess. Of course I knew it was coming," with a not very successful attempt to return his smile.

He looked a little puzzled, but forbore to give utterance to the words that rose to his lips. After a few moments' silence, he said, looking more gravely at her white, downcast face, and asking himself what had changed her so much within the last few days—

"Why not run up to town and spend a few hours with your sister? She is, of course, very desirous to see you, and cannot well visit here until she can come as your sister should. If you do not care to remain longer in town, you might easily go and return in the day. There is the morning express, and the five o'clock down, which would give you a few hours with her.

For a moment or two she shrank painfully from the thought. How could she meet Dorothy? But she presently reflected that

she must pass through the ordeal sooner or later, and, in the first short hurried interview they would be too much taken up with generalities to enter deeply even upon the one theme that would be so embarrassing to her. "Moreover, if taken by surprise, Dorothy would be less likely to notice any confusion or self-consciousness on my side," thought Mabel.

"I will go," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"To-morrow?"

"I could not—I—I mean the little Leicesters are coming, and—— The day after, perhaps," she replied, fain to catch at the excuse for a little longer delay, so that she might have more time to prepare herself for the ordeal. And please do not say anything about it if you see her meantime. I should like to—surprise her."

"I will mention it to no one. By the way," he presently added, "you employ a young girl from the village to work for you occasionally, do you not?"

"Lucy May?"

"Yes, that is the name. What do you think of her—what is she like?"

"She is sweet-tempered, and——" hesitating a little as to what next she should say.

"Sweet temper is of great importance to us—to begin with."

"Us?"

"The Co. is Bloggs. He has fallen fathoms deep in love with your pretty Lucy, and it is on his account that I am interested. He might not do for many, but I hope he has some chance with her, for I honestly believe he will come out well—perhaps even grandly—under the right woman's influence. He is very desirous to be allowed to remain here, employed about the grounds. But a man with the material in him which I give him credit for, ought to be in the thick of the fight, and would be far more useful to me in London. With a sensible wife, he would be invaluable to me."

"Sensible!" repeated Mabel a little doubtfully. "I said she is sweet-tempered, and——" after another moment's hesitation, "I think I ought to say good; but——"

"I see. But being good and sweet-tempered is worth a great deal in these days. Of course, if one could also have good sense——"

"I am not sure that she has not," put in Mabel. "I shall take more interest in her now, and will certainly do my best for



Bloggs, after what you have said. Only," with a glance towards his arm, "isn't he rather——"

"He isn't rather anything," rising, and turning away with a nod and a smile.

Miss Hurst had finished her song, and, as the group rearranged itself, he had to join it and play the host. Miss Norton wanted his advice about her schools—she always wanted a great deal of advice from him—and Mrs. Brandreth was making herself charming to Mr. Leicester. He was not talking with his usual *aplomb*, his eyes straying now and again furtively towards the governess.

Another had been as quick to take note of her presence. Mr. Hurst was making his way to her side, when his mother, awake and on the alert now, reminded him in a somewhat raised voice that he ought to turn over the music for his sister. He hesitated, but Miss Hurst, who quite understood her mother's motive, and was ready to do her part, looked over her shoulder with the words, "Yes, please, Edward." He could make no open objection, and slowly went towards the piano. Moreover, his whispered word to her, "Ask Miss Leith to sing, Mary," was put off with a smiling, "Presently," and, meantime, he could only accept the situation with as good a grace as might be.

To avoid attracting attention to herself by keeping entirely aloof, Mabel presently passed from the inner to the larger room, and, crossing to one of the windows, stood looking out. Mr. Leicester's eyes had followed her every movement. It was the first time he had seen her in a room, and he was not a little surprised by her bearing. She seemed so much more subdued than he had expected to see her—subdued, but at the same time so perfectly self-possessed and free from self-consciousness. To him she was more attractive than even when he had first seen her. The wistful look in the blue-grey eyes, the delicate pallor of her face, the soft languor of her movements, were additional, and quite unexpected, charms in his sight. She said very little—only a word or two in reply to one occasionally addressed to her, and seemed in no way interested in the topics touched upon by the others. But for one slip in her behaviour, she would have passed with honours in Mr. Leicester's estimation. Some allusion had been made by Mrs. Hurst, talking to Mrs. Brandreth and Mr. Leicester, near where Mabel was sitting, to a deed of daring and self-sacrifice just then attracting a great deal of attention, for which the hero was to receive the cross of

honour. Mrs. Brandreth, as little given to hero-worship as was Mr. Leicester himself, slightly raised her shoulders, and gave it as her opinion that such deeds were not unfrequently done with some anticipation of the glory to come.

Mr. Leicester smiled assent, and not averse from giving Aubyn a rap on the knuckles on the score of his engine-driver, quoted one of the German philosophers on the subject of posturing before the world.

Mabel advanced a step, and, standing with her hands lightly locked behind her, and head erect, quite forgetting that she was not expected to offer an opinion, suddenly put in—

“I don’t agree with that at all!”

There was silence, three pairs of eyes turned coldly upon her.

“May I venture to inquire with what it is you do not agree, Miss Leith?” said Mrs. Brandreth.

“Why, with Mr. Leicester’s philosopher,” hotly. “He might object to posturing before the world; but it was a mistake to commit himself by saying that heroes posture, I think.”

Mrs. Hurst opened her eyes and exchanged a glance with Mrs. Brandreth. Aubyn paused a moment in his conversation with Miss Norton to listen, then quietly went on again. Mabel was quite able to defend herself with Mr. Leicester. That gentleman was, for the moment, too much astonished to make any reply, and when he had in some measure recovered his equanimity, and was preparing to demonstrate where she was wrong, Mabel had turned away, leaving them to settle the matter as they pleased. The hot flush had died out of her cheeks, as, half-vexed, half-amused, she took herself to task for her little ebullition. “Just like me!” she was thinking. “What did it matter? Why couldn’t I leave them to their posturing?” She met Aubyn’s eyes bent smilingly upon her, and gave him a little smile in return. But he noticed that the smile faded all too quickly out of her face again.

Just before taking leave, Mr. Leicester contrived to join Mabel for a few moments in order to administer the slight rebuke which he considered it necessary she should receive.

“Are you not sometimes a little too impulsive in your judgments, Miss Leith?”

“Oh, yes—often,” was her careless reply.

She did not even take the trouble to add that she did not consider her judgment was at fault upon the point to which he was referring.

"And would it not be wiser to avoid placing yourself in a position which obliges you to afterwards admit so much?"

A half-smile gathered in her eyes again, as she glanced up at him for a moment. "Should she? No; it was not worth the trouble. What did it matter?" she thought, giving him a little weary bend of the head, which might mean anything he chose, for reply.

"Still," he went on, graciously, "the admission must be accepted as a plea for a lenient sentence, and therefore"—with a ponderous attempt at pleasantry—"I think I shall not inflict a very heavy punishment; only to take a little advice occasionally—may I say from me?"

"You? I am afraid you are too severe a judge, Mr. Leicester," she replied.

But her little shaft missed its aim. She felt that she might almost have said that to be sentenced to have him for her judge was too severe a punishment.

"Not at all—not at all! You would not find me so"—with amiable condescension, as he reluctantly bowed his good night, and turned away to take leave of his host and hostess.

Her eyes had an amused expression as they followed him for a moment. Mr. Leicester for an adviser! But she was presently drooping in spirit again, the troubled look returning to her eyes, and her whole bearing becoming weary and dejected.

"I must say a word of warning to Harcourt," thought Aubyn, watching her now and again with some anxiety. "He has been going too far with his assumed incredulity about what she most believes in, and she is beginning to take it seriously."

He lost no time, availing himself of the first opportunity that offered when they were alone together.

"My dear Harcourt, cannot you see that you are going too far with Mabel. It is all very well for you—the method you adopt for confirming your own belief in her seems to serve your purpose. I can see how much good it is doing you, to find that nothing you can say in the slightest degree weakens her faith; but—has it never occurred to you that you may destroy her faith in yourself?"

"She has none to be destroyed"—with a hard smile.

Aubyn turned his eyes with a look of keen enquiry towards the other. Had it indeed come to that? Had he gone so far as to endanger her happiness as well as his own? But he knew the other too well to venture any farther. Gerard Harcourt was

not the man to be helped by well-intentioned speeches. The utmost Aubyn had hoped for was to set him thinking, and that he seemed to have succeeded in doing, although Harcourt was evidently not inclined to communicate his thoughts. Already he had himself well under control, the expression of his face being in marked contrast with Aubyn's, so full of interest and anxiety. To outward seeming, Gerard had at that moment no thought for anything but the business of carefully rolling a cigarette. Laying his hand upon the other's shoulder, with a quiet "good night, old man," which was genially echoed by Gerard, Aubyn left him to his reflections. Quietly and carefully going on with what he was doing, as though everything in life depended upon the perfection of that cigarette, Gerard at length had it to his mind, methodically ranged it with others in the case, then rose from his seat and stood looking out into the night, with set grey ace, and eyes that seemed to defy fate.

"To-morrow," he murmured ; "to-morrow !"

The next morning came the little Leicesters with their governess, and desirous to receive the news which she expected Miss Temple would have to tell as it ought to be received, Mabel strove to forget her own troubles, and to appear not lacking in sympathy. Decking her face with smiles, and putting on a general air of gaiety, she did, in the outset, contrive to prevent the other seeing the truth.

"Something has happened to you," she smilingly began, feeling, in fact, not a little cheered to see the change for the better that had taken place in the other since they last met, as she entered with her pupils and warmly returned Mabel's greeting.

Miss Temple was indeed looking ten years younger than she had done at their first meeting.

"I think you must have brought me good news," went on Mabel, as soon as the children's attention had become concentrated on each other, and the two governesses could be as confidential as they pleased unobserved. "It is written all over you—a kind of happy don't-careishness that is quite refreshing to look at! The very scarf round your neck has been tied with a disregard of propriety that is quite delightful ; and, with all due respect, I can't help feeling that little stray lock of hair was purposely left to curl over your forehead at its own sweet will ! Now, don't keep me in suspense ; tell me at once what it all means."

"Do I look so changed? does it really show so much as that?" said Miss Temple, the smile broadening over her face. "But I might be sure—of course it must show, and I really don't mind its showing to you, my dear"—taking Mabel's hands in her own. "Yours is the first friendly face I have seen since the news came. Be glad with me; my happiness has come at last!"

"Indeed, I am, heartily. It does me real good to see you look like that. May I guess what the happiness is?"

"I will tell you. In truth, my heart is so full that I am quite glad to have an opportunity of speaking to one so ready to sympathize. Ah! one can better stand alone in the time of trouble than in joy, I think. How ashamed I ought to feel of my weak doubts and fears!"

"I think I understand. Mr. Worcester is getting on better, and you are going to reward him for his long and patient waiting?"

"Yes; good fortune has come to him at last, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, and in the oddest way. He says he can scarcely realize it yet. In fact, he seems in quite a mental fog as to how it came about. He has received the offer of a good practice near London, for sale through the illness of the owner, and although under the circumstances it was offered for less than it was worth, Allan thinks a good sum must have been given for it. We still have our own little savings in hand to begin with, for the practice has come as a gift to him. There is even the house ready furnished for us to step into, if I do not mind the things being a little shabby and old-fashioned. He could dare to say even that to me in his happiness! And he says I must ask the Leicesters to excuse the usual notice, and let me go to him at once. He wants to take his wife with him when he goes, he says, which must be in two or three weeks"—a delicate flush suffusing her face, and a bright smile in her eyes.

"How good it is to hear! But I do not see anything foggy about it."

"No; it is only the way it has come about which puzzles us. Allan does not know—at least, not for certain—to whom he owes it all. He can only think of one person who might possibly have done it, and that is an old lady whom he brought through a long illness, attending her night and day. She was very poor then, and could only be grateful in words; but she had expectations, and said she would never forget him when she came into her property; therefore, he thinks she must be his anonymous

friend. Indeed, he knows no other with both the will and the means to do so much for him."

"I am glad," said Mabel, adding, a little absently: "and have you arranged with Mrs. Leicester?"

"She has promised to consider it, and I think that may be taken to mean assent."

But Miss Temple was not so much absorbed in the contemplation of her own good fortune as to be long deceived by Mabel's assumed gaiety. After one or two glances at the other's colourless face and heavy eyes, she went on more gravely:

"But I fear you are not well! I hope nothing has occurred to trouble you since we last met? You do not find the work here too hard, do you?"

A hot flush rose to Mabel's brow.

"Oh, no," she murmured, endeavouring to smile, as her eyes met the kindly ones bent upon her. But, after a moment or two's reflection, she confessed to feeling a little dispirited and tired of her surroundings. "Life seems so—unsatisfying and—difficult sometimes," she added.

Miss Temple became more grave; putting her hand gently on the other's, and striving to keep back any further expression of her own happiness. But this, Mabel was quick to see, and protest against.

"It will do me so much good to hear about yourself and Mr. Worcester; do believe it," her voice breaking a little, as she added, "I want to—I must—hold fast to something, real and true!"

Miss Temple looked into the yearning eyes, and did believe it. Mabel's was the nature to be helped and strengthened by the knowledge of another's good. She therefore indulged herself in a little further talk in the same strain. "I hope I do not seem too effusive," she presently went on, laying her hand with a warm pressure upon the other's. "I do not readily make friendships—indeed, I have not the opportunity for so doing—but my heart has gone out to you from the first. You must give me a promise to come and see me in my new home, during the holidays, you know," with the remembrance that the holidays had been the dreariest portion of her own life. She had, indeed, been only too thankful to obtain an engagement during the weeks she was supposed to be recruiting her strength.

What would it be for this young, inexperienced girl, evidently



accustomed to a life of luxury! How would she be able to endure the having to spend her holidays in a little back room, anxiously counting the cost of each day's food? And—alas! the pity of it!—her very beauty might add to the difficulties of her position! It must not be! Jane Temple would not deserve her own good fortune did she not hold out a hand to help a fellow-woman—that would be part of her happiness by-and-by. "Yes," she added, "I must have your promise for that much, at least."

"Kind that you are!" murmured Mabel. "Could you only know how much good it is doing me just to believe in you!"

"She has lost faith in some one!" was Miss Temple's quick thought. "A disappointment, perhaps," as Mabel went on—

"Yes; I promise to come and see how you bear your happiness." Following out a thought which the other did not perceive, she presently said, "Your experience of life has not been a very bright one until now. Yet it has done you no harm, because you have borne it so bravely, but I——"

"You have set your standard so high—you expect so much, and have not perhaps had sufficient experience to put up with anything less than perfection."

"Yes, I know I ought to be quite perfect myself to be so critical of others. I am always striking out at something," a little bitterly.

"There is worse than striking out. It would be better if we could all show our detestation of certain things more plainly, and if," with a little smile and gentle pressure of Mabel's hand, "we could do so without personality. How difficult to preach to you, and from such a text as expediency! I much prefer you just as you are—how much! But, for your own sake. Ah, well, it will come—all too soon, and I will attempt to impart no more worldly wisdom, to-day at any rate."

"It would do me good to learn anything you have to teach. I should be only too glad to learn to keep myself as well in hand as you have kept yourself."

"Do not wish it! It has served its purpose with me, but there is something better than learning to keep one's feelings out of sight, and that is, I fear, all I have succeeded in doing. I have been associated with people from whom it would have been bad policy to differ, and I have not differed, that is all."

"Well, you will now be able to make up for lost time, you know. You can indulge your wicked propensities to your heart's content, within the precincts of your own home," said Mabel.

"I did not know how much I had rebelled, until my happiness came," musingly went on Miss Temple, dwelling on the thought. "Do you know," with a shy smile and faint blush, "I feel quite awkward and stupid, and out of date, about some things. Our love-making has been carried on entirely upon paper, and I feel a little afraid lest I may appear——"

"A goose!" put in Mabel, with a little smile. "Do not trouble yourself about that, the goose season is just setting in. Besides, it is very likely that he, too, may forget to be wise for a time, and therefore he will not mind. It may do you both good to be geese for a while, after being examples of propriety so long. There is my bit of philosophy in return for yours, my dear."

Their attention was claimed by the children for awhile, and in one of the pleasant little talks afterwards Mabel was fain to acknowledge that her interest in her work was decreasing rather than otherwise, and that she found her charges more than ever difficult to manage. "If it were only an hour or two every day, it might be endurable—but twelve! Enough to make one quite idiotic. I really believe that we could not exist together a day, but for our tempers. They clear the air a little, and oblige us to make some allowance for each other. It is not that they are ill-natured. No, you must not think that—they are quite as good-hearted as other children, I suppose. But they just bore me to death, at least Algy and Mima do, and they drag poor Sissy down to their level, in the way of preventing her giving expression to her ideas."

"I can understand how difficult it is for you. But do not be discouraged—you will find it all come easier as time goes on. In a year or two——"

"A year or two!" hotly began Mabel. But she recollected again, and a little confusedly added, "I suppose being used to it would make a difference. The only child I have known was so very unlike these. I was brought up with an only sister, who—but it is no use beginning about my Dorrie, now. You will know her soon, I hope, and will then be able to judge for yourself."

"Ah, your sister! Engaged in some mission work, I think you said? Is she like you?" asked Miss Temple, a little curiously.

"In appearance, I think—but, as far as the rest, no! She is sweet, and strong, and true, and takes life very much in earnest

—devoted to an idea. But you must know her—in a little while you will, I hope ; and then—” with a meditative glance at the other, “ I shall have something to ask forgiveness for.”

“ I must do my best not to seem too curious.”

“ Yes, you have no time to indulge in idle speculation. All your spare moments must be devoted to making yourself lovely for Mr. Worcester. Your hair will have to be dressed differently, to begin with ; three or four more little rings must be brought out to keep that one timid attempt at a curl in countenance (I feel sure Mr. Worcester will require five at least) ; and you must learn to be more daring in the matter of pretty laces and things. Come and let me shock you with some of my *chiffon*.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

### NEWS.

Mrs. Brandreth not ungraciously accorded Mabel leave of absence for a day, but it was not by her orders that the brougham was in readiness to convey the governess to the railway station. Nor did she guess that her brother-in-law, who had gone by an earlier train, had said a few words to the station-master, asking him to see after Miss Leith on her arrival, and put her into a carriage by herself in charge of the guard.

She had sat with down-bent head, and hands clasped in her lap, striving to prepare herself to hear what she had to hear, in such a way as not to arouse her sister's suspicions, and alternately longing for, and dreading the meeting. By the time she reached the terminus, she had so far succeeded, that everything was, for the moment, forgotten, but the one fact that she was going to see Dorrie. How in the world had she contrived to exist so long without seeing Dorrie ?

The guard spoke to a porter, who, duly impressed with her importance, was careful in his selection of a cab, and the directions given to the driver. When the cab drew up before Mrs. Harcourt's house, a carriage had just been driven away, and the hall door was still open. With breathless eagerness Mabel ran up the steps, and, addressing the astonished-looking manservant, asked : “ Is Miss Leith in, James ? Where is Mrs. Harcourt ? ”

Both Miss Leith and her aunt were out, he informed her

Bidding him send Parker to her, she turned into the dining-room. Even this little check seemed, in her excitement, ominous. It had not occurred to her that both might be from home. Parker, who presently came solemnly in, was in no mood to cheer her, being somewhat depressed, and out of humour on her own account. A new life was opening out for her beloved young mistress; and Parker felt that she herself would be less necessary to it than heretofore, and resented this in her own way.

After a word or two in reply to Mabel's enquiries, she informed her that her young mistress had gone to the East-end . . . that dreadful Grigg's Court, where they were making such alterations, and there was no knowing when she would return; it might be only in time to dress for dinner. "And Mrs. Harcourt has gone out to luncheon, poor lady!"

"You said my aunt is well, didn't you, Parker?"

"She bears up, Miss Mabel, wonderfully considering," lugubriously returned Parker, not being able to state positively that anything ailed Mrs. Harcourt. She would have preferred just then to say that the little lady was ill in bed. As it was she could only shake her head and look grave. "It is not easy to keep up her spirits and find amusement for herself, left so much alone as she is."

"Well, I am glad to hear she does find it," a little impatiently said Mabel.

"I do not know that she does," perversely returned Parker. "At any rate, it is only natural she should prefer to be with her own flesh and blood to going amongst strangers, Miss Mabel."

"Where is she lunching to-day?"

"At Colonel West's."

"Well, she will not be dull there, you know, with five or six young ladies to cheer her."

"They are not her nieces," determined to make Mrs. Harcourt appear a martyr.

"Dear old auntie! I shall soon be home now, Parker, and then I shall have nothing to do but to attend to her," with a little half sigh. "The carriage is out, I suppose? Will you send for a cab for me while I run up to say how do you do to Milner. I must follow my sister at once?"

"Why not let me go for you? Miss Leith will return quickly enough when she knows you are here."

"Oh, no, I could not wait."

"At least let me accompany you," pleaded Parker, who had it on her mind that she had used a little subterfuge that morning, mentioning that she was not well, in the hope that if she could not go her mistress would for once stay away from that dreadful court. The only result was, that her mistress had slipped off without her. "You can have no idea what a place it is, Miss Mabel."

"Where my sister can go, I can, Parker; and there is not the least necessity for you to accompany me. I am so much more experienced than I was, you know," with some dignity.

"Experienced, indeed!" murmured Parker, as she presently stood watching Mabel's departure in the cab. "But no doubt Mr. Aubyn will be there, and he will look after them. He's got the sense to see that young ladies who take such vagaries into their heads require some looking after, or else he wouldn't be so particular about doing it. One thing is certain, if he likes her to go there he likes me to go with her. But it won't be for long now, I think. She will soon have something better to think of."

The cab stopped a short distance from the archway which the driver informed Mabel led to Grigg's Court. She alighted, and, bidding him wait, passed on, not a little curious as to what kind of place it was, and what kind of people lived there to enlist Dorothy's sympathies so much as they did. With the remembrance of the precautions that had been used in the way of taking his number, and giving him careful directions not to lose sight of her for ten minutes without making enquiries about her, the cabman stood gazing speculatively after her, asking himself what could have brought a young lady of her kind from Kensington to Grigg's Court, and alone. "Well, the sight of her will do 'em good, I should think, whoever they are. They don't often see the like of her about here."

Mabel passed under the archway, walking more slowly as she advanced, and looking doubtfully about her. "What a place! How in the world can Dorrie spend so much of her time here?" she wondered, pausing as she emerged into the court to gather up her delicately tinted gown from contact with the black slimy mud, and stepping upon the toes of her boots, not made for walking in such places as Grigg's Court. "Horridly dirty!" she added, pausing again after a few steps, and unconsciously speaking aloud.

At that moment she found herself suddenly confronted by a tall, slatternly-looking woman, with a coarse red face, surmounted by a heap of tangled, dusty hair, her doubled fists planted on her hips.

"Who are you, I should like to know?" she exclaimed in a harsh, strident voice. "A fine madam a-coming here and a-calling names, indeed!"

Another woman, and a man without a coat, though not apparently for the purpose of showing the whiteness of his linen, had now joined the speaker.

"I did not mean——" began Mabel.

"You didn't mean, indeed; a fine, dressed-up——"

"What is it?—Who is she?—What's she done, Hemmer?" ejaculated a younger woman of the same type as the first, coming up with breathless eagerness, twisting her back hair into a knob as she came.

"Called us horrid and dirty."

"Oh, no, indeed," once more put in Mabel, beginning to feel a little nervous as the group about her increased; other women hastening up in twos and threes, some fastening their dresses as they came, as though they had just put their babies down to run out.

"You did!" exclaimed the first woman, shaking her fist at Mabel; adding, as she turned rapidly from one to the other, "I heerd her say it with my own ears—horrid and dirty!"

"Horrid and dirty!" the words were caught up from one to the other, until to Mabel's dazed sense the air around was filled with the sound. Only the man remained mute, his eyes fastened upon her face.

"A-coming here and calling us names because we are poor!"

"That for your finery!"—snatching Mabel's parasol, snapping the ivory handle in two, and throwing it on to the ground.

"And that!" said another, whisking off the rosebuds from her lace bonnet.

"And that! And that!"—as others snatched the knots of ribbon from her gown, and proudly showed their contempt for finery by trampling upon it where it lay.

Mabel now recognized something of what Grigg's Court was capable of when its angry passions were aroused, and heartily wished she had taken Parker's advice not to venture there alone. But although she was so much taken by surprise as to be for the



moment passive, making no attempt to defend her "finery," she gave no signs of being vanquished or intimidated. Her head drawn proudly back, her cheeks flushed, and her lips compressed, she stood silently eyeing her antagonists as they snatched one thing after another from her, her hair partly dragged on to one shoulder by the energy of the tugs which had been given to pull the rosebuds from her bonnet.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself? What do you want here a-coming and a-calling names?"

"Looking down upon us, and showing off as if she was a lady born, 'cause she's got a bit of finery on!" Grigg's Court being of the opinion that a "lady born" might naturally be expected to show off.

They believed that Miss Leith was working in their interests only as a superior kind of mission woman would do, not doubting the statement she made, which she felt to be true, to the effect that she was spending money entrusted to her. They hardly as yet realized how great was the influence she had already gained over them.

"Let me pass, if you please!"

"No we won't, if you please!"—promptly and decidedly. But not accustomed to make war against an adversary who defended herself in this way, so quietly, proudly, and without retort in kind, their energies were beginning to flag a little, when her request gave them fresh impetus, and, with renewed spirits, they recommenced:

"We did not ask you to come, did we? What did you come here for?"

Mabel's heart was beating rather fast as she looked from one to the other menacingly facing her whichever way she turned, though she still would not allow them to see any sign of fear. Meeting their eyes, she said:

"How can I tell you what I came for, if you will not let me speak?"

"Come, there is something in that, you know," put in the man. "There's no harm in hearing what she's got to say."

Curiosity now kept them silent a few moments, and Mabel went on:

"If this is Grigg's Court, I came here to find my sister."

"And who is she, I should like to know? Fine ladies like you don't want to know poor sisters, and there ain't any but poor people lives here."

"My sister comes here, I think ; her name is Leith."

"Miss Leith ! Does she mean *our* Miss Leith ?"—looking from one to the other and falling back a little, with reddening faces, as they began to recognize the likeness.

Mabel saw that she had made some impression, and, feeling that the worst was over, breathed more freely again.

"Why didn't you say you was Miss Leith's sister, and why did you begin by a-calling names, as Hemmer Brett says you did ?"

"She was mistaken. I said this place is horribly dirty, and so it is, you know ; but I had not even seen your friend when I spoke, and therefore could not possibly have called her dirty ;" mentally adding, as she turned her eyes upon Emma Brett, "although I might have done so with perfect truth."

As though partly recognizing what was in her mind, Emma Brett reddened, and pulled together a long rent in her gown, murmuring something to the effect that "people who were not fine ladies couldn't be so over particular about themselves as never to have a speck of dirt about 'em."

"Well, there ain't no gainsaying as the place is dirty," said one of the women in a conciliatory tone. "It's a'most always wet and squashy ; but everybody here knows that, and perhaps the young lady didn't notice the stones put to step upon across the puddles, and no one likes sp'iling their best clothes. It's a-going to be paved for us ; but everything can't be done at once." Confused and ashamed now, as well as apprehensive, lest by their attack upon her sister they should have offended past forgiveness Miss Leith, who seemed to have so much power put into her hands, and to be so ready to use it in their behalf, they were desirous of shifting the blame from themselves, and turned angrily upon Emma Brett.

"What did you begin by telling lies about the young lady for, making us think she'd been speaking ag'in us, and showing off, when she hadn't been doing nothing of the sort—only said as the place is dirty ? And that's true enough, as everybody can see for themselves."

Mabel began again to explain that it had been only a mistake, which did not matter now ; and Emma Brett was quick to hurl a challenge at any one who dared to accuse her of telling lies, when the young lady herself said it had been only a mistake.

Her ears shocked by the volley of abuse that followed, Mabel was glad to turn away under the escort of a young woman who

volunteered to show her where her sister was. They found Dorothy in one of the lower rooms of a house where extensive repairs were being carried on amidst a din and confusion strange and bewildering enough to Mabel; the workmen's hammers, the sawing of wood, and clatter of voices mingling in a Babel of sound.

In the midst of it all stood Dorothy, quiet and smiling, listening, pencil and note-book in hand, to some explanations from a carpenter.

"You think it would better stand the tear and wear?"

"I'm certain sure of that, miss. No use putting quarter-inch wainscot here."

"And the difference would be how much?"

"A matter of twenty pounds for the ten houses—not more, miss."

"I will mention it to Mr. Aubyn, and he will let you know."

As the man turned away, she caught sight of Mabel, and in another moment they were in each other's arms, lookers-on and everything else forgotten in the first delight of meeting.

"But—what has happened?" asked Dorothy the next moment, taking note of her sister's dishevelled condition; anxiously adding, "Dear Mab, has there been an accident? Are you hurt?"

"Oh, no, not in the least; it is nothing," smilingly returned Mabel. "I was taken for an enemy in the camp, that is all. It was quite my own fault for not making myself better understood when I first entered the court."

"You were attacked! Oh, Mabel, how could they!"

"It was thought that I meant to attack. Just a mistake, that was all, Dorrie," turning to give the girl who had accompanied her a half-sovereign, with a word or two to the effect that she hoped peace would be made.

Half-a-sovereign! Full of gratitude at such unheard-of generosity from one who had been so badly treated, the girl went off to sing Mabel's praises, as "one of the right sort, with real grit in her." She found the others ready enough to listen. The tide had completely turned in Mabel's favour, and she would have been not a little surprised as well as amused could she have heard the extravagant praises now lavished upon her. Any one hardy enough to hint that she was less than an angel in appearance, speech, or manners, would have been defied to mortal combat. Moreover, they at once set about making the

best reparation in their power for the "mistake." Her parasol was hurriedly carried to the cobbler to have its handle nailed together; while some pink tissue paper was got at a neighbouring shop in which to pin up the flowers and knots of ribbon, carefully smoothed out, to be presented with apologies on her departure.

Dorothy, who had drawn Mabel aside, was saying in a low voice:

"You should not appear to have money here, Mab dear."

"Why, it seems to me just the place where money is most required," replied Mabel, glad to be able to talk of anything in order to gain time before touching upon more personal matters.

"No; the worst in the world for the exercise of charity of that kind. It was the first lesson I had to learn."

"But they appear to me in the lowest state of destitution, Dorrie—the very lowest; not even able to buy a scrap of soap to wash their dirty faces. Oh, Dorrie, the dirt, and the—the rest!"

"I know what it must seem to you, dearie. It is really very terrible, and at first I thought it quite hopeless; but a bit of sunshine is making its way to us."

"I do not see any. To me it seems quite dreadful to find you alone here amongst such——" Mabel glanced round to make sure no one was near, then added in a low voice, "tigers! Well, then, tigresses," with smiling persistency in reply to Dorothy's shake of the head. "I think I should have been almost torn to pieces had I not mentioned your name."

"Perhaps you allowed it to be seen that you were shocked at the appearance of things."

"That is very likely, I think."

"And you were too well dressed, dearie. This is the kind of thing for Grigg's Court," touching her own coarse dust-coloured serge gown. "But under the best conditions this is no place for you."

"Why not, if it is the place for you, Dorrie?" a little irritably, with the consciousness of the repulsion she felt. "Do you think I could not learn to overcome the wretched pride, or whatever it is, which makes me shrink from it now?"

"It is not pride, dear Mab; who can know that better than I? Nor do I think you could ever overcome it. Moreover, I do not see any necessity for you to try."

"You think there is no sphere of usefulness for me?" still a little irritably. "I am to be one of the drones of life."

"Not at all. *We think*"—with slight emphasis and a smile—"you have a very large field of labour—in society. Coarseness and dirt are not the only evils in the world, nor the worst and most difficult to cope with. But we can go into that another time. We must go home at once. I am longing to know more than your letters have told me. Indeed, I could not have borne the separation so well had I not heard how bravely you were getting on from—him," blushing and hesitating a little, while the colour, like an answering beacon, flamed into Mabel's cheeks. It seemed that both shrank from being the first to mention his name.

"What are you going to do in this place, Dorrie?" asked Mabel, to hide her confusion.

"We are hoping to do a great many things, and are making these houses more habitable, to begin with. Afterwards—Well, the chief aim is to help these poor people to help themselves."

"That sounds well, and of course there can be no question as to the motive," said Mabel; "but it seems to me the chief want, to begin with, is soap, and that shall be my contribution. If they could be taught the use of combs and brushes it would be another step in the right direction," adding a little hurriedly, after a moment's pause, forcing herself to mention his name, "What does auntie—what does Gerard think about it?"

"We only tell auntie as much from time to time as she is able to bear. As for Gerard, he laughs at us, of course, and talks of political economy."

"Mr. Aubyn?"

"Let those laugh that win, he says. We shall at least, I think, succeed so far as to prove to these poor people that there are those that care for them, and that will give them faith in something to begin with. But you must not think Gerard is really unconcerned. He foretells all sorts of disastrous consequences for us, of course, or he would not be Gerard; but we know he is watching every step we take with the greatest interest."

"Is he?"

"Oh, yes; you and I know he is very different from what he would have people believe him to be. None will be more disappointed than Gerard if we fail. He could not make *us* disbelieve in him, however he might try, could he?"

"It—is—good to hear you say it, Dorrie," said Mabel, with a choking sensation in her throat.

"How could it be otherwise?" smilingly adding, "Think of it, Mab—he has actually been finding things out for himself amongst the people here, and in another and worse place came dressed as a workman, to listen to the evening lectures—talks, Reginald calls them—to the men in the schoolroom. But he does not suspect we are aware of it, so do not say a word. Reginald said he had at first a great mind to ask the young man in the fustian coat and the white tie—Gerard had forgotten to change that—to come on to the platform and give them the benefit of his advice upon some question they were discussing, but thought better of it. You see, Gerard would be sure to be equal to the occasion, and might, perhaps, completely turn the tables upon us."

"Reginald!" repeated Mabel, looking at her sister in some surprise. It was not like Dorothy to speak in that familiar way, although she must have been brought into very friendly relations with him in their mutual efforts for the benefit of the people in Grigg's Court.

"Oh, Gerard and he are like brothers, you know. He will be Reginald with you soon," with a gay little laugh. "But we must get away from this din to have our talk. At home we shall be better able to hear ourselves speak. Let me put you just a little more neat first, dearie, or we shall cause too much of a sensation at home. You look almost as though you had been in the midst of a sort of fight," with loving hands proceeding to tuck up the masses of gold-brown hair, straighten the remains of Mabel's bonnet, and otherwise make her more presentable.

"Well, it was a sort of fight, so far as your amiable *protégés* could make it one," said Mabel, going on to explain that she had a cab waiting for her outside.

When they presently passed through the court it was quiet enough, and apparently deserted, although they were watched by many curious eyes from behind ragged blinds and half-closed shutters. When they had got to the archway, a little girl, showing signs of having been hurriedly prepared for the occasion, her face red and shining from the effects of recent friction, her hair tied back with a piece of string, and the rents in her frock pinned together, came timidly forwards.

"Mother's respects, and she's sorry you was mistook; and she sends this, if you please, miss," said the child, presenting the mended parasol and a pink-paper parcel containing the remainder of the "finery" Mabel had been so summarily deprived of.



Mabel took them with a nod and smile to the child, but in somewhat gingerly fashion, and was about to toss them away, when Dorothy hurriedly laid a restraining hand upon her arm, saying in a low voice, "Not yet, not here, Mab dear; they might see, and we must not appear unappreciative of the feeling which prompted the return of the things;" adding, as they walked on, "It is something quite new for Grigg's Court to acknowledge itself in the wrong, much less to make the *amende*—quite a feather in our cap, I call it."

On their way to Kensington both sisters were rather silent. Mabel was striving to gain courage for the ordeal still to be gone through—the examination she knew would begin as soon as they reached home; and Dorothy, smiling and happy, seemed content to have her beloved young sister's hand in her own, and to feel that they were once more together again. They found that Mrs. Harcourt had not returned, and went at once to Dorothy's room. While Parker assisted her young mistress to change her gown—a necessary process after a visit to Grigg's Court—Mabel went to and fro between her own room and her sister's, excited and restless. But she was not too absorbed to notice that her room was arranged as though she might be expected at any moment. Milner told her that everything was kept ready for her reception day by day, even to the putting fresh flowers.

As soon as they were alone Dorothy gently forced her sister into a low chair, and knelt on the carpet by her side.

"Oh, Dorrie, you mustn't! How shall I be able to keep away again?"

"Dear Mab, why should you? Are you still determined to keep away so long?"

"I thought I was—until I saw you!"

"But now you have changed your mind, and are going to make us happy by coming back at once?" eagerly.

"Why should you wish me to change it? You have not changed yours, Dorrie. Besides, I have really been gaining experience, if nothing else. But for the governessing I might never have known what I am capable as well as incapable of. I am afraid I am not quite so proficient as I imagined myself to be," with a little laugh that had not the intended effect upon her sister.

"Why do you talk in that way? What has come to you, Mab?" seeing more than the words expressed, and now that the

flush of excitement had left her sister's face, another change. "You are getting quite thin and worried-looking!"

"Come to me? I was never fat, you foolish Dorrie!" a hot flush rising to her cheeks again.

"Are you quite sure you have not been working too hard?" enquired Dorothy, taking her sister's glowing face between her own two hands, and gazing anxiously into the half-averted eyes. Mabel's face suddenly whitened again. Her shame had left its mark then, she was thinking. Dorothy could evidently see enough to arouse her fears that something had occurred. What if she were to guess the real truth? "Gerard always said you were well and happy," went on Dorothy. "They both said you were getting on splendidly; but——"

"Cannot you believe Gerard?" put in Mabel, endeavouring to speak lightly. After a moment or two she hurriedly went on, "It is good to hear him speak of you, Dorrie; he has so much respect as well as——"

"Dear old Gerard! How glad I am that he and Reginald are such good friends! They understand each other so well, do they not?"

"Yes," slowly and heavily; then, with her arms round Dorothy's waist and her face hidden on her breast as she knelt she went on, "You have something to tell me, haven't you, Dorrie? Mr. Aubyn gave me a hint what to expect."

"You like him, do you not, Mabel?"

"Mr. Aubyn? Who could help liking him?"

"Dear Mab, he has been very open with me, and I tell him it is quite natural he should have liked you first," thinking she knew now what made Mabel a little disturbed. "But he soon understood how things were, and he says now that I am more suited to him than you would have been, and I really think I am, dearie."

"He?" faltered out Mabel. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"Why, Reginald, of course! Have I not been telling you? Oh, Mabel, what is it?"

Mabel had sprung to her feet, and was gazing at her with wide eyes, blanching to the lips. Claspings her head between her hands, afraid of trusting to her senses, she ejaculated, in a hurried, broken voice—

"Do you mean that you love Mr. Aubyn, and are engaged to him? Do you mean that—oh, Dorrie, that?"

"Yes." Looking at her sister's wild, white face, a new fear

suddenly crossed Dorothy's mind, and she added, "Are you not glad to hear it, Mab dear?"

"Glad!" But she could not go on. Her mind had been overwrought, and this sudden revulsion of feeling, after striving to prepare herself for so different a communication, the terror she had been in lest, at the supreme moment, she should not be able to prevent Dorothy from suspecting her secret, was more than she could bear. She broke into a wild ebullition of tears and sobs, realizing more fully now the misery she had escaped. He had said that his love was his life—how deeply the words had cut into her heart!—and she knew now that hers also was her life. And mingled with it all was the sharp pang of remembrance of the blow she had given him. To have thrust away his love in the way she had done—to have almost reviled him for feeling it! She must have seemed cruel, as well as unloving. Would he ever forgive her? But it was hardly a question of his love for her at that moment, in the sudden relief of finding she might without shame love him.

Gravely and anxiously, but silently, Dorothy drew her towards a couch, and lovingly tended her. She had never before seen Mabel like this—so strangely different from her usual self. Frank, outspoken, and impulsive as she was, she was yet capable of great self-command on emergency, and could be even reticent of her deeper feelings. What was the cause of this sudden ebullition? Dorothy asked herself, the fear that had been creeping upon her that things were not quite what she had imagined them to be taking more tangible shape. Was it possible that Mabel cared for Reginald instead of, as she had imagined, Gerard? Was that the solution of the problem?

Mabel was beginning to make more effort to restrain her feelings, and as soon as she grew calmer, Dorothy repeated, in a low, hesitating tone—

"Dear Mab, are you glad?"

"Glad! To know that you are going to be happy, and that in the sight of Heaven Gerard is good and true! Oh, Dorrie, the joy of it!"

"I really do not understand."

"Perhaps you never will quite. I may never be able to tell you quite all; but— Here, look into my eyes, Dorrie; and see how happy your news has made me. Happy! Ah, how tame and poor words seem!"

"Then why are you so excited? It is not like you, Mab," said Dorothy, still a little puzzled as to why the knowledge of her engagement should have brought about such an outburst of feeling, and why there should be so much astonishment and relief at finding that Gerard was what he had always been believed to be.

"Don't begin with your dear old 'why's,' Dorrie." Sobering a little, she presently added, "What if I fancied it was wrong to care for Gerard?"

"Wrong? How could that be?"

"If you cared for him, it would be."

"Cared for him—I—I—in that way? Oh, Mab, ridiculous! How could you suppose that? The other day, when I was telling auntie what to expect, she seemed very much surprised, and said she quite thought it was going to be Gerard. It is strange enough that she should make such a mistake; but really, Mab, you! I cannot understand it. Why, you ought to have seen it long ago—every one ought to have seen it was you. I have known it for years, since almost he was a boy. Indeed, he made no secret of it to me; it was that that made it so pleasant between us, and I hoped—I quite believed—that you— Ah, yes; of course you do! How could it be otherwise between you two?" her face brightening as she took note of the tell-tale blush that her words brought to her sister's face. A radiant smile shone through Mabel's tears as her eyes met Dorothy's for a moment, then consciously veiled themselves again.

"We were afraid there was some little misunderstanding," went on Dorothy; "but Reginald fancied it was because Gerard had been going too far with his sceptical talk, and that you were beginning to take it too seriously. But you and I know how much more he believes than he acknowledges he does; and, dear Mab, his faith in you has been doing him so much good. Try to think that, for Reginald has been a little anxious about him of late."

"Everything will come right now, Dorrie—I think it will," murmured Mabel, in delightful confusion, telling herself that she would lose no time in setting about making the *amende* to Gerard, and then perhaps— He must, at any rate, be shown that his love would be no longer scorned. Ah, what she must have seemed to him, to behave as she had, first leading him to believe she cared for him—she must, however,

inadvertently have done so—and then rejecting him with cruel scorn!

Then remembering that she had not yet offered any congratulations to her sister, she said a few words which, if somewhat incoherent, left no doubt in Dorothy's mind as to her feeling towards Reginald Aubyn. "How happy your news has made me, Dorrie! He is just the one in all the world I should choose for a brother; so good, and strong, and true. Ah, how little I suspected what it was you had to tell when he said you wanted to see me, Dorothy. He told me you had news for me, but I little thought what news."

"I made him promise to give you no hint, because I wanted to tell you myself, dearie."

"It is so delightful to think of him as a brother." Ah, the difference! she thought. The difference from trying to think of Gerard as a brother!

In her desire to catch the four o'clock express she was in a fever of anxiety and impatience to set forth again. She must see Gerard that night, come what would. "Make excuses to auntie for me, Dorrie. Tell her I shall soon be home again, for good now. Yes, I mean to be good, and obedient, and all the rest of it—quite a reformed character!"

Dorothy made no further demur. She thought she quite understood why her sister was in such haste, and only insisted that she should first take some refreshment. Recognizing that it might take less time to obey than to argue, Mabel yielded so far, thus giving the astonished Milner a short time to repair the mischief done to her young mistress's toilette, and afterwards the sisters drove together to the railway station.

"You will explain to Mrs. Brandreth, and arrange to return home as soon as possible, Mab?"

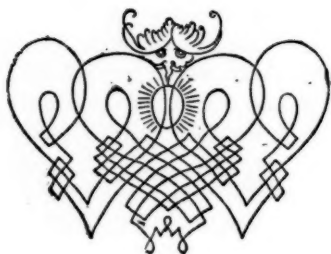
"Yes," nodding and smiling, as the train moved off.

As Dorothy re-seated herself in the brougham, and was driven away, she was dwelling lovingly upon the mental picture she carried with her, of the beautiful rosy face, with the sunny grey-blue eyes, that had looked out at her from the carriage window, no foreshadowing in her mind as to how that face might look when again she saw it.

"Is it possible I am the same girl?" mentally ejaculated Mabel, hardly yet able to realize the great happiness that had come to her. No shame to love him now! Even though her unkindness—how great it must have seemed—how cruel her

scorn!—should have killed his love for her, though he might never again care for her, she might love him to the end. Ah, what a glorious old world it was! Gazing out with glad eyes at the pretty scenes she was speeding past, she gaily kissed her hands to the trees and flowers, and bade the winds carry her love to Gerard, laughing softly to herself at the remembrance of the wave sounds, and wondering how long the air would be vibrating with her love to Gerard.

*(To be continued.)*





## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### ASOLO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.—NOTES FROM PARIS.

#### ASOLO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.—I.

THE turrets of Vicenza, and the fine group of mountains behind, were glowing with sunset fires as we steamed across the plain. We had caught the perfect Italian landscape at its most magical moment; a rush through sculptured streets had shown us a pageant in brick and stone; palaces, piazzas and churches, mediæval towers and the Renaissance phantasies of Palladio's theatre. So now the rapidly fading twilight was grateful alike to eyes and brain, and served to confirm our possession of the wonders just seen.

Night had fallen before the train dropped us at Castelfranco. One could barely distinguish the gate of the inner town, surmounted by the lion of St. Mark, once Treviso's best defence against Paduan raids, but now chiefly famed as the shrine of Giorgione's great altar-piece. The painter's statue among the trees on the bastion was only a faint white patch in the darkness, and soon, the lamps of his birthplace left behind, we were jingling along a straight road, between perpetual acacias and Indian corn, only interrupted by numerous cross-ways, one or two hamlets and villas, and here and there a group of dark figures taking their rest after the day's work by squatting sociably in a circle in the dust. On and on, but at last the horses' pace slackened. We were mounting a hill, lights twinkled high above us; rocks, instead of hedges, bordered the road; there was a sound of fast-running water. Higher and higher, between over-arching trees. Suddenly these part, the carriage stops, loved voices shout welcome, we are at Casa Bolzon, at the gates of Asolo!

This towered city on a foothill of the Alps, overhanging the vast Trevisan plain, has a special claim on English hearts as the abode of Robert Browning during the last summer of his life. He had known and loved it from his youth, for on his first Italian journey—straight by sea from London to Venice—he had crossed the plain on foot, to visit the home of Caterina Cornaro, and impressed by the charm of the place, chose it for the scene of "Pippa Passes." Though giving little definite description, save in Ottilia's lines:—

"Ah the clear morning! I can see St. Mark's!  
That black streak is the Belfry. Stop: Vicenza  
Should lie. . . . There's Padua plain enough, that blue!"—

one feels that the poet was inspired by the life and landscape of Asolo, its dawns and sunsets, its "crescent moon" rising over the Trevisan plain. Does he not tell us in "Asolando"?—

"How many a year, my Asolo,  
Since—one step just from sea to land—  
I found you, loved, yet feared you so—  
For natural objects seemed to stand  
Palpably fire-clothed!"

The "one step just" is, however, a long stride even by day with the castle-crowned height as a beacon to cheer one across the level and up the wooded ascent of Foresto della Casella. Asolo climbs two hills, and here to the south, crowning the higher of the twain, stands the rugged shell, brown and windowless, of its ancient Rocca, a stronghold dating from Euganean days. Below, a space of turf and broken ground, vines, oleanders and roses stream down to the terraced villas overhanging the road, while far beneath, the vast plain stretches away to the sea, its greenery transfused with the lovely blue haze peculiar to the south. Innumerable villages and towns are dotted about on the azure space, the sun strikes here and there on tall white church or tower, a streak of mist simulates an inland sea, the silhouettes of Venetian and Paduan belfries cut the horizon, and the Euganean hills are shadowy cones in the middle distance beyond San Zenone, the blood-stained fortress wherein tyrant Eccelino paid the penalty of his crimes. Beyond Montebelluno, to the left, lies Vicenza; Bassano over there to the right, at the lowest step of the mountain chain that curves so grandly round behind Asolo.

Entering the town by a line of common-place houses, we soon come to a massive corner palace in the Renaissance style, pierced by a broad archway, serving as a frame to oleanders and sky. Then, by the windings of an arcaded street, past frescoed fronts and pointed Venetian windows, to the chief Piazza and centre of the town. There, beyond the porticoed flank of the Duomo, is the flight of steps down which Pippa must have passed to the house of the Bishop's brother, whence one has a fine outlook over the plain between cascades of brown roofs and turrets. On the opposite side of the Piazza is a great stone fountain capped by a very grotesque and topheavy lion, and behind this another square slopes steeply up to grey-walled gardens and a huge, many-windowed palace. Here oxen rest beneath rows of horse-chestnuts, and if it be market day, the ground is covered with piles of quaint crockery, ironware, baskets, ribbons, handkerchiefs, rolls of homespun and cotton stuffs, mountains of fruit and vegetables, and crates of unhappy fowls. Here too the "upper ten" of Asolo may be

seen driving hard bargains shoulder to shoulder with the peasantry, and young beaux, puffing long cigars, stroll about scanning the feminine charms hidden away under fashionable hats or prettily framed in rustic kerchiefs. On the lower Piazza, where the Town Hall, frescoed with faded battle-scenes and encrusted with the arms of ancient Podestás, flanks the church steps, the main street expands into a dignified approach to the royal palace, planted on the summit of the cliff at the edge of the town. How many gay cavalcades must have clattered over these stones in the days of Queen Catharine, and what festive throngs poured through these arcades to greet Her Majesty's passage!

The tall, square keep of the Cornaro Castle, at the turn of the steep causeway, commands a long, narrow cross-street, diving down to another gate, and lined by many massive dwellings. For Asolo is bigger than it seems, contains nearly six thousand inhabitants, and has ranked as a city since the year 1741.

Of the once spacious castle little now survives save the keep, and part of the building containing the Queen's reception room. The former serves as a prison, but its cells are actually untenanted. Caterina's hall is converted into a theatre, and as rehearsals were going on, admission was denied at the time of our visit. But through the custodian's vineyard we gained a ruined turret, and revelled in the view, with an operatic chorus for an accompaniment. Immediately below us lay an irregular space of turf, backed by ruined Cornaro walls, ending in a lower tower connected by a vine trellis with an unfinished house at the farthest edge of the enclosure. This was Robert Browning's favourite haunt, and just before his death he was intending to buy the skeleton building, in order to convert it into a summer retreat. In memory of his father's love for the place, Mr. Barrett Browning has completed the purchase, and being bound to leave the Cornaro walls intact, proposes to carry a road round their base, to render the villa accessible from the street below. It is an ideal spot for a poet's home.

Each day at Asolo developed some fresh fascination, every hour some special charm. Besides enchanting surprises of hill and dale, of cypress-fringed mounts, trickling streams, and grand effects on the peaks above, an endless drama of light and colour was always being played on the plain. Wonderful processions of clouds swept through the sky; sometimes a distant hailstorm was seen transformed into a rain of fire, as the sun suddenly broke forth, or huge trails of mist flew like spectres before gusts of mountain wind. No wonder so many painters come to Asolo! One sees pictures at every turn: groups of country-folk; tricks of sunlight down precipitous lanes; radiant scraps of landscape seen through tunnels of blackened stone; mediæval case-ments draped with sprays of starry jessamine; gleams of colour in cavernous dens beneath the arcades—everywhere subjects for the brush! An English artist owns the prettiest house in Asolo, on the site of the

Roman theatre. Wandering among his roses and vines one comes on fallen columns and fragments of sculpture, and a long grass walk between over-arching trees leads to a cool bower, looking forth over the plain. But of course the grandest view of all is from the summit of the hill by the old Rocca. Here too are the remains of a Roman aqueduct, and a line of crumbling fortifications fringes the crest and dips into the valley behind.

The Asolo Museum contains some interesting relics of Caterina Cornaro: her escutcheon, her last will and testament, &c., &c. As all know, the "Sovereign Lady of Asolo" was the niece and adopted daughter of the Venetian Senator, Marco Cornaro, and wife of James II. of Lusignan, fifteenth king of Cyprus. Widowed in 1473, and bereaved of her baby son the following year, she remained nominally Queen of the island until 1488. Then, yielding to pressure, she reluctantly resigned her shadowy power to the firmer grasp of the Republic, and receiving Asolo in exchange, ruled there to her death in 1510. Her full title, as set forth in her signature, was:

"Regina Catherina, aut Catherina Cornelia, de Lusignano Veneta Dei grat. Hier. Cypri et Armeniae Regina ac Domina Asili."

A long letter signed in her terribly illegible hand is also preserved here, and doubtless many other documents will some day be disinterred. At present the archives are in a state of chaos, and waiting, together with the store of Roman and Euganean antiquities, for skilled hands and eyes to reduce them to order. There is an ill-painted picture of the Queen in widow's weeds that must be the basest of caricatures, unless Titian's famous portrait was wholly ideal. For it shows us a snub-nosed, swarthy little person, as undignified as she is plain. Another representation of her may be seen in the Accademia at Venice, in the crowned figure kneeling by the canal in Gentile Bellini's "Miracolo della Croce."

Caterina proved a beneficent sovereign to Asolo, and although she would have preferred to exchange her microscopic dominions for the hand of a Neapolitan prince, made the best of her position by gathering about her a brilliant court. Cardinal Bembo was one of the most devoted of her train, and has celebrated the delights of her realm in his tedious, stilted 'Asolani.' But in 1509 the pleasant little court was scattered by alarms of war, and Caterina fled before the advance of the Imperial forces. Her town was invaded, her palace partially sacked, and although these first assailants were speedily expelled by the Venetians, the place was occupied by Emperor Maximilian the following year, and only restored to the Republic in 1514, for the Lady of Asolo did not live to resume her sway.

Dying in Venice in 1510, she was buried with all the honours of royalty in the Santi Apostoli Church. Then, in 1660, her remains were exhumed, and transferred to their present resting-place in S. Salvatore.

The three lions of Asolo—Caterina Cornaro, Canova, and Browning—

are strangely jumbled together in the Museum, and though it is easy to find a connecting link between the sixteenth-century Queen and the nineteenth-century poet who has pierced to the inner life of old Italy, the soulless symmetry of the sculptor's "Paris" seems entirely out of place there.

Just now Asolo seems proudest of our poet. His photograph hangs in a place of honour, one of his manuscripts is enshrined in a glass case, and the house in which he stayed bears this inscription :

"Qui abitò Roberto Browning  
il sommo poeta inglese  
e qui scrisse Asolando."

This house is in the arcaded street between the south gate and the Piazza, and a steep, gloomy staircase leads to the poet's quarters, consisting of two cosy bedrooms, and a tiny salon beyond, up two or three more steps. Evidently the radiance of his mental vision must have made him indifferent to sunshine and prospect, for the windows command nothing but a blank brown wall across the narrow thoroughfare. Such noisy rooms, too, echoing with footsteps and voices from the arcade underneath, and inconveniently near to clanging church bells ! But the landlady, a pleasant little woman named Nina Tabacchi, declared that Mr. Browning was not disturbed by these sounds *after the first five nights*, and generally remained indoors writing until four o'clock in the afternoon. Then he went out for a walk, visited his friends, and attended every performance at the "Teatro Sociale" in the Cornaro Castle.

She treasures the inkstand and pens—steel and quill—used by her tenant, although she might have sold them over and over again, together with a cracked washing-basin for which she has been offered fabulous sums. But she is unwilling to part with these relics, as her rooms are in great request with pilgrims to the shrine. Many old English ladies, she said, came to Asolo expressly to enjoy the privilege of sleeping in Mr. Browning's bed !

So Asolo is ahead of Florence, for no inscription in his honour has been added to his wife's memorial tablet on Casa Guidi, where he lived so long, wrote 'Men and Women,' and conceived 'The Ring and the Book.' It chanced that just before his death Florence had felt obliged to check the craze for distinguishing the abodes of very small fry, by decreeing that no man, however great, should be granted a tablet until twenty years deceased. Nevertheless, a longer term having passed since our poet was driven from Florence by the loss of his wife, an exception, one would think, might be made in his favour.

## II.

When tired of straining the imagination in the effort to evoke Caterina's vanished court, it is good to drive down the Cornuda road to

Villa Maser, where eyesight alone is needed to realize the splendours of Renaissance life.

Towards the year 1564, the Venetian Senator, Marc Antonio Barbaro, and his brother Daniele, Patriarch of Aquileia, fixed on Maser as a pleasant resting-place from cares of Church and State, and proceeded to erect a hill-side dwelling suited to the grandeur of their tastes. They summoned Palladio to design the building, Vittoria to decorate it with dainty mouldings, and Paolo Veronese to people walls and ceilings with all the gods of Olympus.

The result is an Ionic temple, backed by woods rising gently from the plain. It is approached by a stiff stone avenue of statues, balustrades, sculptured flowers and fountains dividing trim squares of vines and turf, and flanked on either side by a portico, ending in a circular pavilion. On a summer day the general effect is almost as dazzling as that of a quarry or chalk pit, and the tropical foliage of palms and bamboos by the doorway only intensify the impression of heat. A big, white fountain faces the entrance in the white road below, and a little farther on stands a white church in the likeness of a Roman temple, formerly the Barbaro Chapel. The view from Maser is inferior to that from Asolo. The same luxuriant plain stretches before us, but we are too near its level to appreciate its charms, and a scrubby, flat-faced ridge to the left blocks out the undulating land in the direction of Belluno. But doubtless the builders of this Renaissance house were quite satisfied with the prospect. With the towers of Venice faintly visible on the horizon, what more could be desired? They were in the country, yet all vulgar details of country life were masked by trim ranges of arcades.

We know that Marc Antonio's fingers sought relief from penning official papers in modelling some of the adornments of his monumental avenue, and probably the rockwork grotto and fountain behind the house satisfied any craving for the romantic in his highly-cultured soul. Given the artificial tastes of Renaissance grandees, Maser must have proved an ideal retreat. And, as a shrine of art, it is worth a pilgrimage from any part of Europe, much less from neighbouring Asolo. Lovers of Venetian painting owe gratitude to the magnificent amateur who called Veronese to enrich his walls with those splendid frescoes. The master plied his task *con amore*, and inspired perhaps by the wide horizon and rural landscape, has introduced open-air effects into his mythological scenes, and treated his divinities in a light-hearted manner, as if they too had fled the constraints of court life, and were taking their ease in the country.

The interior of this Palladian temple is ingeniously adapted to the needs of Venetian domesticity. It is in the shape of a cross, its length forming a *sala* running from back to front, just as in a palace on the Grand Canal. The sole decorations here are allegorical figures *en grisaille*, placed in false niches and surrounded by frescoed trophies of



arms. The vault of the central cupola is peopled with colossal divinities, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, &c., all in unconventional, unstudied attitudes. Beneath, arranged over and against a frieze or balustrade, are some charming figures; a fair girl, a boy with one of the painter's favourite hounds, a page reading, a monkey, parrot and child. But best of all are the frescoes in the side rooms. Here Pagan goddesses face Virgins and Saints, and Bacchus peeps forth beside Venetian dames through a trellis of grape-laden vines. In the daintiest of these chambers, above a carved mantel-piece—too huge for the room one ventures to think—there is a group of musicians so living and fresh that one almost hopes to hear the sound of their lutes. Veronese has turned every inch of space to account, seemingly bent on leaving no corner unfilled, and surprising his patrons by delicate freaks of fancy. One can imagine him quitting his work to greet the Barbaro brothers just arrived from Venice, and guiding them through a litter of paint-pots and plaster to inspect his newest achievements, while his pupils ceased from grinding colours or preparing surfaces to hear their master praised. Then would come supper, enlivened by much art talk and the latest news from the capital, and a stroll on the hillside in the summer dusk when fire-flies were flashing over the fields and a breath of sea air drifting across the plain.\*

Another lovely drive leads to Possagno, Canova's birthplace, at the foot of Monte Grappa; and although the progress of art has lessened this sculptor's renown, it is interesting to find so many of his works in the gallery annexed to his abode. Also, noting the power and individuality of his portrait busts, it seems amazing that his talent should shrink to mere Academic prettiness in all imaginative designs. He proved his love for his native village by building a church there at his own expense on the model of the Pantheon. But dying in Venice in 1822, three years after laying the first stone, he missed the joy of seeing it completed. The labour of love was carried on by his brother, according to the terms of his will, and consecrated in 1830. Canova's remains were then brought to Possagno and buried in the Rotonda opposite his famous *Pietà*. The building is a fine thing of its kind, a great white temple against the mountain side, at the head of an imposing flight of steps, and faced by a huge portico supported on sixteen Doric columns of native marble. We had the luck to see it on a festival day; a musical Mass was in course of performance, the vast area of the church was thronged, and many worshippers had overflowed among the shafts of the atrium. Presently as the last organ notes pealed, a most picturesque crowd poured forth into the sunlight, streaming down the steps in cascades of colour. Women and children in bright-hued kerchiefs and flowing white veils, men—mostly tall, comely fellows—in brown or olive fustian and brilliant red and blue ties. To the left of the church a rocky

\* For a detailed account of the Maser frescoes, *vide* Yriarte's 'Un Patricien de Vénise.'

path winds between cypresses and shrines to a Calvary chapel perched aloft. It is an exciting side scene, wild and Alpine, in strange contrast with the classic centre-piece of glittering white temple and pompous approach. There, a suggestion of primitive, old-world faith; here, all the pride and splendour of Papal Rome.

LINDA VILLARI.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

There is certainly at the present time a degree of social fermentation which in France is felt in all classes, and deserves the most serious attention of legislators and politicians. The strikes are in constant succession; no sooner is one ended by arbitration and concessions, than others begin, with new exigences and new claims. The most horrible murders are of daily occurrence, and even in the streets of Paris life is no longer safe. The police, so admirably organized during the Empire, is now thoroughly inefficient, and never at hand when wanted. Then the recent instances when dynamite has been employed, reveal a new and terrible danger. The attempt on the lives of the Ministers—the explosion in the house of the Marquis de Trévisé—that which occurred at St. Denis—constitute very serious warnings as to what may be expected from the desperate men, who shrink from no disastrous consequences, when they hope to reach success by frightening their antagonists. Even in the last awful railway catastrophe the question has been raised as to whether the real cause was not wilful malevolence—whether the wrong signal was not purposely turned, and whether the flaw discovered in the brake had not been maliciously contrived. To kill fifty unoffending travellers, and wound two hundred more, merely to spite a railway company, would be fiendish enough; but no one seems to think the case improbable.

The strangest feature of these modern complications is the sudden change of front on the part of the clergy in favour of Socialism, approved by the enlightened Pope Leo XIII.—their unexpected adhesion to the Republican government which gives the "*coup de grâce*" to the Royalist cause.

The first is evidently intended, like the eloquence of the German Emperor, as a means of guiding and restraining what would otherwise carry all before it, causing general devastation; but Pius IX. tried also to lead a Revolution, and found that silken ribbons were not of much use to hold in the popular wild beast going forth "seeking whom he may devour!"

During the Republic of 1848, the populace sought the clergy, and called upon them to bless the "*arbres de la liberté*"—yet, the Archbishop of Paris was shot on a barricade, while trying to act as a peacemaker.

In the time of the Commune of 1871, priests and bishops were shot deliberately; others were butchered with horrible cruelty in a general massacre. There has been no popular disturbance of a serious kind,

no insurrection where the clergy have not suffered cruelly from the violence of the mob. The Socialists and Communists are the avowed enemies of all religious belief, and of all men in any way connected with a recognized religious body. If any fresh Revolution were to occur under Socialist influences, the priests and bishops who now cry *Vive la République*, would in all probability be the first victims. They are looked upon as deserters and traitors; none of the leading Socialists believe in their sincerity, and all would cry at once, "Ye are spies."

And yet there is truly a strong democratic feeling among the French clergy of the present time. Under the "*Ancien régime*," the Throne and the Altar supported each other; the bishops and priests were principally gentlemen, sons of the great aristocratic families, and consequently educated to believe in the close alliance of "God and the King," a delusion which all the vices of Louis XV. had not dispelled. During the Revolution they gave proof that they were ready to die for their *faith*, and also for their sovereign. It would not be easy at the present day to find a priest who would be willing to hurt his little finger seriously for the sake of the Comte de Paris! So long as the Comte de Chambord lived, there was a question of religious propriety in the case, which enforced at least outward deference. But although the Comte de Paris is just as truly a descendant of St. Louis as was the legitimate Pretender himself, yet he openly avows and adopts the principles of the French Revolution, which remove all the sacred halo from the representative of Royalty. He is taken at his word, and the question of loyal duty is set aside—every one feeling free to choose the form of government that he likes best. And the majority of the clergy, being of the people and not gentlemen by birth, see no reason why they should be governed by gentlemen and according to aristocratic views.

The Bishop of Grenoble says: "Personally, I have no tie binding me to fallen dynasties. I come from the people, and I can allow myself to be led by the people, who now wish for the Republic. As a bishop, nothing induces me to prefer any monarchy. I consequently adhere to the Republic, honestly, and without any mental reservation."

Cardinal Lavigerie goes further, and claims from all Catholics their acceptance of the Republic as a matter of conscience, on pain of disobedience to the Pope. Monarchists reply that the Pope has not exacted adhesion to the Republic as a matter of obedience; he has simply declared that the Church is inimical to no particular form of government, and that when the Republic holds the place of "Cæsar," we must still render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's. Hence, bitter controversy, which is much to be regretted. It is not the less true, however, that when fidelity to the Royal cause ceased to be considered as a religious duty by the decision of the Pope himself, there was a sigh of relief through all the land, and that the vast majority of the clergy has now declared Republican sympathies, while the leading Orleanists are thrown into a state of amazed consternation. Whether in the end the

clergy will fare better for this sudden exhibition of democratic principles is at least very doubtful ; but at all events the prospects of the Comte de Paris have diminished in proportion. His cause, unhappily, is one for which nobody cares, with the exception of a few personal friends, who are too conscientious and too gentlemanlike to do the ugly things which are necessary to get up a *coup d'état* at the present time. They might have accepted the benefit of those done by Boulanger, but they will not soil their own fingers.

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Is capital punishment necessary? Many are the discussions on this painful subject between those who, though equally kind and good in their ordinary dealings, hold conflicting opinions on this point. It may be interesting to quote that expressed by one who by position is peculiarly fitted to judge the question—the Abbé Faure, chaplain of “La Roquette,” where those under sentence of death are sent to await execution.

The life of a chaplain of “La Roquette” is so painful in its daily functions, that only deep religious feeling could inspire the fortitude required—any other motive must break down before the disgust which must be felt at the necessary and continual contact with the very refuse of humanity ; creatures who would seem to be absolute brutes.

These the chaplain must visit ; with these he must converse, showing sufficient friendly kindness to win their confidence. When the fatal day comes, after what is often too long and harrowing delay, raising the anxious hope of a reprieve, the wretched prisoner is awakened suddenly at four in the morning, to be informed that his petition for mercy has been rejected, and that the hour is come ! The chaplain stands by, with friendly sympathy and encouraging words, follows him to the scaffold, and never leaves him till the last embrace given, the last friendly word of hope for Divine mercy whispered in his ear, just before he is fastened to the fatal plank. The kind heart of the priest is torn at the sight ; the miserable creature about to atone for his crimes has been under his care—the lost sheep of the Good Shepherd, and he has loved him as such.

And yet the Abbé Faure says decidedly that, according to his experience, capital punishment is necessary. “If capital punishment did not exist, it would have to be invented.”\* It is the only restraint, in his opinion. Many natures would care nothing for the prospect of penal servitude, the fear of death alone is efficacious. If the scaffold were suppressed, crimes would increase tenfold. When asked whether he believed in the repentance of criminals, he replied decidedly in the affirmative. Out of eighteen prisoners whom he had followed to the scaffold, fourteen were repentant, and died with Christian faith. He added, that he never forced his presence upon them, nor his exhortations.

\* “Si la peine de mort n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.”

They nearly all ask for his visits, either by letter, or by a message transmitted by the head-jailor. He then sees them regularly twice a week (oftener if desirable), and they usually listen with respectful attention.

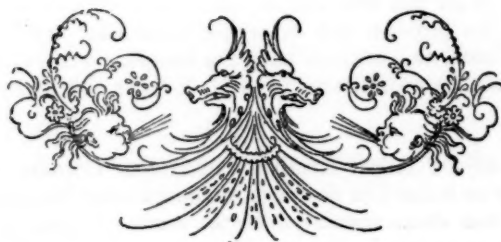
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The Refuge established for assisting the poor, by giving them work to do, is now in full activity. At present the only employment open to all those who apply is the simple task of tying up faggots and bundles of wood, for lighting fires.

Each one is required to make up sixty faggots a day, in return for food and lodging; any work they can do beyond this quantity is paid for. The test is said to be infallible; half those who apply go away during the first morning of trial; those who remain are really willing to earn their bread by honest work. But very few have a regular trade of their own. They may usually remain in the house from ten to fifteen days. Since the month of March, 445 men have been received, who have generally found permanent work on leaving the Refuge. In particular cases they may be kept for five or six weeks, if it be thought desirable.

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We can recommend as a very charming and unobjectionable collection of stories the last volume recently published of '*Mémoires des Autres*,' by Jules Simon. Also, '*Le Fada*,' par Zari.



## OUR LIBRARY LIST.

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**HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL.** By ERNEST RENAN. (*Chapman & Hall.*) M. Renan's third volume brings his history of the Israelites up to the Return from the Captivity, and he holds out hopes in the preface of speedily concluding his great work by a fourth volume, dealing with the five centuries preceding the Christian era. It would be difficult to overrate the learning, the labour and the zeal for historical truth which have gone to the making of this monumental work, and perhaps we are the more eager to pay this well-deserved tribute to one of the greatest of Biblical critics from the fact that we cannot altogether find ourselves in sympathy with his point of view. Granted M. Renan's primary proposition, that the history of Judah in the seventh and eighth centuries B.C., is the history of a strenuous attempt on the part of the prophetic party to convert the worship of the tribal Deity into the monotheism recognising no God but Jehovah, we can only admire the skill with which he analyses the Biblical records and makes them witness to his theory. Our only doubt has its source in that "miracle of faith and hope unparalleled in history"—we quote M. Renan—which led the remnant of the Jewish nation to return to their ancient home, and to restore their sacred buildings in preparation for a promised Messiah. It is a wonderful story from any point of view, and we are not sure that the problem is simplified by the conversion of the prophets into far-seeing politicians. This, however, is but an opinion, and until we have the complete work before us, it is difficult to decide upon the merits of M. Renan's philosophy of Biblical history.

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**LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS.** By SIDNEY COLVIN. (*Macmillan & Co.*) This is the first complete, or almost complete, edition of the letters of one whose mastery over the music of words is almost as remarkable in prose as in poetry. With the sole exception of the love-letters addressed by the poet to Miss Fanny Brawne, Mr. Sidney Colvin has collected together all the known letters of Keats, and has given them to the world in a convenient and portable form, prefaced by an introduction, itself a model of just and discriminating criticism. Especially happy is his comparison of the young poet's prose style



to the English of Shakespeare, for no reader of the letters can fail to be struck with the way in which the writer speaks the very language of the Elizabethan dramatist, quoting the plays so often that the quotations seem almost unconscious. But apart from their literary beauties these letters have a special value in the eyes of all who would seek to connect genius with such things as are "of good report." The self-revelation of the young poet may disclose weaknesses and the dark shadows of hereditary disease, but few men could tell so much and stand so high in the estimation of their hearers.

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"THE RENAISSANCE OF MUSIC. By MORTON LATHOM. (*David Stott, London.*) In the preface to his book, Mr. Lathom says: "My apologia for these pages is that an attempt is made in them to show the intimate family relation between music and her elder sisters—a relationship always traceable and most evident at the period when they attained to years of discretion, and, passing from the traditions of a period of nurture, began to think and to act for themselves." If any apology were necessary for so interesting a book, Mr. Lathom has amply justified his position in his brief but masterly treatment of a subject which appeals alike to musicians and to that larger general public for whom the history of the Renaissance has a peculiar fascination. Recognizing in the revolt against formalism and convention, and in the return to nature and reality, the ruling principle of the new thought and learning, Mr. Lathom shows how these ideas worked more slowly, but no less surely, in the development of music than in the kindred arts of painting and sculpture. Corresponding to the feeling for colour in painting was the growth of harmony in music. Strangely enough, it was at Venice that both movements originated. Hitherto music had been in strict bondage to the conservative traditions of the Church, but with the Renaissance came an impetus towards something more akin to life and its many-sided picturesqueness. The dramatic instinct forced its way through a new channel, and the result was the opera and the oratorio. It is the history of this development—so important to the music of the future—that Mr. Lathom has traced for us with sympathetic insight and a thorough knowledge of his subject. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is the one dealing with Monteverde, in whose conception of the scope and possibilities of the musical drama Mr. Lathom finds great affinity with Wagner's ideas.

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THE WITCH OF PRAGUE. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. (3 vols. *Macmillan & Co.*) Mr. Marion Crawford's novels are always interesting—for one reason because they rarely resemble one another, and the reader opens his volumes with curiosity to discover which of his numerous styles the Author will choose to adopt. His latest work, 'The Witch of Prague,' is a study in hypnotism and mesmeric influences.

The heroine, Unorna, has the reputation of dabbling in the occult arts, because, although she has her beneficent impulses, she is a tool in the hands of an unscrupulous egotist, oddly termed Keyork Arabian, who exploits her mesmeric powers to his own advantage. Unfortunately, Unorna falls desperately in love with a somewhat mysterious personage who goes by the name of "The Wanderer," and in the self-surrender, to which she ultimately submits herself in order to compass his happiness, she spoils Keyork's selfish schemes. The atmosphere in which the story moves is charged with mystery and romance, and it need scarcely be said that so good a literary artist as Mr. Crawford knows how to sustain our interest in his shadowy though passionate characters. As a whole, however, it may be doubted whether 'The Witch of Prague,' owing to its fantastic plot, will rank among the best of its author's creations.

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ELSA. By E. MACQUEEN GRAY. (*Methuen & Co.*) Mr. Gray's novel, though bound in one volume, is too long. This prefatory statement sums up and includes all that we have to say in adverse criticism of a book which is full of good things, and far beyond the average novel in cleverness, knowledge of life, and skilful delineation of character. The scene of the story is laid in Venice and in Munich. The pictures of cosmopolitan life are admirably life-like, and the touches of local colouring are vivid and picturesque. In the delineation of German character Mr. Gray is peculiarly happy, and, though there is too much of it, nothing in the book is better than the account of artist life in Munich. Had the book been shorter by a third, we should have been spared the weaker portion of it—the sensational account of the Italian villain, Francesco Savarni, the only puppet-like character in the book. His introduction into the story necessitates an element of improbability in the treatment of the other characters, which detracts somewhat from their reality, and consequently it is the earlier portions of the book that are the best and most life-like. The style throughout is lively and easy, and in spite of its length the story moves rapidly.

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THE FOLKS O' CARGLEN. By ALEXANDER GORDON. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) Mr. Gordon himself modestly confesses that he has not the pen "even of a J. M. Barrie," and the softened reviewer will hasten to admit, that though his work suffers in comparison with the masters in Scottish lore, there is yet much to admire in "The Folks o' Carglen." Great powers of observation and a humorous knack of description are not yet so common that we can afford to look askance at their possessor, and we are glad to welcome Mr. Gordon's book as one more contribution to the fund of trustworthy anecdotes of Scottish folk and Scottish manners. Of these we prefer the story of the elder who, when the diffidence of Farmer Fraham obliged him to offer prayer, was

moved to begin with "Maist mercifu' Father, Thou knowest the frailties of our *frame*—" But this is only one of many gems of northern humour, which our readers will do well to seek out for themselves.

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THE STREAM OF PLEASURE. By JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) The *raison d'être* of this pretty little book is the power of making charming little pencil sketches possessed by, at any rate, one of its authors. The pictures of riverside scenery with which it abounds are charming, and the letterpress is about as good, perhaps rather better, than is usual in the case of these slight records of uneventful journeys. Most of us know the banks of silvery Thames, but none of us will feel that an idle hour spent over these delightful illustrations on a summer's afternoon when 1891 condescends to allow us one, will be altogether wasted. And prospective voyagers might do worse than make a careful study of Mr. Legge's practical hints.

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FOOTSTEPS OF FATE. By LOUIS COUPERUS. (*William Heinemann.*) In bringing the work of this little known Dutch writer before the English public, the publisher of the International Library has done a great service to literature. There is a delicacy of handling, combined with a power of presenting strong situations with a vividness of detail never degenerating into over-elaboration, which is far to seek in the work of most English novelists. The characters are few, but most vigorously and subtly delineated, and the catlike heartlessness and persistence with which Bertie wrecks the lives of the two lovers to secure his own personal comfort, whilst all the time enjoying his moments of mental exaltation and displaying genuine self-devotion in the cause of friendship, make a picture as lifelike as it is revolting. We rather doubt the artistic perfection of the tragic close—not the tragedy, for that was inevitable, but the desperate form which it takes. Probably, however, no two readers will agree on that point, though as to the merits of the book as a whole there can be no question.

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EDUCATION AND HEREDITY. By J. M. GUYAU. (*Walter Scott.*) Messrs. Greenstreet and Stout have prepared a translation of M. Guyau's admirable treatise on education for the "Contemporary Science Series." The French philosopher lays great stress upon the importance of suggestion in education, and reasoning upon the analogy of the phenomena of hypnotism, he holds that moral impulses or instincts can be both strengthened, and even artificially created, by means similar to those employed by the scientific hypnotist. Like all writers on educational matters, he has a tendency to overrate the power of the teacher, whilst underrating the force of what we may perhaps call

by an old name, "Original sin;" but, on the other hand, his protest against the use of the doctrine of heredity to excuse every form of criminality as well as every failure in education on the part of parents and guardians, is both valuable and necessary. His views on school organization are sound; but we wonder what a Wykehamist or a Carthusian would have to say to the choice of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby as "the principal seats of secondary education?"

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BEAR-HUNTING IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By H. W. SETON-KARR, F.R.G.S. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

WITH SACK AND STOCK IN ALASKA. By GEORGE BROKE. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) Both these little books of travel deal with the same regions of the earth, but they are widely different in style and in literary merit. Mr. Seton-Karr is a traveller who has eyes to see, and an experienced writer capable of conveying his observations to his readers in a pleasant and readable form. Mr. Broke has travelled, but seems to have been more impressed with the details of the commissariat than with the marvels of nature. His party breakfast, lunch or dine once in every three pages, and the "diariness" of his writing makes us regret that even in deference to the wishes of his late friend he should have sought publication. Mr. Seton-Karr's book will be of unfailing interest to sportsmen; Mr. Broke's can hardly interest any living person but himself.

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STORIES OF OLD AND NEW SPAIN. By THOMAS A. JANVIER. (*Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.*) There is rather an epidemic just now of collections of short stories, and it is not very many such productions which deserve even that strictly limited immortality which cloth boards confer upon magazine articles. We must make an exception in favour of some of these Mexican tales, which have a distinctive flavour, and a fulness of detail suggestive of the Southern luxuriance which they so faithfully reproduce. The writer has no lack of humour of the special American kind, to which Mr. Bret Harte has accustomed us, but he prefers to exercise his gift of pathos, and in all the stories the note of sadness predominates. For ourselves, we prefer "Saint Mary of the Angels," but on this point there will doubtless be much variety of opinion.

